THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN RIVIERAS

BY

HELENA L. WATERS

THIS book describes the whole coast from Marseilles to La Spezia and mentions many interesting places hitherto unknown to the American visitor. It also includes excursions into the "Maritimes" and "Ligurian Alps," now made possible by the introduction of motoring.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS

Abate Achille Ratti, Mountaineer

(NOW POPE PIUS XI)

BOTH the interest of the subject and the eminence of the author give to this book an unusual and world-wide interest. In the days before his walks were confined to the gardens of the Vatican His Holiness was a famous scaler of peaks. As Father Achille Ratti he contributed several articles to the Journal of the Italian Alpine Club, and these not only show his prowess as a mountaineer, but also his thoroughly human love of sportsmanship.

His book contains an account of his first Italian traverse of Dufour peak, an ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, the first traverse of Colle Zumstein, and his ascent of the Matterhorn direct from Zermatt, and of Mont Blanc via the Rocher, with descent by the Dôme Glacier. His Holiness narrates his experiences and adventures with both scientific accuracy and literary charm, conveying to the reader the feel of high altitudes and the sense of wide Alpine views with great vividness.

Illustrated

A · SKETCH - MAP · OF

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

Bedford: C.E. Riddiford. del.

THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN RIVIERAS

MONTE CARLO

MENTONE

THE FRENCH & ITALIAN RIVIERAS

BY

HELENA L. WATERS

WITH 25 ILLUSTRATIONS
AND 5 MAPS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THE discomforts of long railway journeys after the Great War of 1914–1918 induced the owners of private motor cars to undertake a six days' motoring tour to reach the Riviera, staying at different places *en route* rather than face the disagreeable incidents that took place during the thirty-six hours in the train.

When comfortably settled on the Riviera the car was still in requisition to take the happy owners to enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery, which could not have been visited with the aid of horses alone.

The hotel proprietors then realized the necessity of having accommodation for the cars as well as for the winter visitors they hoped to secure, and one well-known hotel on the French Riviera has provided a garage for one hundred private cars.

This pleasant mode of travelling has now been brought within the reach of people with limited incomes, for in October, 1921, a few motor chars-à-bancs made their appearance, and proved such an immediate success that the following winter season they could be counted by dozens at all the larger health resorts on the French coast.

The Touring Club of France has had new roads made and old ones widened and improved, so that some of the mountains themselves can be surmounted by means of zigzag roads and hairpin corners.

Thus a new world has been opened up : villages, hidden away in quiet corners, or reared against the skyline, of whose existence no one dreamt, have been brought to the public gaze, and many a place of importance in the days of the Romans, but forgotten for centuries, has once again been brought to the fore.

Hence the need for this little book, which is not intended to be a guide, but rather a supplement to such.

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DISTANCES

km.		mile	km.		mile
1	=	$\frac{5}{8}$	8	=	5
2	=	$1\frac{1}{4}$	10	=	$6\frac{1}{4}$
4	=	$2\frac{1}{2}$	50	=	$32\frac{1}{2}$
6	=	$3\frac{3}{4}$	100	=	65.

FRANCE

Km.	Marseilles to
17.	Aubagne
27.	Cassis
37.	La Ciotat
44.	St. Cyr-sur-Mer
51.	Bandol
56.	Sanary
62.	Ollioules
70.	Toulon

	Toulon, Shore Route to
6.	Le Pradet
16.	Carqueiranne
17.	San Salvadour
18.	Almanarre
22.	Hyères
32.	La Londe-des-Maures
38.	La Verrerie
43.	Le Lavandou
47.	La Fossette
50.	Cavalière
61.	Cavalaire
63.	Pardigon

Km.	Toulon—*contd.*
67.	La Croix
70.	Gassin Station
74.	La Foux
82.	St. Maxime
109.	St. Raphaël

	St. Raphaël, Shore to
8·5.	Boulouris
13.	Agay
17·5.	Anteor
22.	Cap Roux
24·5.	Le Trayas
34.	Théoule
37.	La Napoule
46·5.	Cannes

	Cannes to
5·6.	Golfe Juan
9·5.	Juan les Pins
10·5.	Antibes
12.	Cap d'Antibes Circuit
8.	Biot

Km.	CANNES—*contd.*
20·5.	Cagnes
33·5.	Nice

MARSEILLES—INLAND TO

12·5.	La Penne
17.	Aubagne
30.	Cuges
48.	Le Bausset
57.	Ollioules
65.	Toulon

TOULON—INLAND TO

4·5.	La Valette
14.	Sollièrs Pont
20.	Cuers
28·5.	Puget-Ville
33.	Carnoules
35·5.	Pignans
42.	Gonfaron
51·5.	Le Luc
62·5.	Vidauban
74·5.	Le Muy
85.	Puget-s-Argens

Km.	TOULON—*contd.*
89·5.	Fréjus
92·5.	St. Raphaël

LA FOUX TO

5·5.	St. Tropez
4.	Cogolin
6.	Ramatuelle
4.	Gassin Gare
46.	Hyères
8.	St. Maxime
35.	St. Raphaël

NICE TO

5.	Beaulieu
6.	Villefranche
12.	Eze Gare
16.	Cap d'Ail
19.	Monaco
20.	Monte Carlo
27·5.	Cap Martin
29.	Mentone
32·5.	Pont St. Louis
35·5.	La Mortola
41·5.	Ventimiglia

ITALY

Km.	VENTIMIGLIA TO
5.	Bordighera
11.	Ospedaletti
17.	San Remo
24·5.	Arma
27.	Riva
28·5.	San Stefano
35.	San Lorenzo
40.	Porto Maurizio
43.	Oneglia
48·5.	Diano Marina
52.	Cervo

Km.	VENTIMIGLIA—*contd.*
63.	Laigueglia
65·5.	Alassio
72·5.	Albenga
78·5.	Ceriale
80·5.	Borghetto S. Spirito
83.	Loano
86.	Pietra
92.	Finalmarina
96·5.	Varigotti
101·5.	Noli
104.	Spotorno

Km.	Ventimiglia—*contd.*
108.	Bergazzi
111.	Vado
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137.	Cogoleto
142.	Arenzano
149.	Voltri
157·5.	Sestri-Ponenti
166.	Genoa

Genoa to

12.	Nervi
21.	Recco
23.	Camogli
28.	Sta. Margherita
30.	Rapallo
34.	Zoagli
39.	Chiavari
46.	Sestri Levante
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12.	Manarola
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90.	Spezia

PART I
THE FRENCH RIVIERA

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

LIGURIA

LIGURIA is the name of that part of France on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea between Marseilles and La Spezia, commonly called the French and Italian Rivieras.

Configuration.—The traveller crossing France from north to south and on to Italy will witness a succession of changes in the landscape. In the valley of the Rhone, below Valence, the valley, which had been shut in like a gorge, widens suddenly, the rocks disappear, the moist and cloudy atmosphere is left behind, the air becomes clear and transparent.

Fertile plains follow, to be succeeded by the desert of the Crau, and bare mountains seem to close the way, but the end of a tunnel three miles long brings glistening blue sea into sight, hope revives after the tiring night's journey when the white houses of Marseilles are seen—the gateway of the Riviera.

In the space of one hour you feel as though you had been transported into another land altogether, for the palm trees, eucalyptus, and cactus give it a semi-tropical character.

The whole of the Rivieras is formed by mountains averaging 2,000 to 3,000 feet high, shutting off the north wind, and these all have spurs coming down to the sea, or nearly so, thus forming numerous valleys, of which there are, sometimes, several to each town. Behind these lower mountains, with an altitude of 7,000 to 8,000 feet, stretch the Alpes Maritimes from Nice to

Ventimiglia, followed by the Ligurian Alpes from there to Genoa, where the Apennines begin. The icy winds passing over the snow-covered mountains make the climate less oppressive than it would be otherwise.

The Côte d'Azur, or western portion, is fully exposed to the south, while the Riviera Ponente, or eastern portions, faces westwards, and the mountains at the back of it are lower and not so close to the shore, the rocks and hills are bare and more isolated, and the spots of beauty are separated by long stretches of bleak, rugged shore.

To find the orange, lemon, palm, and carouba trees in perfection you must look round Mentone and Beaulieu, the most sheltered parts of the whole Riviera.

The shore line from Genoa southwards—the Riviera Levante—is very irregular and fringed with steep, rugged rocks, covered with beautiful foliage to the water's edge, with a succession of ridges and valleys.

Of the many rivers and streams, of which each valley possesses one, the only perennials are the Siagne at Cannes, the Var and Paillon at Nice, and the Roja at Ventimiglia.

The Riviera Climate

Places quite close to each other often have a very different climate, for there is so much diversity in the contour of the land that a headland jutting out into the sea, or a mountain close up behind, may cut off all the dangerous winds and make a safe and sheltered corner to one part while the other is exposed to every blast that blows.

The north-west wind that blows down the Rhone valley is the dreaded mistral—a dry, bitter wind accompanied by blue skies and sunshine, and therefore very treacherous. It prevails at Marseilles, but diminishes in force as you go eastward, until it vanishes at Nice. But even in this district there are sheltered spots, such as around Bandol, from Le Lavandou to Le Croix in the Maure Mountains, and from Agay to Le Trayas in the Estérel.

The north wind prevails in the neighbourhood of

Mentone, but the successive chains of mountains from Nice to Italy are so high that the towns are screened, and the wind is only felt out at sea, and blue skies and sunshine are the dominant factors.

The south wind blows off the sea and is laden with warm moisture, but is not often experienced in winter.

The south-east wind comes from Africa, and is at first hot and dry, but absorbs so much moisture in passing over the Mediterranean that it reaches the south of Italy as the sirocco—hot, moist, and enervating ; but as it travels north it passes over the Apennines and becomes drier. It is the cause of the Italian Riviera having more rain than the French.

The south-west winds bring moisture as they pass over the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to the Gulf of Genoa, which falls as rain on meeting the north wind blowing over the Italian coast.

A Riviera sojourn requires careful consideration in making a wise selection of a place for a winter stay, according to the time of year, whether for a long or short period, for pleasure or health, for young or old. When that point is settled comes the question of the necessary care to be exercised to keep well or to regain health, and in most cases this can be successfully accomplished if the visitor be willing to exercise discretion and put health first.

The many curves and indentations of the coast, although affording great beauty of scenery, are a source of danger, for they give alternate sun and shade with a great difference in temperature, and are the cause of many bad throats with people who are susceptible to them.

The well-known fact that the sunset hour is the cause of much illness is more often ignored than not ; and this is not only so with delicate people and invalids, but also with the absolutely strong who come out to look after the former. In most places the sun sets about 4 p.m. on the shortest days ; and just before that, and for about an hour after, there is a sudden fall in temperature, and if the sky be clear and cloudless there is a condensation of moisture in the form of dew which even the strongest

feel after the heat of the day : a chill is caught and often pneumonia follows. Tennis players are much exposed to this danger when heated by the exercise, and play should be stopped at least ten minutes before the sun sets.

To aggravate matters it is the tea hour, so refuge is taken in overcrowded restaurants and shops instead of going quietly home, and on coming out of them a chill is caught. The evening air is good, and a walk after 6 p.m. can be taken with impunity.

Delicate people should not go out in a high wind, or after heavy rain followed by such, as it absorbs the moisture from the ground and vegetation and produces vapour.

Specialists on climate say that alternations of temperature within about 10° to 15° are recuperative, and not harmful when they take place with constancy and regularity, for cool air braces, promotes appetite and digestion, increases nutrition, and improves the general health and strength, while by continuous warm weather the appetite is impaired, strength reduced, and fever increased.

Warm places like Mentone and Beaulieu are especially suited for people who have lived in tropical climates, for convalescents, the elderly, young children, and invalids, because of the absence of extreme heat and cold, of the opportunity of daily exercise, and of being able to sit and bask in the sunshine.

Those who are strong and well may prefer St. Raphaël, Cannes or Nice, and Monaco, which is well sheltered but has the sun cut off about two o'clock by the Tête du Chien. Besides these there are the smaller places on the French coast, which are very good from the health point of view, but where visitors must make their own amusements.

The Italian Riviera has more east wind, a greater rainfall, and is not so sheltered, as the mountains are farther from the coast and there are a great many valleys down which the cold winds blow. Bordighera is most popular with English people, while San Remo rivals Monte Carlo and Nice as being one of the most cosmopolitan places on the Rivieras.

The climate of San Remo is one of the most sedative, so people troubled with sleeplessness do well to make a stay there. The great drawbacks to it are the mosquitoes and the dust. Albenga vies with Marseilles and the valley of the Var as one of the most windy parts. On the Riviera Levante Rapallo and Sta. Margherita have more rain, and are not quite as dry, but have less wind.

The month of October is usually the rainy one on the Continent, and it may be wet every day for a fortnight, while often in England at that time it is fine and dry. November and December are usually fine and free from wind, and so warm that summer clothes are often in demand till Christmas. In the new year the winds begin to blow and the weather is more changeable, and March is sometimes very trying. But in April the weather is more like our English summer, with brilliant flowers on every hand, and whole-day excursions with alfresco luncheons can be enjoyed in calm, brilliant sunshine.

Many visitors begin to tire of their winter resort in March, and complain of wind, weather, and food ; but the two former are bad everywhere at this time of year, and as regards the latter often the hotel *chef* departs then and the cooking is left to an underling.

If patience cannot be exercised a little longer, then it is better to make a change, and go farther south into Italy, where climatic conditions may be no better, or choose another place on the homeward route, such as Vence, St. Raphaël, Valescure, or the Italian Lakes, Aix-les-Bains, or by Digne or the new Route des Alpes to the Lake of Geneva. These are all favourite places in the spring.

But to return to England before the middle of May or the beginning of June is for many people a fatal mistake, for our variable climate is sometimes before that most trying and likely to undo the good obtained from the winter's sojourn abroad by taking a bad chill.

For invalids not obliged to return to England a summer spent in some of the mountain valleys, not above 3,000 to 4,000 feet, where there is not too great a difference

between the day and night temperature is often productive of much good.

Most of the Riviera hotels along the coast shut up for the summer at the middle or end of April—some even in March—and visitors are then driven to make a change and think they may as well go direct home, but it is too soon for safety.

History—I

Before basking in the glorious sunshine of the Riviera, and visiting the individual places along the coast, a little of the early history may be of interest to some readers, while others can turn over the pages unread.

Liguria was covered with dense forests without any roads through them, but communication was kept up by mule paths on land, and the sea was the great highway.

The villages were built in places as inaccessible as possible ; the streets were not more than 6 to 9 feet wide, the houses were tall and buttressed with arches across the streets to secure them from earthquake shocks, and the better to defend them against the pirates and enemies of all kinds who quite appreciated the many advantages afforded by the Ligurian coast.

These little village communities were republics with their own consuls.

Liguria was divided into three portions : the first—Iberia—stretching from Massilia (Marseilles), its chief town, to the River Var, and peopled by a tribe called Iberians ; the second from the Var to Bordighera, with the chief town of Ventimiglia and peopled by Intermelii ; the third from Bordighera to La Spezia, with Genoa as the capital, occupied by Ambroni and Ingauni, the bravest of all the Ligurian tribes.

One of the most striking features of Liguria consists of the caverns, and the prehistoric remains found in them, throwing light on the habits and customs of the races who lived fifty to one hundred centuries B.C.

The Greeks, after taking possession of Sicily and

Southern Italy in 600 B.C., obtained complete mastery of the Ligurian Sea, and Genoa became an important commercial port. When Greek influence declined that of Carthage took its place, and Ligurians fought with her armies.

The Phœnicians established trading depots along the Ligurian coast, with Massilia as the chief port in the west, and they constructed the Heraclean road near the coast to Nike (Nice), and it was later restored by the Romans and joined up with the great Roman road.

The Phœnicians were more civilized than the Ligurians, and they introduced the vine and the olive into Liguria, but the natives had already turned their attention to agriculture.

The Romans were the next to begin the long and difficult task of subjugating the Ligurians, who were distinguished by the simplicity of their customs and their indomitable courage.

In 125 B.C. the Romans attacked, defeated, and drove the Ligurians to the mountains, where they were caught on the other side by the Greeks ; and the Romans annexed all the country from the Rhone to the Alps, and it became a Roman province (Provence).

Under the Romans, villas with beautiful gardens sprang up, and to afford amusement for the people the huge arenas of Nîmes, Arles, Fréjus, and Cimiez were made.

This domination continued till A.D. 462, when the Visigoths and Burgundians obtained supremacy over Provence and restored order and discipline.

In A.D. 711 the Saracens, or Moors, invaded Spain and Gaul through the valley of the Rhone, and penetrated to the heart of France ; and when they were finally driven out, at the end of the tenth century, Liguria was a heap of ruins.

Pagan customs lingered on among such mixed blood as Ligurians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, and dancing took place in churches and churchyards during the Middle Ages.

The origin of part singing may be traced to the people

in Roman Catholic churches breaking out into a folk-song while the priests were chanting their Latin psalms and canticles, because they could not understand them. The clergy, in order to stop this habit, translated the Latin into the vernacular, verse by verse, for the people to sing, instead of the popular songs ; but they refused to adopt them, so the musicians tried to reduce the hideous discords to harmony.

One unique feature is found in the Provençal cathedral churches : the choir for the bishops and chapter is at the west end in the gallery over the porch. This was so at Grasse, and remains intact at Vence.

There are very few Gothic churches in Provence, as the sun had to be excluded as much as possible, but a northern architect built the conventual church of St. Maximin in the Var department, and that is the only Gothic one of any size.

Massilia (Marseilles)

Massilia was a Phocean trading station at the mouth of the Rhone, and the earliest known inhabitants were Iberians, one of the numerous Ligurian tribes.

In 599 B.C. a few vessels under a Greek adventurer arrived at the port and placed themselves under the protection of the Ligurians, and a young Greek named Protis was sent as an ambassador with presents to the native chief at Arles.

The legend says that he arrived at a propitious moment, for the chief was giving a banquet to the warriors of his tribe in order that his daughter might choose a husband from among them.

Protis was invited to the banquet, and when the maiden saw his beauty of form and his polished manners she offered to him the goblet of wine, which was the symbol of betrothal, and Protis put it to his lips at once ; the alliance followed and Protis and his friends settled at Massilia.

This was the beginning of Greek influence in Liguria, and fifty years after the Greeks arrived in numbers.

The Greeks helped the Romans to destroy Liguria, and were in their turn destroyed by the Romans, who made of Massilia a republic of importance, and it only regained its freedom in A.D. 1112, when it was in ruins.

It has been the scene of many sieges, but its worst enemy has been the plague, as it was very insanitary, and in 1720 between 40,000 and 50,000 people died of it.

In 1837 the waters of the Durance were conducted for 95 miles through tunnels and over aqueducts, and now the town is well supplied with the pure, precious liquid.

Marseilles is washed by the sea on three sides, but a large portion of the peninsula has been eaten away by it, and an old chapel existing in 1208 stood on a point that is now 250 feet from the land. The old town to the south of the Vieux Port was formerly a morass, so the houses there are built on piles.

At the Revolution, bands of assassins from the dregs of the population of Marseilles marched to Paris shouting Rouget de l'Isle's hymn, afterwards called "La Marseillaise."

A very large modern cathedral overlooks the old port on the opposite side to St. Victor, and close to the old town or fishermen's quarters. The first stone of it was laid in 1852, and it is built of alternate courses of green and white stone, some of which came from the quarries at Cassis. In shape it is like a mosque, both inside and outside; the latter is fine.

Joseph Bonaparte, when acting as war commissioner here, met the two sisters Clary, the daughters of a soap-boiler of Marseilles, and he married Marie in 1794; and when he was sent as ambassador to Rome she and her sister Eugenie accompanied him. The latter married the saddler's son Bernadotte, who later became King of Sweden. Joseph became King of Naples and then of Spain, so both the daughters were queens.

Marseilles is quite an interesting place, and the natives are most inordinately proud of the Rue Cannebière,

or rope walk, where the best shops are, and consider it is much finer than anything in Paris. La Bourse is well situated in it, opposite the open space where the monument of Pierre Puget, the sculptor, stands. The Rue Cannebière ends at the Quai des Belges at the head of the Vieux Port, which is always full of craft of all descriptions, barring ocean liners, and presents a most lively scene, for it runs into the land, and there is a driving road with tram lines round three sides of it, and tall houses. The docks are parallel with the coast line to the west near the cathedral and old town. Across the Vieux Port, at the sea end, is the Pont Transbordeur, a suspension bridge a little out of the common. It is very lofty, with a passenger lift at one end, so visitors can easily go on to it and enjoy the view over the whole town and surrounding country. At sea level is a floating bridge for ordinary traffic, which is worked by machinery and *suspended* from the passenger bridge above. The low hills form a semicircle round the town far back, but are not high enough to keep off the biting mistral or north-west wind, which cuts down the valley of the Rhone for more than half the year, thus rendering Marseilles quite unfit for any but robust people.

The Musée des Beaux Arts is a noble building, and has the best provincial collection of paintings in France, many of them being of old masters, and also admirable specimens of natural history subjects. Near by are fine zoological gardens, from which there are good views of the mountains.

The Château du Pharo, near the entrance to the Vieux Port, is now a Pasteur hospital. Not far off is the Château Borély, and in it the Musée des Antiques, where there are some interesting Roman antiquities and the fourth century high altar removed from the Church of St. Victor.

From here the handsome promenade of Le Prado and the Promenade de la Corniche, round the coast to the east, may be visited.

About 5 km. from the coast here are the islands; the largest being a black, frowning rock on which stands the fearsome fortress, the Château d'If, with deep dungeons

almost below sea level, which is the State prison, used chiefly for political prisoners, where Mirabeau and many another man of note was kept in durance vile.

There are trams running in all directions about Marseilles and its outskirts, so it is easy to explore the neighbourhood.

Marseilles.—Notre Dame de la Garde

This modern pilgrimage church, built in 1864, is the dominant note in the town, and is a beacon by land and sea. There was an ancient chapel dedicated to Ste. Marie there before, as well as a fort and old tower of the tenth century, called " La Garde," as it was a signal station for all ships wishing to enter the harbour of Marseilles.

The Church of Notre Dame de la Garde is built in the Byzantine style with marbles brought from Carrara and Africa, and to the summit it stands 500 feet above the sea. There is a very steep funicular, which takes people up half-way, but the remainder of the distance must be accomplished on foot—firstly by means of three short flights of steps, followed by two very fine double staircases, the first of which stops short at a wooden drawbridge, with chains in position, over a dry moat. This is in front of the entrance to the crypt, which has a handsome grille, with a booth on either side, where Sisters of Mercy in white attire sell small offerings for the benefit of the church, and keep the key of the belfry.

The crypt is entirely below the level of the surrounding ground, and is consequently very dark. The size is the same as that of the church above. The low, rounded arches and the piers supporting them are of stone. On the altar is a life-size silver statue of the Madonna and Child. The walls have small, white marble plaques let into them, in memory of those who have passed away, and the whole of the rounded roofs in the side chapels are covered with small, oval, gilt picture frames in varying sizes containing offerings.

The church above is approached by another double flight of marble steps, and is built on the walls of the crypt, and is very lofty in proportion to the width, which is not great. The plinth of the pillars is of deep red marble, surmounted by white marble, and above the low capitals are alternate rows of red and white marble. The rounded apse is most beautifully decorated with mosaics, and the white marble altar table bears a life-size silver figure of the Madonna and Child, both crowned with golden crowns, standing in a niche with gilded canopy. The chapels on either side are supported by dark, grey marble pillars, and the lower parts of the walls are panelled with dark, carved wood with seats attached to them. There are two very fine hanging silver lamps near the chancel rails, and many smaller ones as well.

The apse and side chapels are enclosed by pierced white marble chancel rails. Over this part is a very lofty dome, painted in rich colours. There are three smaller domes over the nave, and three shallow side chapels with rounded arches and roofs, painted in dark blue and gold. The walls of these also have small white marble plaques let into them, bearing the names in gold of the men of Marseilles who fell in the Great War 1914–1918, and above them are many large framed pictures.

There are a life-size recumbent figure of Christ after the Crucifixion in white marble, two gilded shrines for carrying in procession, and two white marble statues in niches.

The floor is of coloured mosaics worked into patterns.

The façade is faced with alternate courses of green and white stone; the height to the floor of the belfry, which can be ascended, is 150 feet, and the campanile is surmounted by a gilded figure of the Madonna and Child 50 feet high.

The view from the terrace surrounding the church is very fine, embracing the complete circuit. The town of Marseilles lies at the bottom of a cup, surrounded by the low range of bare mountains, with greyish-white stone cropping up all over them, except on the one side open

to the sea. When the atmosphere is clear there is a distant view right away to the Maure Mountains, and sometimes as far as the Estérel.

Marseilles.—L'Abbaye de Saint Victor

This old church, almost at the foot of the hill on which Notre Dame de la Garde rears its lofty head, stands on a terrace above the Vieux Port, and is the only bit of antiquity left. The crypt dates from the second century, and was the meeting-place for the early Christians, who came to this part in great numbers to preach the Gospel, and spread from here to other places along the coast.

In A.D. 410 the monk Cassien founded a monastery above the catacombs, which must have existed at the beginning of the Christian Era, and these were discovered when excavating for additions to the harbour.

The present building dates from A.D. 1350, and the black, massive castellated towers of fortress-like appearance make a great contrast to that of Notre Dame de la Garde, for there is width without height.

The inside of the church is disappointing, as it consists only of the ordinary chancel, side chapels, and nave, and from the outside only the massive towers jutting out from it on all sides can be seen.

When the plague ravaged Marseilles the monks shut themselves up in their fortress on this then isolated spot, and would not go near the plague-stricken people, but Belzunce, Bishop of Marseilles, on the contrary, went everywhere to hear confessions and comfort the dying, and was himself spared from the plague. The pestilence, which had started in the spring, raged till September, and disappeared in November.

There is a statue erected to the memory of Monsignor de Belzunce, with bare feet and a cord round his neck, on the very spot where he celebrated Mass in the open at the height of the plague.

Marseilles to Toulon by the Coast

The last object seen on leaving Marseilles for the Riviera is the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, on its rocky hill with its lofty spire in the sky, and as a background in the distance, the long, low ridge of grey-white mountains of Marseilles-Veyre.

When the suburbs of Marseilles are left behind both road and rail enter the fertile Vallée de l'Huveaune, and at a distance of 9 km. the church of *St. Marcel* is noted, with its low, square tower, surmounted by a framework of iron, from the centre of which hangs the bell in a kind of cage. Near by are large chemical works, and it is a busy little industrial town.

From here the scenery improves, with woods to the left and a village on the slope of an isolated hill, crowned by a castle, while the plane trees forming an avenue over the road add much to the comfort of it with their fresh spring foliage.

Aubagne (17 km.) is the centre of the ceramic industry, the buildings for which are rather an eyesore, but the country round is all under cultivation, with chestnut and apple trees in bloom and hedges of wild roses—a most unusual thing in France—and the first crop of hay was being cut and carted at the end of April. From here the mountain chain of *Ste. Baume* should be visited and the Grotto (3,080 feet), whence a magnificent panorama is unfolded over the mouths of the Rhone to the west and the Var away to the east. This Grotto is said to have been the resting place of Mary Magdalene for thirty-three years, and it is held in the greatest reverence by the people of the South of France. A pilgrimage is made there at Pentecost and on July 22nd, the fête day, and by some of the Provençal marriage contracts the young people are forced to make this pilgrimage within their first year of married life.

A return to Aubagne must be made, and though the railway makes a shorter run by Cuges and Le Bausset to Toulon ; the driving road along the coast will prove more

NOTRE DAME, MARSEILLES

CHURCH OF ST. VICTOR, MARSEILLES

interesting. Thanks to the great rainfall, this region on the Plan d'Aups provides a most varied vegetation, rare even in Provence.

On leaving here the railway goes through a long tunnel under the Col de Carpiagne, and motorists should take the southern route and avoid this Col, which is not suitable for cars, and rejoin the road not far from Cassis, passing through a savage valley of pines.

Cassis (27 km.) lies in a pretty little bay, sheltered by the hills behind it, and it is the first coast village where there are any winter visitors. This is a very old precedent, for Cassis was a health resort founded by Cæsar for his sick soldiers. There is a small port, and in December, 1720, Pope Clement XI sent some "tartanes"—lateen-rigged ships—to Marseilles, laden with wheat, to Monseigneur de Belzunce, the good Bishop of Marseilles, for the benefit of the plague-stricken people; but unfortunately for them the mistral was so strong that the boats were forced to run into Cassis for protection, and the starving sailors there at once boarded the vessels and appropriated the cargo. They paid the bishop in money for it, but that was not much consolation to the people of Marseilles crying out for food, which could not be obtained.

The hills round Cassis provide granite and a hard greyish-white building stone, which has been used in some parts of the building of the cathedral of Marseilles. There is a good white wine made here. The railway station is 3 km. to the north of the little port, and the line goes farther inland after the station is left behind, while the road bends southwards in order to reach the village of *La Ciotat* (37 km.), in the next bay. This place is protected to the west by a very abrupt headland, higher at the point where it descends sharply into the sea, called the *Bec d'Aigle*, a most appropriate name, while the little ow island "*Ile Verte*," lying off it, looks as though it had been sharply severed from the mainland with a knife. This is a shipbuilding place, and here live some 2,000 to 3,000 of the work-people of the "Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes."

Few English people know what pretty scenery is to be found along this part of the coast between Marseilles and Toulon. From Cassis to Ollioules it is charming, and along the Baie de la Ciotat, or Les Lecques as it is frequently called, there is an infinite variety, more like our pretty English scenery, with the addition of a line of mountains in the far distance. The road wends its way through olive groves to the *Cap St. Louis*, which marks the boundary between the Departments of the Bouches-du-Rhone and that of the Var.

A plain is crossed to *St. Cyr-sur-Mer* (44 km.), a pretty view of which is seen on looking back before reaching Bandol. Here are to be seen many stone walls built without mortar, dividing up the fields.

Bandol (51 km.), is one of the prettiest little bays in this part, and is well sheltered from the mistral. It is a winter resort, as well as a summer bathing station, fully exposed to the south and sheltered on the east, and is a wonderfully warm corner. The main road has an avenue of palms, and it is surrounded by wooded hillsides with plantations of olive and mulberry trees, while the eucalyptus and sub-tropical plants flourish. Good wine is made from the grapes grown there. Its speciality is the yellow immortelles, which require a hot, dry soil, and these are grown in perfection for making wreaths. There is good fishing in the bay.

At Bandol there is a clock tower or belfry and an old château of interest. There are many villas dotted about on the slopes among the trees, and interesting excursions can be made from here.

Sanary (5 km. farther) is on a little gulf of the same name, and is also a summer bathing-place. Here the road forks, the one going north-east to Ollioules and the other south-east to *Six-Fours* on the peninsula terminating at Cap Sicié, a granite cliff of reddish hue. There is a redoubt at Six-Fours overlooking a large, deep bay called Le Brusq, which is completely sheltered. Outside are small islets, the principal of which has a modern lighthouse, 140 feet high, sending out rays to Planier by Marseilles

and Porquerolles by Hyères. At Le Brusq all ships of the Roman fleet were obliged to stop, and it was the marine suburb of Six-Fours. This little bluff resembles a volcanic peak, and the road leading up to it is paved with Roman flagstones, and has the ruins of six little forts; hence probably the origin of the name "Sex Furni" given to the acropolis. The road itself is called the "Roman Road of the Magdalen."

The Church of Six-Fours is most interesting, though small. It consists of a crypt, a Romanesque church, and a Gothic nave, all built into each other. The crypt (nearly 50 feet deep) is excavated out of the solid rock, and is entered by a sloping passage. It is rectangular, the two ends joined by a semicircular apse, with three steps leading up to a seat cut out of the solid rock in the centre of the apse, and there are benches of the same round the wall for the assistant priests. One side of the nave is longer than the other, for the accommodation of the men. In one corner is a font for baptism by immersion, 3 feet deep and 10 feet in circumference, and filled by rain water dripping from the roof.

A *Romanesque nave* was subsequently built over the crypt, with very thick walls and only loopholes for windows. The Gothic Middle Age restoration has altered this nave very much, for elegant pillars have replaced the piers, and the loopholes have been enlarged to windows, filled with stained glass.

The three successive stages of the growth of the church may be typified here: first, humble and persecuted; second, militant; and third, glorious and triumphant.

After the Sacrifice on Calvary, an Asiatic mission, bent on preaching the Gospel to every creature, landed at Marseilles. Accompanying them were Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, and Martha, who settled in Provence and the Roman road is named after her, as she was regarded with the deepest reverence by the people in the South of France.

A return should be made to Sanary, to rejoin the Route National, which turns northwards there to *Ollioules*, in order to pass through the gorge of that name, where the

road winds under lofty piles of tortuous rocks, green and yellow, with cliff-like walls for nearly 3 km., when the space widens out, the sea appears again, and Toulon is reached.

On the north-east side of the gorge above the village of Ollioules is perched the village of *Evenos* (café), with a modern fort and an old feudal castle on a basaltic hill (1,310 feet), from which there is a fine view.

The village of *Ollioule-Sanary* (58 km.) has old vaulted streets, picturesque houses with enormous gables, and sculptured corbels and window frames. The " Place " is lined with palms, and the flora includes mimosa, tuberose, bulbs, violets, and poppies. There are exotic and rare natural beauties, and the ruins of a thirteenth century château.

Toulon

Toulon (Telo Martius) was originally a Phœnician settlement, occupied in the preparation of the famous Tyrian dye, made out of the shell of the " murex," and ranging in colour from crimson to blue purple.

It is protected by two limestone precipices—Coudon (1,205 feet high) looking towards the Gulf (Rade) of Hyères, and Faron or Pharus (1,790 feet high) immediately above the harbour. The latter was the beacon light for the neighbourhood, a fire being kept burning on it by night and a column of smoke from smouldering straw by day, to give notice of the appearance of vessels with probable piratical intentions. It was ravaged by both Franks and Saracens, and then sank into insignificance. But in the sixteenth century, Henry IV saw that from its position it was the pivot of defence for Provence, so he built the Forts of St. Catherine and St. Antoine and also the two great moles to form the harbour. Louis XIV had the basins enlarged and deepened, and built the dockyards and workshops, and surrounded the city with a series of star forts, and made of Toulon the first arsenal of France.

This work was mostly carried out by the convicts who rowed the galleys. In ancient times all war vessels,

merchantmen, and pleasure yachts were propelled by oars, some measuring 15 feet long, and requiring six men to pull them. These galley slaves were all prisoners, who were chained to their benches half-naked, sometimes for ten, twelve or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. Food was put into their mouths, and when they were exhausted the lash was used, and they often died under the strain. The full complement of a large galley was 270 rowers, and the total number of men aboard was sometimes 400. The galleys were moored at Toulon, Brest, and Roqueford, and were called " Bagne," probably from the Provençal " bagna," which means moored. As naval construction improved, sails took the place of oars. Louis XIV abolished the whippings and torture, which had turned the rowers into cripples while chained to the galley seats, and in this way transformed them into vigorous labourers.

In 1793 the French Revolutionary army, having massacred the people of Lyons, invested Toulon, the loyal inhabitants of which appealed to the British to help them. When Napoleon Bonaparte arrived, the command of the artillery was placed in his hands, and he directed its whole force against the redoubt held by the English, now Fort Caire, on the Aiguillette. The Spanish troops, who held part of the line, were overpowered and the fort was taken, so the English commander withdrew the whole of the Allied troops from the promontory into the city. Sir Samuel Hood urged the necessity of recovering the lost points, but he was overruled, so they evacuated the place, to the dismay of the inhabitants. These were nearly all put to death and Toulon was wiped out. Under the " Directory " it became the first military port of France.

There is an old cathedral, a fine Romanesque building with a seventeenth century façade. The old part is rather dirty, with narrow alleys leading down to the spacious, busy quay, and to the docks, where the French warships had returned after the Armistice was signed in November, 1918, still bearing the marks of all they had

gone through during the Great War. There is a very pretty flower market at Toulon.

The railway divides, the P.L.M. going by the shorter route, and the Sud de France keeping to the coast line, which is as fine, if not more so, as the inland line, either by road or rail. The distance to St. Raphaël, where the lines again meet, is only 50 miles, but the trains on the Sud de France line crawl and take four to five hours to perform the journey, although the track is quite level.

Very interesting sea excursions can be made from the harbour to La Seyne (6 km.), Tamaris, on the peninsula, from which the coast can be viewed ; and farther south is Les Sablettes, from which a return can be made by road. On the eastern side Giens and the Iles d'Hyères can be visited. The main interest centres along the coast, except in the region of Ollioules (10 km.) and to the Chartreuse de Montrieux (28 km.).

Toulon to Fréjus and St. Raphaël, Inland.

The P.L.M. main line turns inland from Toulon, and crosses "*La Crau*," a great plain of rolled pebbles sloping to the sea, at the junction of the streams coming down from the mountains of Coudon and Faron and the Maures, and this accumulated material has formed a barrier, and forced the rivers to seek another outlet ; in this way the river Gapeau was formed, and in course of time has been obliged to seek another outlet : it makes a sudden turn to the east and discharges itself at *Les Salins*, on the sandy shore known as the "Ceinturon."

The railway and road go through *La Valette* to *Solliès Pont*, the centre of the cherry culture, where there are some ruins of the sixteenth century Chateâu of St. Michel and a twelfth century chapel. This is the centre of flower culture for the markets of Paris and London. From here an excursion can be made to the Chartreuse de Montrieux-la-Jeune (14 km.), to the north-north-east, and to Montrieux-le-Vieux of the twelfth century.

From Solliès the route is across a plain covered with olive trees and vineyards to *Cuers* (20 km.), where such good olive oil is produced, *Carnoules* (33 km.), *Gonfaron* (42 km.) to *Le Luc*. Here Roman remains have been found, and there is an old Château des Masques above the village, the ruins of a thirteenth century castle, and an octagonal tower.

At the adjoining village of *Le Cannet-de-Luc* (probably the *Forum Voconti* of the Romans), there is an old château and church of the eleventh century. From here excursions can be made to the twelfth century *Abbey of Thoronet*, to the "religieux" of *Citeaux* (13 km.) to the north-north-east and to the *Garde Freinet* (20 km.).

The railway crosses and re-crosses the Route National many times before *Vidauban* is reached. This is a big agricultural and industrial town, where food products and flavourings are made. From here both road and rail run close together along the valley of the Argens until Fréjus (89 km.) and St. Raphaël (92½ km.) are reached.

This route forms the northern boundary of the Maures Mountains.

From Vidauban an excursion can be made to visit Draguignan.

Draguignan

Here we will take a short run inland to Draguignan, the capital of the Department of the Var. It was founded in the fifth century, but was unimportant until 1797. Here Queen Joanna of Provence had a palace: the wicked queen who sold Avignon to the popes, in order to obtain absolution for murdering her husband and for her many infidelities.

A short distance from Draguignan is one of the most remarkable prehistoric remains in the South of France. This is a very large "dolmen"—the Pierre de la Fée—consisting of one huge, flat, limestone slab, 2½ feet thick, 18 feet long, and 12 feet wide, supported by four rough, upright stones, at a height of 7 feet from the ground.

These dolmen, which are numerous in France, seem to have been constructed by the lineal descendants of the Cavemen.

It is supposed to have been a Greek town, but there must have been people living there in prehistoric times. In the Middle Ages the place was called Drachœnum, because it was ravaged by a dragon, whom the Bishop of Antibes slew in A.D. 451. After that was disposed of the people came down from the heights and settled where the present town is, and it began to flourish when the Port of Fréjus was silted up in the thirteenth century. Then it was surrounded by a wall, of which two gates remain. The streets are scarce 6 feet wide, and the houses run up to such a height that the sun never reaches the pavement. There is nothing of very much interest.

Fréjus

Fréjus lies between the Montaignes des Maures and the Estérel, and consequently feels the full force of the mistral blowing from the north-west down the valley between the two ranges. Fréjus was a most important place in the time of the Romans, and was named " Forum Julii " after its founder Julius Cæsar, and no other part of Provence retains so many traces of Roman occupation. It was then the centre of transport, but the deposits brought down by the river have since filled up the gulf, the port is under the sand, and only a morass remains. On the mole is a Roman building called " La Lanterne," from which the harbour-master gave directions with a flag to vessels entering, so that they could avoid the shoals.

The arena was 375 feet long and 273 feet wide, and held over 9,000 spectators ; it was half cut out of the natural rock, and the size and general structure can still be seen.

The aqueduct bringing in the fresh water of the Siagnote, a distance of 24 miles from the mountains, had eighty-seven lofty arches.

FREJUS ARENA

LE LAVANDON, MAURES MOUNTAINS

The cathedral is a Romanesque edifice of the twelfth century; the baptistry, of earlier date, was of octagonal form, with a granite column crowned with a white marble Corinthian capital in each of its eight angles. The pillars, and the immense stones above the pillars, on which the arches of the roof rest, are probably of Roman origin. The east end is surmounted by a tower of defence, and is one of the numerous examples of fortified churches. The wooden doors are beautifully carved, and an ancient lamp of brass is suspended from the roof. The bishop's palace adjoining and the cathedral were both enclosed by a strong wall.

Fréjus was the birthplace of Julius Agricola, the conqueror of Britain.

The morass at Fréjus, which was the breeding-place of malaria and mosquitoes, has now been drained, and a good driving road, bordered with trees, made across it to St. Raphaël.

During the Great War (1914–1918) the French established a large aerodrome on the shore, which made an ideal spot for landing.

Toulon to Hyères—Coast Line

The line of abrupt cliffs from Marseilles to Brusq terminates, and bluffs and beaches and rocky promontories cease as the plain of La Crau is crossed. Here to the west are the limestone cliffs, near Toulon in the distance and to the east the granite elevation of the Maures Mountains is seen.

The great naval force of Toulon depends for protection upon the islands of Hyères and the Gulf of Giens, which together form one of the best and safest of anchorages. Between Cap Cicié on the west and Cap Bénat, the most westerly point of the Maures Mountains, a distance of barely 20 miles, this space is the exclusively military part of the Sea of Provence, and the whole coast line is more or less protected from the ravages of the sea.

A whole fleet can anchor in safety under the shelter of the peninsula of Giens, and at the Salins the sailors practise embarking, and the roadstead of Bormes forms an excellent

refuge from the mistral. There are four distinct waterways for the entrance and exit of ships of all sizes, and the roadstead of Hyères is always calm during the most stormy weather and is the home of the French Mediterranean Fleet.

The coast to the north of the roadsteads is of two distinct characters—that of Toulon is a vertical cliff 328 feet high, while to the east are the salt marshes of Hyères and the valley of the River Gapeau.

The route from Toulon to Hyères by the shore cannot compare with that from Marseilles to Toulon. Toulon is left by the Porte Neuve, passing near the station of the Sud de France line, and going by *Le Pradet* (noted for magnificent vineyards), whence both road and rail soon turn south again, and the sea comes into sight at *Carqueiranne*. Here there is a good beach, and some celebrated umbrella pines shelter the hotel.

On the way to *San Salvadour* (17 km.) the road and rail frequently cross each other. It is a small place at the foot of the Mont des Oiseaux, with a thermal establishment supposed to be good for various ailments, such as gout, arthritis, dyspepsia, and rheumatism. It is high up on a terrace overlooking woods of pine, eucalyptus, mimosa, and palm trees, and in the distance the Iles d'Hyères and the Peninsula of Giens are seen. The Château Manier, built by the wish of the Empress Eugénie for her sojourn there, now forms part of the hotel. Roman remains have been found here.

At the next village of *Almanarre* are the remains of Pomponiana, and where many Roman graves, inscriptions, coins, and mosaics have been found. The sands stretch for a distance of 3½ miles by the salt marshes. There is a ruined convent there.

From Almanarre, before turning northwards, a detour can be made along the sandy *Isthmus* to *Giens* (4 km.), by which the village is united to the mainland, instead of being an island, as it was once. The peninsula is in the shape of the letter T inverted; the upright is formed by the two sandy ridges between Almanarre and La Plage, and they

enclose some of the salt marshes. From the village of Giens the road goes to the south-east to *La Tour Fondue*, from which point there is a motor boat to the *Ile de Porquerolles*, the largest of the three islands which form the Iles d'Hyères. It is about 5 miles long by 1¼ broad, and a tour can be made round it and a meal obtained at the Grand Hotel. Here are found traces of the Roman occupation, and in the fifth century, monasteries were founded here, and also on the other islands of Port Cros and Levant. These islands were formerly called the Iles d'Or, from the golden rays given out from the faceted slate rocks and the sands sparkling with mica.

The return can be made by La Plage to *Costebelle*, which is half-way between Almanarre and Hyères, and due north of the former. It is on the top of a hill 320 feet high, which is crowned by the Chapelle de l'Ermitage (A.D. 1254), with a statue to the Virgin, and is dedicated to "Our Lady of Consolation." The walls from roof to floor are hung with pictures, given by friends in memory of those who had died. From here there is a splendid view over the sea and to Hyères.

Hyères

Hyères is separated from the sea by two or three miles of marshes, and only ranks as a watering place on account of the proximity of Costabella, where modern hotels, perched picturesquely on the wooded hills, known as the Montagnes des Oiseaux, look across the Iles d'Or to the beautiful Maures Mountains.

The importance of Hyères was due to its salt-pans, for salt is a necessity for man and beast, as intestinal troubles are caused by its absence. The Lagoon of Giens furnished a large amount, as the sun dried up the shallow water, leaving the deposit of salt behind, which was the source of its wealth.

The old collegiate Church of St. Paul, on the height, has immense substructures, and dates back to the eleventh or twelfth century, but the vaulting is later and the windows later still. The great square tower is Romanesque.

The other Church of St. Louis, outside the walls, was the chapel of the Knights of the Temple, and is of the twelfth century, without clerestory, so that it is very dark, as most of the light comes through the west window.

The preceptory of the Templars is now the Hôtel de Ville.

At Hyères the visitor will see for the first time palms, agaves, and aloes in full luxuriance, and some olive trees.

Some oranges and lemons are grown, and also the sumac for the sake of its tannin, the leaves only being used. The making of corks is the main industry of these scattered villages, as well as the breeding of silkworms. The carob tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*) also grows here, and the pods (called locust beans), shaped like a horn, are supposed to be those St. John the Baptist fed on in the wilderness. It is an evergreen, and grows in stony, arid spots where there is hardly any soil.

The modern town has been extended to the north-west, where there is no shelter, and the full force of the mistral is felt.

The new town of *Hyères* is sometimes called Hyères-des-Palmiers, from the abundance of palm trees. The climate is variable and the mistral (north-west wind) is felt. The old name of Hyères was "Castrum Arearum," the town of threshing floors, and as the tillers of the soil sought protection for their agricultural pursuits, the Hill of Castéon was crowned by an impregnable castle, with ten towers, on the craggy heights on the southern slopes of it to protect the old town, and three tiers of ramparts were built encircling it, in the Middle Ages.

The ruins of the castle (600 feet) on the first line of fortifications are now private property, but admission can be obtained by applying at 42 Avenue des Iles d'Or. The ancient ramparts and their remarkable square towers of the fifth and sixth centuries are like those of the Church of St. Victor at Marseilles.

In the second line of fortifications is the Church of St. Paul, built in the twelfth century. In 1599 the then Bishop of Toulon added two chapels and a rectory, blocked up the old west façade, and made a new wide flight of steps

from the terrace to the new entrance. From the Rue de Paradis a good view of the former façade is seen, and from Place Cafabre a view of the apse. St. Paul's Gate and its pepper-pot-like tower, adjoined the east angle of the church, and was restored in the fifteenth century in Renaissance style.

Inside the third line of fortifications, which were built in the thirteenth century and enclosed the old town, is the curious circular road, the Rue des Porches, with its broad arches over the road, and its continuation, the Rue Siman.

The Avenue des Iles d'Or, or Route National, is built upon the ramparts of the third and latest wall of the fortifications to the south of the old town.

By ascending the Rue Massillon, near the market, the *Tower of Saint Blaise* is reached, belonging to the twelfth century chapel built by the Knights Templars, and used as the town hall from 1673 to 1913.

Behind the tower are the Roman remains of the *Chapel of Sainte Catherine*. At No. 8 in the street of the same name is a *Roman tombstone* dated 1572 (!), presumably the date when it was discovered.

The Rue St. Bernard leads to the old *Episcopal Palace* of the twelfth century, the royal residence of the Counts of Provence. From the spot where the Porte of the Souquette formerly stood a fine view of the ramparts is obtained.

On descending the Rue St. Pierre to the Rue Ste. Claire the *gateway*, with Greek device (1634), to the *Convent of the Clarisse Sisters* should be noticed. Close by is the *Portail des Princes*.

The parish *Church of St. Louis* was just inside the old walls of the town to the south-east and was built by the Knights Templars in the thirteenth century. The Lords of Hyères were buried here, and the first tomb is dated 1204. Here in 1254 King Louis IX offered a thanksgiving for his return from the Crusades, and in 1564 King Charles IX touched the sick to heal them.

In the Rue Massillon is a passage formerly belonging to the Priory of Notre Dame du Piol of the thirteenth century, and there is a fine vaulted Gothic Cloister.

The streets of Hyères have gutters made of cobble-stones, while the centre of the road is of soft earth, which turns into a mud-like glue in wet weather.

Behind the town rise the heights known as the Maurettes, a small chain of mountains separated from the Maures by the Gapeau Valley, and crowning them are the ruins of the ancient castle. From the twelfth century it was held by the Foz family, a branch of the Viscounts of Marseilles. At one time it resounded to the songs of the troubadours, and was visited by royalty on three occasions, but was destroyed by the order of Henri IV. At sunset the ruins are silhouetted against the sky, and on a moonlight night the walls and turrets assume human shape, as the bright rays penetrate into clefts and crannies and light up the forms of the slender cypresses.

To the west rise the mountains of La Sainte Baume (3,500 feet), where Mary Magdalene lived for thirty-two years. The Grotto of Ste. Baume contains a chapel, and outside is a little oratory, and they are the goal of a pilgrimage renowned throughout Provence, on July 22nd. On the crest of the mountain is the Chapel of Saint Pilou, nearly 4,000 feet high, from which is a splendid view.

At St. Maximin, on the Carnoules, is the tomb of Mary Magdalene in the crypt of the cathedral, built in the Gothic style. The bold pillars supporting the vaulted roof are fine, and the pulpit, choir stalls and seventeenth century carving, the altar with figures of the Passion of the Early Venetian School. The cope of Saint Louis of Anjou, Bishop of Toulouse, embroidered in silk on gold by a thirteenth century workman, the Lives of Christ and of the Blessed Virgin should be noticed.

Eucalyptus Trees.—In 1860 some seeds of the eucalyptus tree were brought from Tasmania, and sown as an experiment, and succeeded so well, that now their greenish-blue, scythe-shaped leaves, and many-coloured trunks may be seen among the olives and umbrella pines from Fréjus along the coast eastwards; but they will succumb to a sharp frost. The tree will grow nearly 20 feet in one season, and may attain a height of 330 feet under suitable conditions.

The wood is almost as hard as oak, and not of a combustible nature like the pine, which if once set alight the fire spreads rapidly, in consequence of the resin in the trees. A forest of Aleppo pines takes twenty-five years to replace, while one of the same size of eucalyptus would only require five years before they were of commercial value.

The latter in Spain is called the " fever tree," as the fibre is so absorbent that it acts as a disinfectant on low, marshy ground.

Montagnes des Maures

The Mountains of the Moors, which rise in places to 2,555 feet in height, take their name from the Saracens or Moors, who regarded themselves as the descendants of Sarah, and were Mohammedans from the coast of Africa.

Their first appearance here was in A.D. 730, when they sacked Nice and other towns and caused the inhabitants to flee to the mountains. In 846 they appeared again, and carried ruin and desolation over the plain of Aix, and made themselves masters of the whole coast of Provence. About the same time a Moorish pirate was wrecked in the Gulf of Grimaud, and he soon saw the strategic value of the chain of granite and schist mountains, so he returned to Africa, collected a large band of followers, crossed the sea and took possession of the whole mountainous block. This corner of Provence (so called because it was a Roman province) was converted into a little Mussulman realm, and on every height a redoubt was built, a fort which the Christians called " Fraxinet," and from here as soon as a boat was observed at sea, the pirates sallied forth from St. Tropez, and fell on the unfortunate merchantmen and carried them off to the slave markets of Tunis and Morocco.

The Montagnes des Maures were the last stronghold of the Saracens, and on one of the heights the remains of the Fraxinet and the Saracen cistern are to be seen.

They were finally driven out through the following circumstance :—Majolus of Provence was born of wealthy parents about A.D. 908, and the Saracens ruined his estates,

burnt his houses, destroyed his crops, and killed the peasants or carried them off as slaves. Majolus escaped to his uncle, a bishop at Macon, and afterwards became a monk at Cluny, and on his uncle's death, he was elected bishop in his place. The Saracens captured him when he was returning from a visit, and the monks of Cluny had to pay a heavy ransom for their abbot, before the prisoner was set free.

The latter now preached a crusade against the Saracens, but it took him ten years to rouse the Provençals, and then William, Count of Provence, took up arms against them and hemmed them into the chain of mountains that still bears their name.

The Count of Provence was aided by Sire Ghibelline Grimaldi, a noble knight of Genoa, and when they had taken "Le Grand Fraxinet" all the other forts fell, and the Saracens were themselves reduced to slavery, and finally driven out in A.D. 972.

In Spain the Mussulman conquerors cultivated science and literature and were skilful architects, but in Provence they did everything to waste, set back, and destroy.

It is the Saracen invasion which has left the greatest impression upon this part of the country, and the very name by which these mountains are still known, "Les Maures," or the Moors, is a perpetual reminder of the time when the Saracens were the dominant power.

There are three mountain chains more or less parallel with each other and with the coast, and there is a road between each chain, which together form an ellipse. They extend from Hyères to Fréjus and the valley of the Argens, and shut off the country within their circuit as though it were an island, far distant from the continent, and with no connexion with the Alpine chain to the north. They are composed of granite, gneiss, and schist.

Their low rounded tops are well covered with cork trees, pines and dark chestnut trees, on which grow the famous "Lyons chestnuts," and the scenery all round is very pretty. The lower slopes have many olive trees and vines, and arbutus, pomegranate, lavender, lentiscus, myrtle, cistus and big flowering shrubs are in profusion. In sheltered nooks on

the Gulf of St. Tropez there are hedges of oleander, orange, cedrat, lemon, and palm trees, on which the dates sometimes ripen.

The coast line is convex, and exposed to all the fury of a southerly or easterly gale, but quite protected from the mistral, the north and north-west wind which blows for three-quarters of the year, when the sky is clear and the sun warm.

The Cork Tree.—This tree, the *Quercus suber*, abounds in the Maures Mountains, and affords a living to many of the inhabitants of the little villages. In appearance it is very like the olive tree, but the leaf is double the size; darker in colour and more shiny, but the under side being also of a grey-green colour, and the edges serrated instead of being smooth, and it retains its leaves for two years. The trunk has a gnarled appearance and is redder than that of the olive. It has two envelopes of bark, the outer one alone can be removed, firstly when the tree is 25 years old, secondly when 30 to 35 years and the last and best when between 40 and 45 years.

The bark is cut off from the ground to a height of six feet, leaving a ring round the tree by which it is easily distinguished, and the inner bark which is thus exposed is of a coffee colour during the summer until it darkens again.

The bark thus obtained is plunged into boiling water for half an hour, and then cut into strips and squares. It is again boiled for a quarter of an hour, then dried slowly, and not touched again for six months, when it is cut into shape. Cork has great powers of resistance, and gases and liquids cannot penetrate it, but to whiten the corks they are subjected to sulphur fumes. The waste pieces cut off are pulverized, and spread upon sail-cloth to make cork carpet.

There are three routes from Hyères to Fréjus and St. Raphaël. One goes to Solliès-Pont or Cuer joining the road from Toulon by Le Luc already described. Another goes over the fine Col de Gratteloup and through the beautiful Dom Forest to La Foux, and the third turns off near La Verrerie by Bormes and Le Lavandou along the Corniche des Maures and Le Croix to the same place.

We will explore both these in turn, taking the Forest route first.

The first part from Hyères to La Londe-des-Maures is flat and uninteresting, then the low, bare hills begin to rise and mimosa trees brighten the plain with their vivid colouring, and when La Verrerie is left behind, the hills grow higher and close in until the Col de Gratteloup is reached, from which there is a very fine view in all directions, with tier after tier of low green mountains.

Soon after leaving the Col one solitary house came in sight, not far from the junction of the road to Hyères. Here the chauffeur pulled up, and a man came up to speak to him, and the former turned to the writer and asked if she would photograph a "sanglier." This was an astonishing proposal, so she cautiously replied that she would like to see it first, whereupon she was conducted to some outbuildings at the rear, and in a lean-to shed with bars in front of it appeared a black snout. "There is no light here to take a photograph with," she exclaimed. Without saying a word the man opened the side of the shed, and out rushed a wild boar. This was rather alarming, but the man assured her there was no danger, as he had been tamed by captivity. All the same the fat, black creature gambolled round her like a dog just let out for a walk, and she did not know which way to turn to avoid being knocked down by its antics. The owner fetched some food to distract its attention and enticed it into the sunlight, and a snapshot was obtained. The creature had been caught in the forest when young and was then between one and two years old.

The road continues through the forest in a north-easterly direction, the base of the two mountain slopes being only divided by the stream and the road, and for many miles not a human being is seen, but there are plenty of birds and many magpies, as many as ten being met with close together.

Then human sounds are heard and the screech of a saw, and a group of wood-cutters are busy adding to the immense piles of timber and wood of all shapes and sizes, which are stacked close to the road awaiting the arrival of the traction engine to fetch them away. Near by were wooden huts for

BAIARDO PIAZZA

WILD BOAR, DOM FOREST

the accommodation of the men engaged on the work. The majority of the trees were cork trees, which had been mostly barked for some feet of their total height.

Farther on a cart laden with grass and drawn by an ox was met, and as the valley widened, ploughing was being carried on with the help of both horses and oxen. In many parts vines are the main culture, with the stems only about two feet above the red, loamy-looking ground, and vegetables growing between the rows of vines. Mulberry trees fringe the river in some parts, their light spring foliage making a pretty contrast to the dark cork trees.

La Mole was the only hamlet passed on the way through the forest, and it only consists of a few straggling houses and a small church, near which is the footpath leading to *La Chartreuse de la Verne* in the depths of the forest. It can only be reached on foot, after a walk of about three hours. It was built in A.D. 1170, and is entered by a serpentine sixteenth century gate surmounted by a niche dedicated to St. Bruno, and has two principal courts, a cloister with arcades, ornamented with mouldings of serpentine, cells, and a ruined chapel. The refectory and various rooms have carved chimney-pieces. During the Revolution the monastery was sold by auction, and is now partly in ruins, and is in the possession of a farmer, who can only supply visitors with the plainest of fare.

From Verne it is 10½ km. to Collobrières to the north-west, and from the latter 32 km. to Hyères or to Cuers on the P.L.M. main line to Toulon.

From La Mole the road continues straight on in an easterly direction, the hills drawing farther apart, until a much-cultivated plain is reached and a turning to the left leads to the straggling little village of *Cogolin*, where there is a ruined tower and quaint church of the Renaissance period. Cork making and smoking pipes are the principal industries, and there is a State breeding stud, from which the horses called "aigues" are much in request.

From here there is a road to *Grimaud* (4½ km.), which is built on a conical hill, with a very long flight of steps to the summit, where the ruins of the Grimaldi Castle are situated.

This belongs to the twelfth century and has two round towers ; it was given to Ghibelline Grimaldi, as a reward for his help in driving the Saracens out of this part of the country. The church close by is early Romanesque and very curious, and was built by the Knights Templars of coarse granite. There is a beautiful baptismal font of Carrara marble.

From the hotel a very fine view of the surrounding country is obtained, and the village is a conspicuous landmark from the plains below.

Both Cogolin and Grimaud are sleepy little places, and the inhabitants are all engaged in the making of corks and in cultivating the land.

From Grimaud another road descends through pretty country scenery to La Foux.

We must now return to La Verrerie in order to explore the coast route to La Foux, which is of such an entirely different character.

Hyères to La Foux—Coast Road

From La Verrerie the coast road turns eastward and the village of Bormes-les-Mimosas can be seen on the right, high over the road, with its red-roofed houses straggling down the slope of the hill, which is crowned by the ruins of the thirteenth century castle, and with a little old chapel dedicated to St. François de Paule. Further on is the Ermitage de Notre Dame de Constance, on an isolated rock, from which an extensive circular panorama can be obtained.

The coast road continues to descend, and after making two big bends it approaches the coast at *Le Lavandou* (22 km.), so named from the abundance of wild lavender. From here to the south is Cap Bénat, with lighthouse and Cap Blanc, and near them the Château des Bormettes, the Château Léoubes of the eighteenth century, and the Château de Bréganson.

Le Lavandou is the largest of these small health resorts and bathing places on the coast between Hyères and the Gulf of St. Tropez. There is a small port, with a mole forming a

harbour, and a fine sandy shore, with boating and fish ng. The main road is an avenue of plane trees, and there are the necessary housekeeping shops to supply the hotels and many private villas dotted about, also a doctor and chemist, and post and telegraph. The two best hotels are on the shore. The Grand Hotel is open in winter only, but the Mediterranée (holding the shields of the Touring Club of France) is open all the year and has a small garden leading on to the sands.

From here the road begins to rise, and La Fossette-Aiguebelle Hotel is passed, and later Cavalière Cap Nègre. The scenery is very fine, rivalling that of Beaulieu on a smaller scale, for the wooded headlands rise straight out of the sea, with jagged rocks at the base of them, and the road curves in and out, following the slopes until it has risen to three-quarters of the total height of the slopes, above to Le Canadel, and, Cap Cavalière, with a little cove between them, and when Cap Nègre is rounded a glorious view is obtained to the south and the islands of Levant and Port Cros. The road then makes a quick descent to Cavalaire, in its fine sandy bay, and the railway is hidden in a long tunnel.

English people are few and far between, for they have not yet discovered the beauties of this quiet, warm, sheltered bit of coast, consequently prices of hotels and rooms are very moderate. The railway service is so slow and so dirty that there is not much chance of these places coming to the fore until drastic alterations have been made in the railway management.

Cavalaire

This is a sheltered, primitive little place on the beautiful bay of the same name, which is shut in by Cap Lardier on the east. There are fine, smooth sands 4 km. long, and it is a summer bathing place, with two simple hotels, where good food is obtained. The surrounding woods are very much in their natural state, and for people who require no distractions and can provide their own amusements, Cavalaire can be recommended as a winter resort, as it is fully exposed to the sun and sheltered from all the winds except the south.

There is little difference in the temperature by day and night, and it is therefore good for rheumatism, anæmia, and affections of the respiratory organs. There are interesting walks through the woods in all directions, with a great variety of trees and flowers. Artists find tempting bits of scenery to reproduce, and the deep red, loamy ground makes a fine contrast with the surrounding verdure.

The railway line of the Sud de France, which ought to be taken over by the P.L.M. and some good trains run on it, meanders through the woods from here to La Foux, and leaves its passengers for Cavalaire close to the two hotels.

The road makes longer curves than the railway, so in spite of the slowness of the latter, the same motor-car is often to be found waiting for the same train to pass at the many level crossings.

An excursion can be made from Cavalaire on foot round the bay (4 km. long) to *Cap Lardier* (330 feet), the western point of it branching off from the Pointe du Bras, leading up to the summits of Cap Lardier and Cap Taillat (300 feet), where the ruined castle and the modern one can both be inspected, and from which extensive and fine views can be obtained. There are footpaths leading in all directions over this bit of land, which is surrounded by the sea on three sides and most of them lead to and fro from Ramatuelle, from which there is a driving road to the Château de Bertaud, on the road from La Foux to St. Tropez.

La Croix, Hyères to La Foux

La Croix is situated in a bend of the hills at a little distance from the sea, in a delightful, sheltered position. There are hotels and many villas dotted about among the trees on the slopes, and for anyone wishing for a quiet, healthy, restful stay in pretty surroundings it would be just the right place. All the property round belongs to the Société Lyonnaise, which is endeavouring to develop it to the best advantage and re-establish the ancient vineyards. There is a railway station and post and telegraph, a doctor and a chemist, with

bakers and grocers, where the daily provender can be obtained, and two good hotels. There is also a sanatorium for children, with a doctor and nurses.

Hay was being cut the last week in April, showing what a warm, sheltered spot it must be. The hills round are undulating and covered with pines and cork trees, with fruit trees at the foot of the slopes. Pretty walks abound.

Leaving La Croix behind, the road continues through the valley, with hills on both sides, until the railway station of *Gassin* is reached in the valley, thirty-five minutes' walk from the village, which is on the top of the hill, 672 feet above the sea level.

A narrow driving road is observed a little farther on, turning off from the direct road from Cavalaire to La Foux, and by means of it Gassin (4 km.) can be visited by carriage or motor. The road rises all the way through the pine woods, twisting and curving under the trees until the top appears, whence there is a very fine view over the whole of the Gulf of St. Tropez, with St. Maxime and Beauvallon, also to Grimaud and over the green, surrounding hills to the east and south.

Gassin is a picturesque village with ramparts of the thirteenth century, and a *vigie* used to stand on the summit, from which the natives watched for the coming of the Saracen pirates. Many of the houses are ornamented with serpentine stone.

The same road must be taken for the return journey, and the direct one to La Foux rejoined. The valley widens as this point is reached, and the signpost at the junction of the three roads says that it is 5.5 km. to St. Tropez, to the right, 8 km. to St. Maxime, and 35 km. to St. Raphaël by the coast, keeping straight on round the head of the Gulf of St. Tropez, while the road to the left leads to Cogolin at 4 km. distance and to Hyères at 46 km.

A quick run can be made eastward to the Château de Bertaud (Louis XIII), with its round towers, and the famous umbrella pine tree (" Le Pin de Bertaud ") over 15 feet in circumference. Here another cul-de-sac road leads to Ramatuelle (6.5 km.).

St. Tropez

Both road and rail run together to La Foux and onwards to the right to St. Tropez (5 km.). The little town itself is very ancient, for under Nero St. Tropez had held high positions, but after his conversion to Christianity by St. Paul, he gave up everything and returned to Pisa. Here he refused to worship Diana and Apollo as Nero commanded, so he was tortured and beheaded, in A.D. 66, and his body cast adrift in a boat with a dog and a cock. These two animals guarded the saint's body, and an angel steered the vessel to Heraclea Cacabaria, where the Christians, attracted by the crowing of the cock, assembled and rescued the body, and the town was renamed after him.

It was later on destroyed by the Saracens, and the present town arose in the fifteenth century, and is divided into two parts, the old one, with its narrow zigzag streets, being picturesque and beloved by artists. It is the chief town of the district and the centre of the cork industry. It has a commercial court of justice, a hydrographical school, dock-yards, and torpedo station, a harbour full of small craft and a pretty *quai* bordered with plane trees.

The church has a finely carved dark brown pulpit and pew with five seats and high carved back, and the bust of St. Tropez and his relics, in a small glass case, occupy the place of honour. From the curious Rue de la Gaye, with its massive square tower, the citadel can be reached through a gateway and up some stone steps. This citadel is a formidable-looking fortress crowning the top of the hill, with a far-reaching view. The little town faces the north, and is immediately opposite St. Maxime, which faces south, but the full effect of the mistral is felt at the former, so it is not a desirable place to stay in. There is a very curious old fishermen's quarter, and the women are noted for their good looks.

A peculiar festival (" La Bravade ") is held on May 16th, 17th, and 18th of each year to commemorate the defence of the town against the Duke of Savoy in 1637, combined with the Feast of St. Tropez on May 17th.

The captain of the town is elected for a year on Easter Monday, and on May 16th, at 3 p.m., he and his attendant officers march to the *Mairie*, where he is presented with pike and banner by the Mayor, to the accompaniment of a discharge of firearms. The clergy and beadles, led by the cross, arrive from the church and bless the weapons, then the *bravadeurs* follow to the church, whence they receive the bust of St. Tropez, and the procession starts capering, dancing through the town, fifes screaming, drums rolling, guns exploding, to the port, where the sea is saluted, and any boats within hearing return the salute. May 17th opens with Mass at 8 a.m., followed by a general procession, and in the afternoon the *bravadeurs* march to the *Mairie* again, and give up the pike and banner. On May 18th, Mass is again said at 8 a.m. at the Chapel of St. Anne, around which are stalls where black nougat and a sort of cake called *fougasette* are sold. Then follows a *déjeuner* given by the captain to his assistants and the town authorities, and in the evening there is a general *farandol* on the Lices.

There are pleasant walks and excursions :—to the south St. Ann's Chapel and Potence de Bretagne Hill, about 1½ hours on foot from the Lices ; to the Pointe St. Pierre to the east, going round the Baie des Canèbiers in 2½ hours ; a drive to Pompelonne and Cap Camarat, 12 km. to the south; to Ramatuelle and the Moulin de Paillas (1,091 feet) ; to Gassin; and on the west to Cogolin Grimaud, and to the Dom Forest.

St. Tropez to St. Raphaël

From St. Tropez the road must be retraced to La Foux, whence the coast road goes direct round the Gulf of St. Tropez, passing Beauvallon to Ste. Maxime, but it is flat and uninteresting.

It is better to go to the left and visit the little village of *La Garde Freinet*, at the foot of the redoubtable fraxinets, constructed by the Saracens or Moors, who for nearly a hundred years from A.D. 889 made this part a centre for their depredations. The ruins of their fortifications are on the hill (1,500 feet high), dominating the village, and consist of

pieces of walls and a cistern, into which a descent is made by a staircase in the rock. There is a fine view from the top.

From La Garde-Freinet it is 20 km. to Vidauban, on the main line from Toulon to Nice, or 19 km. to Ste. Maxime by Plan-de-la-Tour. The carriage road winds about and is very picturesque all the way, bordered at first by agaves and cactus and then, through forests of pines, chestnuts, olives, and cork trees.

Plan-de-la-Tour is 9 km. from Ste. Maxime to the north-west. It is on a cultivated tableland, where there is good shooting. There are pretty woods of cork trees and vine-yards. In the village is a fifteenth century tower at the cross roads of Le Muy and La Garde-Freinet. There are golf links here.

A return is made to the coast, as *Ste. Maxime* is on the Gulf of St. Tropez, but on the opposite side to the town, and faces south. It is fully exposed to the sun, and the hills behind shelter it from the north wind, but the mistral blows down the little valley very often. It is a small, quiet, winter resort with no amusements nor shops, only pretty country walks. The town hall was formerly an old tower between two squares. The church has a marble altar, formerly belonging to the Chartreuse de la Verne.

From Ste. Maxime the road and the rail are never far from the coast until St. Aygulf is reached, with the exception of a bend on leaving Ste. Maxime to reach *La Nartelle* (4 km.), after which the road goes through the pine woods close to the beach to the *Pointe de la Garonne* (7 km.). Thence a big bend eastwards to the *Pointe des Issambres*, whence there is a good view of St. Tropez, on looking back. Farther north at *Gaillard* (11 km.) is a view towards St. Raphaël, after which the *Corailleurs* and *Calanques* (creeks) *du Pont* are passed and *St. Aygulf* is reached. This is a very small place with a little hotel and a few houses. There is a chapel founded by the monks of Les Lérins with a painting of the "Last Supper" by Carolus Durand, given by himself.

The road and railway cross with a long bend the alluvial plain of the Argens, which forms the beach between *Fréjus* and *St. Raphaël* (3 km.).

During the war the French authorities established a large aerodrome on this sandy beach, which forms an ideal landing place, and it is still in use.

From St. Raphaël to Théoule the lovely Estérel Mountains extend, and we shall now explore the places along the coast which are dominated by them.

L'Estérel

The name comes from the fairy Estrella, the *nom de plume* of Diana, the shy huntress, to whom in Roman times this district was consecrated. These mountains consist of red porphyry, in the boldest and most fantastic shapes, and these lovely red crags stand up out of a sea the colour of a peacock's neck, or out of dense woods of pine. They cover only about one-fifth of the space occupied by Les Maures, with a diameter of 20 km. north-east to south-west, and only 12 km. from north-west to south-east. On the north the Route Nationale goes under the Tanneron Mountains from Fréjus and the plain of Laval in the west to the Siagne and La Napoule on the east.

They are cleft by valleys, which are most picturesque and clothed with mimosa, cork trees, umbrella pines, and bushes of cistus, laurestinas, myrtle, rosemary, heath, and broom. They differ in form, colour, and origin from all the other mountains on the coast of Provence; for all the ridges are pointed, and formed of serpentine trap basalt, red sandstone, and blue quartzite porphyry.

This district was occupied by a Ligurian tribe—the "Sueltere"—whom the Romans found most difficult to conquer, but they succeeded in carrying the Aurelian road along the coast, where now is the Corniche d'Or.

The Estérel Mountains have been the scene of much fighting and destruction both of life and forest; for it was a most dangerous region to pass through, as it was frequented by highwaymen and robbers, and was the refuge of the convicts who escaped from the galleys of Toulon, even as late as 1860.

Now the Touring Club of France has made safe roads and paths in every direction.

The Estérel can be visited from Cannes, St. Raphaël and Agay, but the most interesting part is between the latter and Le Trayas.

St. Raphaël is more or less divided into two parts, the old market town and the harbour, which is very pretty, with its avenues of trees around it and seats from which to enjoy the view, with the small merchant ships entering, coming up to it under full sail. Here the fishermen sit mending their nets, and afford some picturesque groups.

The road from here is called the Corniche d'Or or de l'Estérel and the two rocks off the shore are the Lion de Terre and Lion de Mer.

St. Raphaël was only a fishing village on the east of the Gulf of Fréjus, rather exposed to the mistral which sweeps through the opening between the Maures and Estérel Mountains.

It is beyond the zone of the marshes, and a good, level driving road has been made across them to Fréjus, which is within an easy walk.

It was here that Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt in 1799, and from here that he entered the vessel deporting him to Elba in 1814.

There are no antiquities beyond an old Templar church, now used as a storehouse.

There is an English church with good tennis ground adjoining it, and necessary housekeeping shops, and first-rate hotels.

The graceful peaks of the Estérel stand out well against the skyline, and are suffused with colour at sunset, while to the west the Maures Mountains are silhouetted, and Mont Vinaigre can be reached and turns red in the evening light.

Since 1880 forest and carriage roads have been made, so that walks in the woods can be enjoyed without fear of molestation.

It is now a popular winter resort for those English who are not afraid of a little wind, and do not require much in the way of amusements beyond tennis and golf.

The interesting little harbour, with its long mole, has a curious modern church of Byzantine style at the head of it, dedicated to Notre Dame de la Victoire.

At St. Raphaël the Sud de France Railway from Toulon terminates, under cover of the P.L.M. main line station, and all the express trains to and from Marseilles and Italy stop there; it is also the place at which to alight for Valescure.

The motor chars-à-bancs from Cannes and Nice now run out as far as this one day a week when the weather permits. Excursions can be made to La Vallée des Lauriers, Gorge de Penafort, Le Monastère de Ste. Roseline, and Mont Vinaigre.

Valescure

Valescure is a small place about 3 km. to the north of St. Raphaël, situated in the pine woods and frequented by visitors whom the sea air does not suit and by golfers. There is a long, straight, rising road to the golf house and course, along which a motor-bus runs a few times daily. A very good view of the mountains and surrounding scenery is obtained from here. There is a small village, an English church, and hotels which are comfortable but very expensive, mostly patronized by English-speaking people.

From St. Raphaël the P.L.M. Railway is hidden in tunnels too often for the passengers to enjoy the full beauties of the scenery, and the road as far as Boulouris has villas with gardens going down to the sea on the shore side, but when that is left behind this Corniche de l'Estérel can be thoroughly enjoyed with the big, pointed rocks of red and gold rising out of the blue sea, making a fine contrast with the sombre foliage of the pine trees and ilexes which in many places overhang from the cliffs. The whole coast from Agay to Napoule is a succession of little bays and creeks, with the most gorgeous colouring.

While horses wear the leather horn to preserve them from the evil eye in this part of the world, dogs have an oblong patch of red leather to preserve them from distemper.

Agay

Agay is just a lovely walk from St. Raphaël, by this most picturesque route, near the sea most of the way, but turning inland to pass the ancient Roman quarries of blue-grey porphyry, the "Caous." There were three of them, one utilized for columns, a second for blocks, and a third for facing-slabs. In them remain some shafts of columns 22 feet long, roughed out but never completed. Grooves cut in the rock, and blocks dropped on the way down to the sea, point out the fact that the working of these quarries must have been abandoned abruptly. In the workshops remains of pottery and tools have been picked up. The French are now working the quarries again, and the neighbourhood presents a very busy scene.

The road continues behind Cap Dramont, which effectually shuts off the west wind from the little Bay of Agay, with its miniature harbour, while behind it is sheltered by the hemicycle of the Morues Rouges.

For artists it is an ideal spot for a stay, and the Hôtel Roches Rouges affords the opportunity of making one. It is also the best centre for excursions into the Estérel Mountains; the Rastel d'Agay (1,015 feet) taking about an hour; to the forester's house at Le Gratadis through the Ravine du Perdus; and to the Mal Infernet (10 km.), returning by Le Trayas and the coast in eight or nine hours. There is a shorter and prettier walk along the coast to Antéore. For motorists the little inn near the station of Agay will provide a comfortable lunching place overhanging the sea, free from dust, with a rest for tired eyes from the dark chocolate-coloured rocks rising out of the deep blue sea.

Cap Roux

The road winds in and out along the coast from Agay until Cap Roux is reached, to the north-east, with varied vegetation and trees right down to the water's edge, with a different view at each curve of the road, but with always the

multi-coloured, jagged rocks standing out of the sea until the headland cuts off the distant view, rising sheer from the water to a height of 1,360 feet, with its red needles shooting aloft against the blue sky. A fisherman standing near the base seemed in such a perilous position that it was impossible to move in either direction. This rock is pierced below with caverns, and it was in this almost inaccessible spot that St. Honoratus, one of the most lovable characters in the calendar, chose to isolate himself from the world, in one of these caves in the cliff, which is called La Sainte Baume. It is still a place of pilgrimage on the first Thursday in May, and can be reached best from Le Trayas. A large black pointer dog used to meet visitors at the railway station and conduct them to the inn there, and then act as guide to those wishing to visit the cave. An account of the worthy saint who lived there will be read a little farther along.

From here the road turns due north to *Le Trayas.*

The little bay in which lies Le Trayas is charming, and the Grand Hotel occupies the centre of it, surrounded by gorgeous colouring. First-rate golf links have been laid out here to draw the English visitors, and the object has been achieved, for the hotel is always full in the season, and dancing can be enjoyed when outdoor pursuits are impossible. Walks and excursions are also numerous.

Mont Vinaigre (nearly 2,000 feet) is the highest point of the Estérel Mountains, and can be reached from St. Raphaël, Agay, and Le Trayas, but probably the route from the latter is the finest. From here the curious Mal Infernet ravines can be easily visited, with their fantastic rocks with needle points of all sizes. The Col de l'Evêque (550 feet) is in part the Roman Via Aurelia, and from here paths ascend through broken rocks to the Grand Pic du Cap Roux (1,485 feet), giving a view from St. Tropez to Bordighera, the Alpes Maritimes, and even Corsica, when the weather is clear.

There are walking excursions to the Col des Lentisques (870 feet), the Pic d'Aurele (1,935 feet), and the Lentisque Pass. Another road leads north to the Trois Termes, La Duchesse, and the Auberge des Adrets.

It is a great advantage that there are so many circular

tours possible both in the Estérel Mountains and the Maures Mountains now, thanks to the initiative of the Touring Club of France.

The road from Le Trayas continues to zigzag in a northerly direction, and passes through two ravines, in which mimosa, pines, and a variety of trees flourish; and in the second of these, named the Saoumes, or "she-ass," near the railway bridge, are the remains of a Roman bridge. Here the railway burrows under the rising ground in a tunnel, so the passengers lose the pretty views. It is near this point at the Baie de la Figuerette, 23 km. from St. Raphaël, that the Department of the Var ends and that of the Alpes Maritimes begins.

The road soon descends into the pine woods by the Pointe de l'Aiguille, and after two hairpin curves *Théoule* is reached. Just before the descent there is a fine view of Cannes and the Iles de Lérins, as well as of Grasse inland.

The hamlet of Théoule nestles under the hills, and has a picturesque little harbour, but the sun is cut off from it early in the day by the high ground to the south-west.

This place, together with Napoule and Cannes, all lie in the Gulf of Napoule in sight of each other. "The Porte des Pendus" is midway between Napoule and Théoule, and the road is cut between two jagged, perpendicular, richly coloured rocks, all purple, red, and yellow, between which you see the grey old Roman tower of Napoule, a curious old bridge spanning a streamlet, and hill above hill in the background, till they are lost in the Alpes Maritimes. Here ends the Corniche d'Or.

La Napoule

is a pretty little village backed by the hill of St. Peyré, with a lovely view, and the old Roman tower on the shore helps to make a picturesque picture of it, together with the rocks and tiny inlets.

From here the character of the scenery alters, for the plain of the Siagne is reached, and the mountains recede into the background. Here are the golf links, polo grounds, and

race-course for which Cannes is famed, and the trams from there run out to this point.

For this reason Cannes is not so warm a place as some others on the Riviera, but the air is fresh and invigorating, and preferred by people who are strong and have no chest or lung trouble.

Cannes

When the native Ligurian tribe, the Oxybians, had been subdued by the Romans, the place (called then Ægitna) was given to Marseilles, and was subsequently destroyed by the Saracens. It was rebuilt more than once, and in the tenth century it belonged to the abbots of Lérins, with whom it kept up incessant contest to obtain municipal freedom, in which it only succeeded in 1788.

The abbots constructed walls round the old town, which was built upon the isolated rock called Mont Chevalier, and the tower, built in the eleventh century, was partly on Roman substructures. The door to it was so high up that it could only be reached by a ladder, and that is now used as an observatory.

The streets were very steep, with old arches and doorways and quaint gables to the houses, and there was a chapel—Notre Dame des Anges—and a castle above the little harbour. The inhabitants made their living by fishing, commerce, and vine and cereal growing.

As they multiplied, they found themselves very cramped on their rock, so the legend says that one day their patron, St. Cassien, appeared to a peasant girl watching her flocks, and told her that it would be quite safe to leave the protection of their fortress walls and build on the plain below, where they would be protected. This supernatural permission was taken advantage of, and houses were built round the harbour.

The modern name of Cannes is derived from the long reeds, or "cannes," which formerly grew in the marshy ground around and gave it a peculiar appearance.

The discovery of the French Riviera by the English was

due to Lord Brougham in 1831, as he was held up by quarantine regulations at the Gulf of Napoule, when on his way to Naples, and he was so delighted with the climate and flora that he bought an estate for a winter residence at Cannes, then only a fishing village. He wrote about it in the English papers, and doctors began to send their patients there, and the results were so satisfactory that in thirty years the whole coast was transformed.

Every winter Lord Brougham went there to bask in the sunshine, and the harbour jetty was constructed through his generosity.

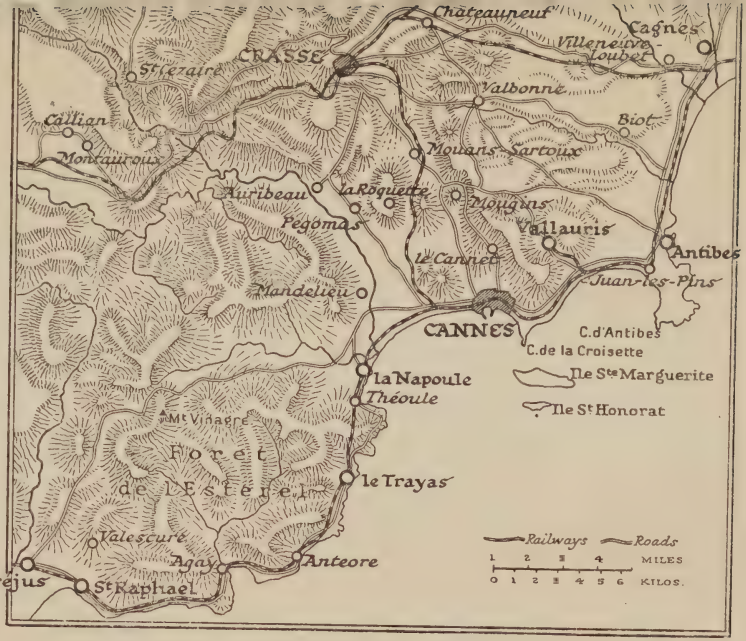
Cannes is called the " Pearl of the Riviera," while Mentone styles itself the " Pearl of France."

The modern town of Cannes is a fine city, well laid out, with large gardens and tennis courts to most of the hotels and villas, which are dotted about everywhere. It is smaller, more open, and not so closely built up as Nice, and the wind does not cut down the valley of the Siagne as badly as it does down those of the Var and Paillon.

Cannes is the natural port of the Siagne, and here are brought agricultural and manufacturing products for exportation. All round Grasse are grown the flowers and herbs for perfume and soap making, and the olive groves produce the finest and most delicate oil in Provence, and these are brought to Cannes for export. The fishing population supplies men for the Navy; but it is a place where hard work is unknown, as the natives can make enough money by attending to the needs of the foreigners who flock to their shores.

Mont Chevalier, or the " Hill of the Suquet," with the old town, juts out into the sea and used to be the western boundary, but the houses extend beyond it now. The casino and meeting place of the trams is near the harbour, and from there the promenade follows the beautiful curve of the bay to the Pointe de la Croisette, which forms the sea end of the low range of hills covered with pine trees, on which La Californie is situated. The Ile de Ste. Marguerite is only divided from this point by a narrow strip of sea.

The trams run along the main street, with its fine shops,



ENVIRONS OF CANNES

parallel with the sea, and enable visitors to see Golfe Juan and Juan-les-Pins before the terminus at Antibes is reached. Another line of trams runs due north to Le Cannet and enables many excursions to be made in that direction. On the way there are many fine villas and flats for letting. Another road from the same starting point leads to Grasse and places of interest to the north-west of Cannes. At *Pégomas* there are tall poplars and fields blazing with anemones.

Auribeau

One of the places of interest mentioned above is Auribeau, a curious rock village on a tiny hill, with the wide, rapid River Siagne flowing at its base. This in Roman times conveyed water to Fréjus, and now it is brought into Cannes by means of a canal 31 miles long, but the drinking water comes from the Canal du Loup in an underground aqueduct. To the left of Auribeau there is Notre Dame de Valcluse, a church to which pilgrimages are made, and a picturesque Roman bridge just below the Château des Tours, the residence of the Duc de Vallombrosa. In this neighbourhood acres of red Provence roses are grown to make the world-famed "Attar of Roses."

From Cannes the Canal of the Siagne affords several pleasant walks, as its course can be followed for about 24 miles, starting from La Californie. This leads to St. Cézaire, through woods and glades to Villa Gavarry and back by Le Cannet; to La Nartassière, the water dock; from La Nartassière to the old Hermitage of Notre Dame de Vie and St. Cassien and back by Le Cannet or the canal; from the canal lock by the electricity station to the other side of the valley among the orchards and back by Notre Dame des Anges and Le Cannet; or by the low level waterway to the ruins of the old corn mill at the foot of the hill on which the hermitage stands; another path leads to the hill of the Croix-des-Gardes, and an alternative path to Four-à-Chaux. This region is covered with thousands of mimosa trees.

A tram goes in the direction of Mandelieu, between which and Napoule is a solid causeway, over 4 miles long, and from here the lovely sunsets can be admired, which silhouette the Estérel Mountains and set Grasse aflame, with every known tint filling the sky and colouring the country between the two. To many visitors the Estérel Mountains and the sunsets are the lodestones which draw them to pass the winter at Cannes.

St. Cassien

A little to the north-west is an isolated hillock which in Roman days was called Ara Luci, or Arluc, and when the chapel on it was rebuilt, after being destroyed by the Saracens in A.D. 890, it was given to the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles; it was dedicated to St. Cassien. This holy man was both monk and pastor, and one of the most remarkable men of his age, as he held high ideals as to the mode of living and practised what he preached. He is the patron saint of Cannes, and an annual fête is held in his honour on July 23rd at the chapel.

The hermitage has a very large, charming, open arcaded porch, surrounded by magnificent, ancient cypresses and umbrella pines, and in spring the wet meadows are covered with anemones.

In connexion with this place there is an old Provençal legend, which is interesting:

A sorcerer lived at Arluc named Cloaster, who had an altar in the wood, where he practised all kinds of diableries. There was a bridge over the Siagne crossed by the people who came there to worship. One day a youth named Ambrose was sacrificing to idols at Arluc, when the devils laid hold of him, raised him in the air, and flew with him over the Island of Lérins. Ambrose heard the chanting of the monks, and called on St. Honorat to help him. The devils let go and he came fluttering down like a feather into the midst of the cloister of Lérins, where St. Nazarius, who was then abbot, received him, and thenceforth Ambrose lived with the monks as a good Christian.

St. Cézaire is still farther to the north-west, and is on a lofty precipice on the banks of the Siagne ; it still retains some old gates and walls, and in the simple thirteenth century church is a curious old carved font.

The quaint village of *Le Bar* on the steep slope of a hill is dominated by the ruins of a great castle, and in the church are two remarkable mediaeval paintings.

From the Chapelle St. Antoine to the north-west of Cannes a most glorious view is obtained over the snow-tipped Alpes, olive-covered hills, and surrounding villages.

Another interesting excursion is to *Mougins* not far from which the tram to Grasse passes. It is a typical rock village and stronghold of ancient days, when the Saracens might arrive at any unexpected moment. In appearance it is Oriental, although in the heart of Provence. It has very narrow, winding streets easy to defend, and a decorated fountain in the "Place" where the natives assembled. There is an unrivalled view from the old church tower over the plain of Laval, covered with ancient olive trees and fields of thyme, lavender and myrtle, grown for the perfume industry.

Turning off from the road to Mougins, along a rough cart road *Castellaras* can be reached. A permit must be obtained to view the castle, which once belonged to the Monks of Lérins, but it has lost its ancient character by being restored.

At *Mouans-Sartoux* there is a sixteenth century castle shaded by umbrella pines, and Roman walls, tombs and inscriptions.

But the circular view from here is grand, embracing Mougins, Valbonne, St. Paul-du-Var, St. Jeannet, Tourettes, Plascassier, Gourdon, Châteauneuf, Magagnosc, Opio, Grasse, Cabris, Speracedes, Mouans, Auribeau, and La Napoule.

Some of these places are described under the excursions from Nice, but can also be visited from Cannes, and the present-day motor chars-à-bancs pass through most of them.

The Estérel Mountains can also be explored from Cannes,

Le Cannet

There are trams running in every direction out of Cannes, and one line goes up the Boulevard Carnot to Le Cannet. This is a quaint, old-world place, with a terrace from which there is a splendid view. Before new Cannes arose, the old fishing village belonged to Le Cannet, and it is very jealous now of the independent position Cannes has acquired.

It contains old gates and arches, and one venerable house, said to be of Saracenic origin. There is a machicolated tower called the Maison du Brigand, and the old church of Notre Dame des Anges, and also an ancient church with curious tower ornamented with coloured glazed tiles.

The oranges here are grown for the flower and the peel, which is dried on strings stretched across the narrow streets, for making perfumes.

The plain of Laval is covered with orange trees, and between them the palms and aloes are seen, while on the tops of the hills are the umbrella pines, and beyond them dark masses of ordinary pines. In the great frost of 1905 and again in 1920 all the eucalyptus trees in the plain were blasted.

Les Iles des Lérins.—Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat

One of the most popular excursions from Cannes is to the Iles des Lérins, situated at a short distance from the shore. They are two in number—Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, called by the peasants "The Rosettes of the Sea."

The fortress built on steep cliffs overhanging the sea on Ste. Marguerite, was the prison of the "Man in the Iron Mask" in 1687 for fourteen years—a man against whom Louis XIV entertained a bitter and implacable resentment, Ercole Antonio Mattioli. The last prisoner of note there was Marshal Bazaine, who escaped with the assistance of his wife. After this the fortress was used as a prison for Arab erimianls, sent there from Algeria.

The origin of the name of this island is rather interesting. It was originally called Lero and its twin Lerina. Ste. Marguerite was so named after the sister of St. Honoratus, who followed her brother from their home in the North and with him embraced Christianity, and changed her pagan name for that of Ste. Marguerite. As no woman was admitted to the Isle St. Honorat, she took up her abode on the smaller one, and tradition says that St. Honoratus promised to visit her when the almond trees on the island were in bloom. The waiting time seemed so long that she prayed to the saints to hasten the flowering season, and they answered her prayers and the almond flowered once a month, instead of once a year, so she gathered a spray and sent it over to her brother, who at once redeemed his promise and went over to see her. He then acknowledged that Heaven had consecrated holy, human love above all ascetic holiness.

This island is covered with a forest of splendid pines, softening the vivid glare of the sun and sea, and filling the air with a delicious fragrance.

To the west of Ste. Marguerite there is a copious spring of fresh water coming to the surface of the sea; there is another at the Golfe de Juan, and a third at the mouth of the Var. The largest is in the Golfo della Spezia, "La Polla," and it has been enclosed by the Italian Government so that vessels can supply themselves with fresh water without coming on shore.

Half a mile distant from Ste. Marguerite is the Island of St. Honorat, so called from the saint who lived in the cave in Cap Roux. He was the son of a Romano-Gaulish nobleman, who wished to get away from the vicious pleasures and degenerate civilization of his time, and against his father's will he left home to embrace a solitary life. He consulted the Bishop of Fréjus, who advised him to try solitude before binding himself, so he went and lived in the cave of La Sante Baume, in Cap Roux. Confirmed in his decision, he and a few others of like mind, crossed to the Iles de Lérins A.D. 375, and founded a theological school there, and the island became the great centre of learning and holiness for Gaul, and all the monks vowed that they had

found happiness under the fatherly guidance of Honoratus.[1] When overburdened with the care of a great community and longing to commune with God, he retired to the cave in Cap Roux again for a short time. He was elected Bishop of Arles in A.D. 426 and in A.D. 429. The Rue St. Honoré in Paris is named after this saintly man.

At this time and for many years after, the Monastery of les Lérins was the refuge of the intellect, the science, the literature, of a civilized world going to pieces into utter wreckage.

On the island there were seven little chapels, and they became shrines of pilgrimage for the south of Europe.

In the Middle Ages pilgrims from all parts of France and Germany, flocked to them, and he who visited them seven years in succession, received from the prior of the monastery, a palm branch and absolution for all his sins. A Provençal swineherd had made the pilgrimage six times, but was prevented by his master from going the seventh time. On waking from his dream he found the coveted palm branch lying by his side, brought by an angel to comfort him.

On the edge of the sea on the south side of the island is a remarkable building, looking like a fortified castle outside and a monastery inside.

In A.D. 725 the Saracens ravaged the monastery, and the abbot Porcarius, and 500 monks were butchered by them. The monastery was rebuilt, and the fortress with its cloister and quadrangle in the centre, was erected by the monks as a place of refuge from the Moorish and Algerine pirates.

For 500 years it was the pulse of Christian Europe, and the monks devoted themselves to the service of God and their fellow-men ; it was a seminary of sacred learning and the centre of missionary enterprise—a real nursery of doctors, scholars, saints, and martyrs.

In later years St. Honorat became a place to which undesirables could be banished, so the high tone disappeared, and at the Revolution only five monks were left out of the

[1] St. Honore founded the monastery A.D. 410, and taught his followers that faith, love, light, order, diligence and peace are the true freedom of the human will.

whilom 3,000, and the monastery and lands were confiscated and sold.

Vallauris

An interesting drive is to Vallauris, a village on a hill to the north-east of Cannes, half-way between that and Antibes, where red pottery is made, noted for beauty of form, as the old Roman and Etruscan models have been taken for it. The pottery is enamelled in various colours of beautiful tints.

In the surrounding mountains a peculiar reddish or greyish clay, belonging to the Pleiocene formation, is found in thin layers near the surface.

Clement Massier travelled through Italy, qualified himself to revive the old Roman artistic pottery made in this place, and studied to perfect the glazes, with the result that the range of blue from light to dark, and the olive and yellowish-brown are very effective.

At Nice a pottery is made with a plain, highly glazed surface of deep sienna brown, streaked with light blue markings, while Monaco produces wreaths and sprays of raised flowers in high relief, laid upon the surface of the articles.

Pottery similar to "Faience," if not the original thing, was made at the little village of Fayence behind Grasse, as a letter from Pope Gregory in A.D. 590 exists, thanking the Abbot of Lérins for a present of shallow basins and plates, supposed to have come from Fayence.

The name of Vallauris is supposed to be a corruption of *Vallis aurea*, so called on account of the yellowish-red clay used in the manufacture of the old ware.

There are the ruins of a Roman aqueduct at the Pont-de-Vallauris.

Vallauris was formerly surrounded by fortified walls, and on one of the stones of the ruined gateway is the quaint inscription: "It is open to GOD; it is shut to the devil."

The old castle, as a summer residence for the abbots of Lérins, was destroyed in the fourteenth century, and

restored by one of the monks. It has a magnificent stone staircase. Regnier de Lascaris also rebuilt the town for the workmen employed in the potteries.

The fête day is that of St. Anne, July 26th.

The hill on which Vallauris is built has a hollow in the middle, where a lake formerly existed, so the best views are obtained from the road up from Cannes, especially from the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grace, with its avenue of splendid cypresses.

From Vallauris the road to the coast should be taken where the rocky peninsula of La Garoupe with many indentations forms the eastern boundary of the *Golfe Juan*, and here the aleppo and umbrella pines grow in proximity to the orange trees. A pillar marks the spot on which Napoleon, with about 1,000 men, rested on his arrival from Elba on March 1st, 1815.

A short distance further on is the small sea-bathing place of *Juan-les-Pins*, which is yearly growing in size. A subsidiary road continues along the peninsula of La Garoupe to *Cap d'Antibes*, where there is a first-rate hotel in a large garden with a fine sea view. This is a popular place with many English visitors. From here the eastern side of the peninsula can be followed back to the Route Nationale and here the little town of *Antibes* will be found, which was colonized by the Greeks about 300 B.C. and called Antipolis. Subsequently it was the port of Cimiez under the Romans.

The town was destroyed many times by Goths, Lombards, Saracens, French, and Italians in succession, and was bombarded by the English, and later by the Austrians.

The indentations of the coast form a natural harbour, and the fortifications and Fort Carre built by Vauban in 1691, are still well preserved. It was the head-quarters of the Roman army, and the French have a garrison there. There is a splendid view from the top of the lighthouse of the mountain ranges behind, and of the coast towards Italy.

The worship of the Black Stone prevailed in Antipolis, and in many parts of the Pyrenees until modern times. There are two old towers of the tenth century with Latin inscriptions on them, which may have come from an older

building. One inscription shows there were Utriculares here, namely, boatmen who navigated the water in vessels sustained by bladders, a common practice on the lagoons, but exceptional on the coast. Another inscription on the Hôtel de Ville is to the memory of a twelve-year-old dancing boy from the north, probably a British slave.

Traces of Roman graves, carved stones, inscriptions, mosaics and coins have been found.

A former cathedral was built on the site of a temple of Diana, where saturnalia prevailed at Christmas and Epiphany even down to the eighteenth century, and that is now the parish church, and contains the tombs of a number of bishops.

Cannes to Nice

From Antibes the road which is not very interesting turns northwards, and not far from it to the west is the village of Biot.

Biot is on the main road from Cannes to Nice, and about 3 miles from the latter place. It still retains a good bit of its old walls, on which the little village is built.

La Place is oblong, with ancient arcading on two sides, and the arches support the houses above, and form a covered walk underneath.

Many of the doors of the houses are of fine workmanship, being carved, bound with iron, and studded with iron bolts.

The church is curious, with a flight of thirteen stone steps down into it from the door level. One tablet bears the date of 1472 and there are some fine pictures in it, probably of the seventeenth century, but the church is so very dark that it is difficult to see them.

From near by is a lovely view of St. Jeannet nestling under the two great, isolated crags, which can be so plainly seen from Nice, with a good foreground.

There is also a fine view from the bridge over the Var: to the right the grand sweep of snow-tipped mountains, and to the left the blue sea and the coast as far as Cap d'Antibes.

Nearer Cannes is a superb view of Cagnes on its steep hill, with its two towers and old castle.

A little farther than Biot a road branches to the west, and at a distance of 3 km. is the village of *Villeneuve-Loubet* on a hill, crowned with a large restored feudal castle, from which there is a fine view.

Cagnes is soon after passed, and a very uninteresting dusty road leads to Nice. There is a fine view of the mountains to the north from the bridge over the River Var, and the new race-course and steeplechase course are seen on the sea side of the road.

The north-west wind blows furiously down the valley of the Var and also down that of the Paillon, but not to the same extent, and it is usually accompanied by a suffocating dust. This is one of the great drawbacks to Nice for a prolonged stay, but the arrival of the motor chars-à-bancs will induce many people, who are not invalids, to explore the beautiful mountain scenery to the north of Nice, which, though on a smaller scale, rivals that of Switzerland, as the ascent of the mountains starts from sea level, instead of from a valley which is already high up.

Nike or Nice

The native Ligurians were conquered by the Phocæans in 542 B.C. who drew up their boats on the shelving shore of the little cove of the Ponchettes. When possession was gained they built a castle and habitations on the hill, dominating the port of Lympia, which is still called Le Château. Both this place and Cemenelum or Cimiez were destroyed by the Romans under Augustus, who fortified them and built their walls on the existing substructures.

But there was no peace for Nike, and she became a prey in turn to Goths, Burgundians, Lombards, Franks and Saracens, but in A.D. 889 the fortified town on Le Château held its own, and the captured prisoners were made to strengthen the walls of the town, and were quartered in a portion of it still called Lou canton dei Sarrain's. The

NICE

Saracens were finally driven out by Grimaldi and the Count of Provence, after which consuls were elected, and Nike remained independent till 1228, when a party in the town revolted against the Count of Provence, and Genoa tried to seize the town, so the Niçois offered the lordship to the Duke of Savoie.

In 1465 the fortifications of the castle had been increased, and a well was cut through the solid rock, a marvellous achievement for those days.

During the wars between Spain and France, their armies ravaged the country around Nice, and famine and plague followed in their train.

In 1543 it was besieged by Francis I of Austria and the Turks combined. A washerwoman named Ségurance saw the Turks had put up a scaling ladder and the captain had reached the parapet. She rushed at him and beat him on the head with her washing bat, and thrust down the ladder, which fell with all those on it. The defenders hearing this, opened a postern gate and made a sortie, and drove off the Turks to the shore. The road on the west side of Le Château bears her name to this day.

For a hundred years tranquillity prevailed, and about 1630 the road from Nice to Tenda by the Col de Braus, Col de Jean, Sospel, and Col de Brouis was begun.

In the wars of Louis XIV, after twenty centuries of existence, the castle was blown up by his orders, and Nice being no longer a fortified town, recovered peace, happiness and commercial prosperity.

It is supposed that the present cathedral in the old town stands on the site of the temple of Diana, as the substructure is of very ancient masonry, and shows the rectangular shape peculiar to pagan temples.

Modern Nice is built on the opposite bank of the River Paillon to the old town, and is joined by the Pont Vieux with three arches, built in 1531. A new one is now being constructed. It is now the third largest town on the French Riviera, and has all the attractions and disadvantages of a luxurious capital.

The Promenade des Anglais is one of the finest esplanades

in Europe, with handsome hotels facing it and the sea. The Avenue de la Gare running north and south is a beautiful boulevard shaded by plane trees when in leaf, and there many of the finest shops are situated, ending at the Place Masséna, which has arcades on both sides of it, giving a welcome shade from the heat of the sun. The public garden leading from it is built over the mouth of the Paillon and converts the ugly, stony bed into a thing of beauty with its tropical foliage.

Most of the streets are broad and well-arranged ; the houses are architecturally fine, with a good deal of ornamentation on them, and flats and apartments are abundant.

There are amusements of every description. The pretty Italian names of these places have since been turned into French ones, which makes it more puzzling for foreigners, as there are several places of the same name in different districts, such as Châteauneuf, Tourettes, Aix.

The harbour of Nice has never been a military port, but as a commercial one it ranks third in the Mediterranean, after those of Marseilles and Cette, and it carries on a coasting trade with Italy, and is an important mercantile depot. There is a very good vegetable and flower market in the old town.

The biting mistral unfortunately is felt here very much at times, as Nice lies on the plain between the mouths of the Var and the Paillon, so that the climate is treacherous.

The Battle of Flowers and Carnival of Mi-carême probably originate from the Festival of St. Lazarus held at Marseilles, and are the direct descendant of the Floral Games of the Greeks, which had reached an indecent height.

The union of Nice with France was accomplished when Victor Emmanuel II of Italy came to the throne, through the exertions of Garibaldi, who was born at Nice in 1807, and Cavour. The United Kingdom of Italy was formally proclaimed in March, 1861, and in return for help given by the French to the House of Savoie, they had to surrender the whole " County " of Nice, and thus the Department of the Alpes Maritimes was handed over to France and the St. Louis Gorge became the new frontier instead of the

River Var. Italy was very sore at losing the magnificent natural harbour of Villefranche.

The French at the same time purchased Roquebrune and Mentone from the Prince of Monaco, whose exchequer was fairly empty.

Montboron and Le Château

Montboron is the wooded hill jutting out to the sea on the east of Nice and forming the west shore of the fine Villefranche Harbour. The road, with tram line, rises a little above the sea, but is so narrow that the footpath is only 25 inches wide, with the tram line so close that it is quite easy for the unwary passer-by to have an umbrella snatched away by the rush of air and projections caused by it. Also as it is the highway between Nice and Monte Carlo cars of all descriptions pass in endless succession wrapping everything in clouds of dust. To enjoy the view the ascent should be made as quickly as possible, by the old Villefranche route, or the carriage road by the Hôtel Montboron on the western slope overlooking the Nice Harbour and Riquier. Boats for Corsica leave here and there is safe anchorage for yachts. The average altitude is 600 feet, lower at the sea end and rising inland. It is thickly wooded with pine trees, with wild flowers below them. To the east the view embraces the mountains and coast line as far as Bordighera, while to the west the coast as far as the Estérelle is in sight, with the hills and Baou of St. Jeannet in the foreground and over the Basse Alpes with peeps of the snow-covered mountains beyond. There are handsome villas built along the wooded slopes to the west.

Standing up in the centre of Nice at the shore end is Le Château, a green oasis in a forest of red roofs. There is nothing left of the fortress now but ruins and the donjon; but this used to guard the old town of Nice with Port Lympe, which is now a very safe little harbour with three moles. The old well (150 feet deep) was covered in, because it was used for disposing of unwanted infants, but a pretty little cascade has been formed with the waters of the River

Vésubie, which here finds an outlet to the sea. The cemetery occupies part of the summit and looks like an Italian Campo Santo. It can be approached by several footpaths with steps through the woods and there is also a carriage road up to it from the Rue Ségurance. The citadel was destroyed by Berwick in 1706.

Cimiez (400 feet)

Cimiez or Cemenelium was originally an "oppidum," or walled town inhabited by a Ligurian Alpine tribe, the Vediantii. The Romans, after conquering them, built their town on the same tableland on the same site as that occupied by the Ligurians, the outline of which is still distinguishable. The course of the two aqueducts can also be followed, and the site and composition of the baths were discovered in 1875 many feet below the present surface of the ground. The ruins of the arena are partly underground now, for the Roman road through the middle is now 9 feet higher than it was originally, so the remains of this arena here cannot compare with those of Fréjus, but here captives, slaves and wild beasts fought for their lives to satisfy the brutal passions of the people. It was on this spot that the Roman senator Pontius suffered martyrdom.

The Roman Road from La Turbie turned northwards to Laghet and then passed through that valley across the Paillon River to Cimiez, which was then one of the most important towns, and on to Vence, on the west side of the Var River; there it divided, one part continuing over the mountains above Auribeau and thence to Fréjus, while the second led straight to the sea at *Antibes* (Antipolis). It had been colonized by the Greeks, probably about 500 B.C., but the Romans conquered it, and made it the port of Cimiez.

In 1543 the monks, who were burnt out of their monastery in the Croix-de-Marbre at Nice by Barbarossa, purchased from the Benedictines of St. Pons the present site at Cimiez and rebuilt their monastery there, and the church was subsequently added, with an arcaded cloister between the two, in the middle of which is the deep well which supplied

them with water. On the outer side is a garden with terrace overlooking the Paillon Valley, the Monastery of St. Pons and Mont Gros, with the observatory and the Alps in the distance.

Cimiez is now only a suburb of Nice and there is an electric tram running constantly between the two places, taking twenty minutes for the journey. On the way some very fine villas and buildings are passed and a few shops. The Boulevard de Cimiez is lined with plane trees arching over the tram line ; the Hôtel Regina is built right across it and the road passes on either side of it. The beautiful gardens of the hotel make a brilliant patch of colour from the distance. A little farther on is the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez et La Pavillon, where Queen Victoria stayed. Cimiez being built on the ridge of a narrow neck of land, there is a beautiful view into the valleys beneath as well as to the mountains to the north of Nice. Almost opposite the last-named hotel, the ruins of the old Roman Arena (210 feet by 175 feet) are seen, with the old road running through the middle of them 9 feet above its original level.

Just beyond at the corner of the next turning on the right is the Santa Anna Chapel, and a few minutes' walk brings into sight the Cimiez Monastery, on a broad " Place," with a stone twisted column and crucifix dating from 1477, representing an archangel on the cross, with wings folded over the front of the body. Near by stands a well-grown elm tree. To the left is the cemetery, with some fine tombs, and then comes the seventeenth century church and monastery.

There are arcades over the entrance doors and a fine rose window. Inside the church, there are fine frescoes on the vaulted ceiling, and in the chapels on either side of the apse there are two fifteenth century paintings by Francesco Brea, the one of the crucified Christ, and the other of the Descent from the Cross. In the apse is a fine altar-piece of gilded wood of the sixteenth century. The beautiful frescoes of the dome are by Giacomelli, a Venetian painter.

Cloisters separate the church from the monastery, but admission is gained to the latter, by men only, on ringing

a bell, when the only remaining Father shows you over and expects an offering.

A fine view over the valley of the Paillon and Mont Gros with the observatory is obtained from the monastery and the cemetery, and the air is fresh and soothing after the noise and bustle of Nice.

A road, partly built over the old Roman road, and a foot-path lead down from here to the Monastery of St. Pons in the Paillon valley, where the Roman Amphitheatre once stood.

St. Pons

It was beside this abbey that the Niçois signed the treaty in 1308 by which they were annexed to the House of Savoy.

In A.D. 775 the Abbey of St. Pontius was founded by Siagrius, Bishop of Nice, and Charlemagne, who is supposed to have been his uncle, gave the funds for the building and endowment. It was erected on the rock on which St. Pontius had suffered martyrdom by decapitation.

It existed for a little over 600 years, and then was brought to an untimely end in the following manner :

A party of gallants were caught in a storm in 1408 when near the Convent of St. Pons, and thinking sadly of the fate of the fine clothes they were wearing, they decided to ask for shelter there. This was a very bold step to take, but on ringing the bell a smiling portress said she would call the abbess. With many misgivings the young men awaited her arrival, expecting to be at once turned out, but to their astonishment a sunny-faced woman, of goodly proportions, seemed pleased to see them, and invited them into the refectory, where good wine was placed before them.

Soon after the bell rang for evensong, and the gallants repaired to the chapel in the wake of the nuns. When the latter sang the " De Profundis," one beautiful voice could be distinguished above all others. One of the young men started up as though he had seen a ghost, for the voice seemed to be that of his lady love whom he had been told was dead.

On leaving the chapel he contrived to ask a servitor who the singer was, and was told that it was Blanche d'Entrevannes, a novice who was soon to take the veil. The young man got a message conveyed to her asking her to flee with him that night, and she consented.

When morning broke in the early hours, the storm had passed over, and the young men were taking a rather noisy farewell of the abbess at the convent door, when a tall, gaunt figure appeared before them like a thunderbolt out of the blue.

Retribution speedily overtook the abbess, for this was the bishop who had heard a rumour of what had happened, and was so scandalized that he anathematized every one present, expelled the abbess and all the nuns, and ordered their instant incarceration in the Convent of St. Pierre d'Almanarre near Hyères, where the rules were most stringent and they could repent in sackcloth and ashes. The building was never used as a nunnery again as it had acquired such a bad reputation.

The outcome of this escapade on the part of the gallants was the marriage of the Chevalier Raimbaud de Trects to the whilom novice, the noble Lady Blanche d'Entrevannes.

This abbey at the present day is used as a hospital for soldiers with an annexe built below it. A first-rate position for the purpose, as the men can bask in the sun on the balconies all day, with a fine view of the mountains in the distance.

Laghetto (Laghet)

You follow the Paillon Torrent from Nice and bend to the right at Trinité-Victor, when the road begins to rise steadily, while the low mountains close in, the valley narrows, and the slopes are covered with olive trees with a few pines, well-clothed mostly to the summits. The monastery stands out alone in the centre of the valley on a small plateau, and a good view of it is obtained before the summit is reached.

Laghet was a Carmelite monastery in a lovely glen at the

foot of Mont Sembola, and obtained its name when a rock fell down and choked the torrent, so the whole valley became a lake.

It was a Roman outpost, and probably one of the first Christian stations in this part, thanks to the preaching of St. Paul.

The monastery was destroyed by the Saracens, and the only thing left intact was the image of the Virgin, over which a little chapel was subsequently built. Pilgrimages used to be made to this shrine and miraculous cures followed.

In 1652 the wife of the Prince of Monaco was afflicted with what was stated to be an incurable disease, so she addressed all her supplications to Mary of Laghetto and recovered. To show her gratitude she went in state with her friends to the shrine, and seeing the Holy Virgin so poorly housed, she had the church rebuilt and surrounded by cloisters in the middle of a plateau where 20,000 people could assemble on pilgrimage days.

Laghetto's fame increased yearly, and fine silver lamps were given to hang before the altar, and the cloisters were hung with small votive paintings given as thank-offerings by grateful hearts.

The old statue of the Madonna saved from the Saracens was in a deplorable condition, and a new one was required. This was supplied by a pious lawyer of Nice who possessed one which had been in his family from time immemorial, and to which he considered he owed all his prosperity. With great self-denial he offered his treasure to Laghetto, and when touched up by the master brush of Antonio Rocca, the Michael Angelo of Nice, it looked so sweet and lovely that it was carried in procession from Eza to its new destination.

As soon as the Holy Virgin was installed people flocked to Laghetto in such numbers that a new road was a necessity ; kings, queens, bishops and princes poured out their money, jewels, lamps, etc., as thank-offering for mercies received through the intervention of the Blessed Virgin.

At last so many reputed miracles took place that the Bishop of Nice ordered the church to be shut up for a time,

but it was soon reopened, and the Archbishop of Aix and 2,000 nobles visited it in 1660.

During the Wars of Succession all the treasures were carried off; the monks had to run for their lives, but the miraculous image was smuggled away to Turbia, where it remained till 1802, when it was carried back with great pomp.

There are now no monks in the monastery, as France exiled all the religious orders in 1903, so the chapel was closed for two years, and then reopened as a parish church, which it still remains.

A Pilgrimage on Trinity Sunday.—Drawn up in the square in front of the monastery and along the sides of the road leading to it are carriages, carts, and vehicles of all sizes and shapes, from the lordly cabriolet to the humble dogcart, and animals of every description set free to rest and feed on anything obtainable, for grass in summer is scarce. The pilgrims are clad in garments of strange cut and brilliant colours, making a motley group, for they have come from far and wide, the distant mountain and the lowly plain.

They beguile the time of waiting with making purchases at the stalls, which are erected all round for the sale of food, clothes, cigars, roulette boards, and figures representing saints in paste, sugar, and wood.

In one corner two friars are doing a roaring business in trinkets for the benefit of the monastery, asking and receiving any price they choose, as no one would think of bargaining with them. The glittering wares are tastefully arranged, and hearts and hands, artificial flowers and wreaths, saints and saintly things bring in good money. It is Vanity Fair!

Another two friars are busy hearing confessions, and some people take an interminable time in bringing to mind their past misdeeds, for which their consciences are responsible.

On the interior side of the picture in the cloisters, the pilgrims are doing their appointed nine rounds, singing to their hearts' content, each group in its own particular dialect. Madonna is appealed to, and sometimes there may appear an evanescent picture of Madonna with a halo round

her head, and a miraculous background, and the impending peril is averted from the suppliant.

Mass being said, the Sacrament administered, and the sermon over, the procession is formed.

The exhibition of the statue of the Madonna and Child, both crowned with golden crowns set with precious stones given to them by Anna Ricardi, an illustrious lady of Oneglia, is the most solemn moment, and the decisive point of general expectation. All the sick and ailing of every description fall on their knees as the procession with the Madonna passes by them, and look imploringly with streaming eyes at the Holy Mother to take pity on them and heal their infirmities, but, alas! no miracle is performed, and they go away sorrowfully to wait for another year with what patience they can muster.

The popularity of Laghetto was probably due to the fact that it was close to the great Roman road, passing through Trinité-Victor, Nice, Antibes, and Arles, and therefore known to all wayfarers, who would find it a convenient resting-place at the top of the Pass, and further, the churches and chapels were due to the Christian missionaries, who established them within reach of the Roman settlements, and Laghetto was one of the first Christian stations. Its distinction in later days was the result of the worship of saints in general, and Mariolatry in particular.

The return journey to Nice is generally made by way of La Turbie (2 km.), and nothing grander than this view on a clear day can be imagined. There are the incomparable views over Cap Martin to Monaco from La Turbie, thence you pass high above Beaulieu, Eze on its lofty pinnacle with the setting sun showing up the hoary old ruins, a bird's-eye view of Cap St. Jean, Cap Hospice, the Harbour of Villefranche with the lighthouse at its entrance. On the opposite side are four distinct mountain ranges, the farthest away, that of the High Alps, being covered with snow in March. Then comes a big curve inland passing the entrance to the Observatoire, and a steep descent and another turn towards the sea this time shows the whole of the town of Nice spread out.

Excursion from Nice

The circular tour to *St. Jeannet, Vence*, and *St. Paul du Var* is an exceedingly pretty one, only taking about 2½ hours in a car. The drive is along the sea front until the Var River is reached, and then the western side is followed, which is much prettier and more varied than the eastern one. The low hills are very broken with meadows sloping down to the road, interspersed with vegetable growing, and the hamlets of Laurent and Baronne are passed. At 8 km. from Nice there is a long hairpin curve and the road rises steeply, while the hills get higher and higher, with oaks and olive trees growing on them, and the slopes begin to be terraced. The road then turns back, but on a higher level (16 km.) by the grey villages of Carras and Bonson. The road passes under the village of *Gattières*, spread out in a half circle to the south-east, built of old-looking grey stone, mostly unplastered. From here the road goes south-west, and there is a fine view of the river to its mouth with its stony, dry bed, and over the sea. The road continues to rise and the splendid crag of the Baou of *St. Jeannet* (21 km.) comes into full view and then the village itself, and to the south-east of it lie the ruins of the Witches' Castle, which was once a Commanderie of the Knights Templar.

St. Jeannet (2,770 feet)

This village (870 feet) is named from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and its ancient houses are huddled up in a picturesque manner on the precipitous slope under the colossal crag of the Baou de St. Jeannet, full of crevices and caves.

At one time the Mediterranean washed the foot of the mountain, which was built up by the labours of the tiny coral insects. It seems an impossible feat for such small creatures to have built up such a gigantic headland.

The streets are narrow and roughly paved, and there is a mediaeval look about the village, resembling the hill villages

of Italy, but St. Jeannet is much cleaner and more prosperous-looking.

It was a stronghold of the Huguenots.

This rock collects and reflects all the sunshine upon the village, and creates such a tropical climate that orange, lemon, and olive trees make a grand display of foliage. There are so many rifts and crags that it never looks for two hours the same, sometimes burning in the sun's rays, and again looking dark and forbidding.

On the top of the rock, the saxifrage of Greenland, and the euphorbia of Africa are found growing side by side.

Between St. Jeannet and Vence the road is very fine. There is a picturesque *bridge* over the mountain stream called the Cagne, with a rustic *mill* beside it, and on one side the rock of St. Jeannet, and on the other the Rocher Noir, in which there is a cave, called the Riou, from which a cascade of water descends and falls into the Cagne at the bridge. The view up the *gorge* is grand. Below the *bridge* is a wider valley where Gaspard de Besse, the Robin Hood of Provence, robbed travellers on their way to and from the fairs of Grasse and Nice.

Vence Var (1,100 feet)

The road curves in and out amidst olive and fig trees to Vence, and a good view of the east side is obtained, but it needs the early morning sun to show it up, and the old part of the town is not seen as you pass through the main street so that it is disappointing.

The old town of Vence (26 km.) was surrounded by ramparts with massive square towers of the eleventh century with gates. It stands on a long hilly ridge, surrounded by mountains, and dominated by the mighty cliff of the Roche-Blanche, near neighbour to that of St. Jeannet. Under the Romans it was one of the eight principal cities of the Alpes Maritimes It possessed a forum and an aqueduct bringing in delicious water.

It is full of quaint corners and picturesque bits, and there

ENVIRONS OF NICE

is a fine view of a street through the Rue St. Veron, with the archway at the bottom, and a fountain worth seeing in the Place.

Nice to Vence (26 km. ; 791 feet)

Vence is the richest town in church history of the whole coast of the Alpes Maritimes, Nice and Fréjus excepted. In 1560 Vence had a large proportion of Huguenots, and agitation against them was begun when the bishop was a Grimaldi. In 1562 the peace obtained gave them the right to hold meetings outside the city walls, and the Rue des Huguenots owes its origin to this permission. The See of Vence is extinct now ; and it is a quiet, dreamy place, and its main occupation is growing violets, a great contrast to the stormy days of the past, when friends and relations took opposite sides and tore one another to pieces.

Perhaps Christianity was introduced here by St. Trophimus, in the latter half of the second century, and there has been a continuous succession of bishops since the fourth century, including St. Lambert, whose tomb was supposed to work miracles, and Godeau Surian, the shepherd boy, who from his eloquence was called the second Massillon. But at the Restoration most of the inhabitants were Huguenots, and Bishop Pisani fled for his life.

The Place Godeau was named so after the shepherd bishop, who was born in 1605, and was one of the best that ever held sway over Vence. The entrance to the cathedral stands in this picturesque spot. It is of very early architecture, probably about A.D. 374, and consists of a nave with *two* aisles on each side, and the vaulted arches carry a gallery round the three sides, which widen out at the west end into the choir and bishop's stall, with fifty richly carved, oak stalls of Gothic design, each stall having a Miserere seat. The stalls are dated 1455 to 1460, and the lectern is of a little later date, with its vellum manuscript of antiphons.

The floor of the aisles are of stone, and there are many half-obliterated Latin inscriptions on the walls.

Tradition says the church was built in the sixth century on the site of a pagan temple, and in two of the piers are inserted figures in alabaster from a Roman monument, and numerous votive tablets and inscriptions are walled into the church.

The church was nearly blown up in 1596. The then bishop put his foot through the flooring of his stall when he stood up for the Gospel, and after he had gone to the pulpit to preach, an inquisitive choir-boy put his hand into the hole, and drew out some black powder. An official, standing by, recognized it as gunpowder, and on searching, a fuse was found ready to blow up the place. The bishop was told, but he finished his discourse quietly, and the congregation dispersed and no harm was done, but the perpetrators of the intended outrage were not discovered.

After passing through Vence the road soon turns to the west and with pretty scenery on either side arrives at St. Paul du Var, and can go no farther as the fortified village occupies the whole width of the little tableland.

St. Paul-du-Var

This little town stands on a lateral spur of the hill, on ground which falls away abruptly on three sides, between two valleys, a position of great strength and of great beauty. The walls, surrounding it on all sides, are built on the natural rock rising from the Malvans Valley, which was the best spot for observation and defence of the passage of the Var. This was until 1860 the frontier between France and Italy.

The fortifications are still complete, with gates, bastions, and barbicans, and the little " place " or square is overlooked by two great flanking towers of the thirteenth or fourteenth century ; the one contains the only entrance to the town, a narrow passage, 8 feet wide, with three archways, each protected by a strong portcullis, studded with iron, from above which molten lead could be poured through the machicolations of the gate tower.

If the first gate were forced, there was a second protected in like manner, so that the besiegers were between two streams of molten lead, and from here passages to the right communicated with the western ramparts, and to the left with the north-eastern tower. It was quite unassailable in the sixteenth century.

There is now a walk all round the ramparts. The cemetery is on the southern extremity of the tableland, and a screen of tall cypresses stands in front of it.

The houses are all built of rough stone, with no plaster on them, and many have ancient windows and some of the old doors are finely carved, and the animals live in the ground floor. The streets are very narrow, with odd flights of steps and mule-paths leading in all directions, so it is difficult to know just where you have been.

The church on the top of the hill is one of the most interesting in Provence, and has exquisitely carved altar-screens of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. There is also a bust of St. Claire carved in wood, with a beautiful haunting face, and in the sacristy are twelve beautiful silver statuettes and crucifixes. Underneath are interesting crypts and family vaults. The side chapels are rich in carving.

After leaving St. Paul the carriage road turns to the west, and after a slight descent the road passes the whole length of the little town at a lower level, and a fine view of the west side can be obtained with the setting sun shining on the crags behind it.

The country round is a fruit garden; orange, peach, almond, and fig trees abound, and lower down a good view of the Castle of Villeneuve-Loubet to the west and of Cagnes to the east is obtained, and then the main road back to Nice is reached.

Mont Chauve (2,126 feet) and Falicon (1,070 feet)

The road here passes through Cimiez, rising and skirting Falicon to the west of it, and then begins the zigzag roads to

Mont Chauve. From below no roads are seen, and it seems impossible that a motor char-à-banc should ever be able to reach the top. But the military authorities of France have made a road broad enough to take their heavy lorries up to the top, and it has been engineered with the greatest skill. The whole way till near the top passes through olive woods, which in spring are full of wild flowers and herbs, especially rosemary. The south side of the mountain has four hairpin zigzags giving eight corners to negotiate, three of them so sharp that the car had to back to the edge of the precipice to turn round them at all. Along the upper roads three or four kinds of pine trees are interspersed with the olives, the whole plantation being very thick. Then after a long pull up the zigzags are continued on the slopes facing west, and at each turn the trees are more sparse and the olives are no longer seen, and after six more corners have been safely negotiated the woods end, the mountain stands out bare and bleak, showing three or four low buildings near the top and the road is continued again on the southern slope, giving the most glorious views over Nice, the Corniche road, with the ruined tower of La Turbie showing in the gap on the east, to away over the Estérel Mountains to the west.

The road is very stony and rough, for it is only the P.L.M. cars that are allowed to make the ascent with a special permit, so the only traffic to grind the stones in consists of that of the military authorities. No one is allowed to approach the top itself as there are forts and fortifications there, and our chauffeur was challenged for his permit, and it needs a physically strong man and very careful driver to prevent the car being hurled over the precipitous descents (17 km.). But the grand view is well worth the trouble and expense of getting them.

On the way down a detour was made to visit *Falicon* (10 km.), which occupies a hill (1,070 feet) between two valleys south of Mont Chauve. It was a Roman camp, but the Lombards destroyed it in A.D. 578, and there are only ruins of the old fortifications left and houses with earthquake arches, in which were loopholes in place of windows. The church, built in 1624, is very plain and simple. But

the view from it is magnificent, over the valley of the Paillon, Mont Chauve, and the snowy Alps behind with Châteauneuf just showing on the long stony ridge to the east. There is an inn where very good tea may be obtained.

From here a quick run was made to Gairaut, on the way down to Nice, and the broad cascade visited, which supplies the town with water.

Nice Excursions—The Gorge du Loup and Grasse

If this excursion be made from Nice as the starting point, the Route Nationale to the west is followed to *Cagnes*. Just outside Nice Hippodrome at the end of the Promenade, the race-course is passed and then the River Var is crossed, a very wide stony bed, with very little water in it. The road from here is uninteresting, but a large aerodrome is passed with many hangars, between the road and the sea. The tram line and the P.L.M. Railway run side by side to Cagnes, where the road turns off inland. The little old town is built up the steep slope of a hill, crowned by a castle formerly belonging to the Grimaldis. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is a large, square building, solid and grim. The Grimaldis have sold the castle, but it is still inhabited, and some of the machicolations have been cut away, to make room for modern windows, a great vandalism. The ruins of the hoary Church of St. Véran are also on the top of the hill. The road turns inland by the west side of the village of Cagnes, and the scenery for a short distance consists of terrace upon terrace of cultivated ground up the low slopes; then it suddenly changes and pine woods of young trees take their places on both sides of the road, the valley drawing in, then widening out again, and a second deep valley to the west parallel with the road appears, and high above that on a spur stands *St. Paul du Var*, about half-way between Cagnes and Vence, with a road from the latter to it.

After having lost sight of St. Paul du Var, attention was drawn to another village in the distance on the eastern side,

sheltered by an overhanging crag, that of St. Jeannet, which was a Huguenot stronghold, its aged houses huddled at the foot of the colossal Baou de St. Jeannet (2,800 feet). From here the road was always rising and twisting until Vence was reached.

From *Vence* the road turns due west, and passes through olive groves and fields with Parma violets in them, and goes on climbing higher and higher, always twisting and turning, into the very deep ravine of Cosson, with bare, bleak mountains to the north, until the village of Tourrettes-sur-Loup (1,056 feet) is reached, on a rock overlooking two ravines. It looks like an African village, perched on steep, grey rocks in horizontal strata, surrounded by Saracen walls on the north side, precipitous on three sides. Here the first glimpse of the sea appears, and the road begins to descend along the deep valley of the Loup, which in the distance looked to be about 3 feet wide. The Sud de France Railway is always appearing here and there, and is carried in several places on viaducts. The road takes a big bend to the north before reaching the head of the Gorge du Loup, and on the skyline on the summit of the Dent du Loup appears the very old village of Gourdon (2,526 feet) on the left, west of the Clus entrance. A halt is made here for luncheon at the foot of the viaduct across the mouth of the gorge.

The road then winds through this grand narrow gorge, with the mountains on both sides so high that it is difficult to see the tops of them, and with the roaring Loup close to the road. A halt can be made at the Courmes Cascade, a fine sheet of water falling sheer down, with a little path close up under it, and farther on is the Saute de Loup, leading to St. Arnoux Grotto, where small drops of miraculous water are supposed to flow, and pilgrimages are made to it on July 18th. After this the Loup is crossed by a bridge and the steep ascent of the Dent du Loup is begun by long zigzags up bare, rocky slopes covered with boulders in various parts, until the very old village of *Gourdon* is reached.

The only spring water available for it came out of a cave in the face of a sheer precipice reached by a path 12 to 18

inches wide, and in one place that was replaced by a plank over a rift. Not infrequently this was carried away, and then the villagers had to leap across the intervening space with their water buckets, certain death being the result of a false step.

From here the view from the "Place" in front of the church is magnificent, looking over land and sea from Italy on the one side, to the Estérelle on the other, while the whole valleys with the roads were spread out as on a map at our feet. Bar le Loup was once a Roman outpost. The road from there was a long slope down, bare at first, then through woods of young trees, and after a big bend first west and then east, the deep chocolate-colour earth and rocks showed up clearly where quarrying was being done. The curving roads, only wide enough for one vehicle at a time, had a good smooth surface. *Châteauneuf* is passed, and the car skims along to *Grasse* and a halt made at one of the perfumery factories.

Grasse

Grasse was founded in the sixth century by Crassus, the Roman General who conquered the territory, and a small well is still called after him. The town is built on the slopes of a hill 1,000 feet high, and there is very little level walking. It has thriven since the Middle Ages on its manufactures of perfumes, soaps, oil, gloves, and leather tanning.

It was formerly in the Diocese of Antibes, but in 1243 Pope Innocent IV transferred the seat of the bishop from Antibes to Grasse, on account of the unhealthiness of the former, and its liability to be plundered by the Saracens.

The cathedral, which was then built, has huge, round pillars, and vaulting without any moulding. The choir for the bishop and chapter was in the west galley over the porch, and was found to be so inconvenient that a subsequent bishop built out a hideous structure at the back of the high altar for himself and the clergy.

The noblesse of the neighbourhood had their town residences at Grasse, and spent the winter there amidst such gaieties as they could devise.

It is no longer a winter resort for foreigners, but can be easily reached from Cannes or Nice for the exploration of the magnificent scenery of the Gorge du Loup and surrounding country between Grasse and Vence.

The various manufactures do not conduce to the sweetness of the air, and the men and boys loaf about with their hands in their pockets until the flowers and fruit are ripe. Among the neighbouring mountains coloured marbles, beautiful alabaster, and jasper are found.

There is also a " foux," or spring of purest water from the rock.

The magnificent Gorge du Loup lies in the curious country in the great loop made by the River Var and the upper waters of the River Siagne, and the railway makes a bold sweep over a wonderful viaduct 170 feet above the river bed.

Grasse Perfumes.—The motor chars-à-bancs both from Cannes and Nice make a halt at one of the perfumery factories at Grasse, which is the home of flowers and perfumes, and in spite of the light, sandy soil, the forests of olives give the finest oil in Provence. The mountains behind protect it from cold winds, and the steep slopes on which the town is built catch all the powers of the sun's rays and make it a very warm place.

Oranges and lemons yield plenty of flowers and fruit, and the palm, vine, prickly pear, and Japanese medlar all flourish, while the eucalyptus tree, introduced from Australia, grows to a height of 80 to 100 feet. Violets, roses, mimosa, jasmine, myrtle, daphnes, heliotrope, mignonette, sarsaparilla, pepper, rosemary, mint, and common herbs are all transformed into perfumes. The eucalyptus is a specific for headache and weariness.

A plantation of roses may last eight or nine years, and produce each year 5,000 lbs. weight of blossoms per acre. Women and girls pick the blooms and put them into a little

basket suspended from the shoulders, so that they are handled as little as possible.

The freshly gathered flowers are taken quickly to the factories, and there spread out on trays, and well covered with melted lard, which, by means of hydraulic pressure, absorbs the odoriferous particles. Those flowers are then removed and fresh ones substituted, sometimes as often as thirty to sixty times, until the lard is saturated with the perfume, when it is scraped off and washed in spirits of wine, which, combining with the volatile oil, causes it to rise to the top, and it is skimmed off and filtered.

The lard is then prepared for turning into soup, and all the finished products can be purchased and carried away.

The whole population is engaged in the industry; there is the cultivation of the ground, the picking and sorting the blossoms, distillation, filling and packing the bottles, and making straw plait for the cases. There are also glass works and foundries for the stills, joiners for the packing cases, and the soap works for using up the exhausted lard. The perfumes are despatched to many parts of the world.

Although the gathering of the flowers is such light and pleasant work, the pollen from them gives hay fever to many, while the scent of the orange blossom causes a kind of syncope or fainting fit, which may last for some hours.

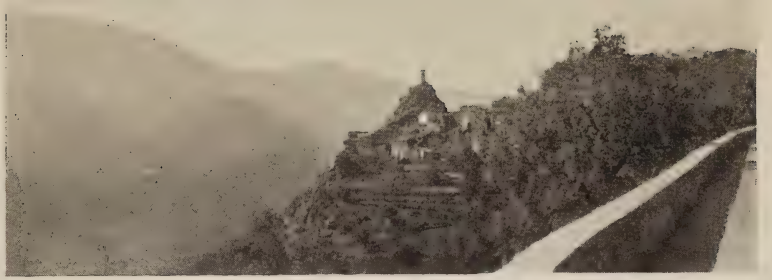
From Grasse a return is made to Châteauneuf, and we turn our backs upon the mountains, and then follow a quick toboggan-like run through woods and roads edged with young trees in a smiling valley till Villeneuve-Loubet is reached, where on the top of the hill is the restored feudal château, which looks very new lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. Here the River Loup is again seen, but it has grown considerably since it was seen in the distance from Gourdon, and appears to have more water in it than the renowned Var. A quick run is made to Cagnes and then back to the Nice Hippodrome and the Promenade des Anglais.

The straight road bordered by plane trees along the bank of the River Var on the east side was followed, as far as the Pont Charles Albert (413 feet). There is a narrow strip of cultivated land by the side of the level road, and beyond that are low hills, very diversified in shape and appearance, some crowned with villages.

The River Var on its stony bed is crossed, and the beautiful Esteron valley entered by zigzags up the mountain to *Gilette* (1,500 feet), overlooking the Esteron valley and river. It is a most picturesque old village on a little plateau which looks as though it had been cut out of the solid rock. It is crowned by the ruins of an ancient fortress; the streets are so narrow that a touring car has only just room enough to pass. On all sides are magnificent peaks with jutting out spurs, mostly covered with olive trees and pines.

Beyond Gilette is a long hairpin curve with many corners, and spurs from the mountain chain jut out, and stand up as isolated little peaks from the valley below, and assume most fantastic shapes. The road descends, the car swings to and fro round corners, generally with a precipice on the one side, as it follows all the little curves of the mountain slopes, which seem endless.

These are covered with trees of various kinds to the tops, so always look green, even in winter. The road continues to ascend, and crosses bridges with remarkable-shaped arches —sometimes an arch and a half—and then passes through a short tunnel cut in the solid rock, which rises sheer from the bed of the River Esteron. To the north there is one long stretch of grey mountain, with serrated edge on the skyline, and a level stretch of road runs westward to Pierrefeu (2,223 feet), near which is a bridge with a round arch and a pointed one splayed at the base. Having no whip or stick is a great loss to a chauffeur on these roads, for the mules and donkeys who draw the local vehicles will not make room for a car, and on this occasion the chauffeur had to stand up and push a mule who was the leader of three to the wall, in order to obtain room to pass in safety.



SIGALE, ROUTE DES ALPES

GILETTE, ROUTE DES ALPES

In the valley are many isolated hillocks, running east and west, with very steep slopes on all sides and clothed with green verdure. After the hamlet of Rana is passed there is a long hairpin curve with bare mountains on the north surrounding it, followed by a sharp curve, and *Roquesteron* (29 km.) is reached. This is the chief town of this district, at the foot of Mont Long (3,543 feet) to the north and Mont Cheiron (5,928 feet) to the south.

Above the River Esteron and the bridge is a small chapel with some very picturesque old houses, and after a long hairpin curve you rise to the newer part of the village, with its church and Hôtel Passeron.

Here the roads for Grasse and Thorenc branch off, while that for Puget Thèniers always rising, twisting, and turning continues westwards to *Sigale* (25 km.), where there are some interesting old houses and Gothic gates. This route is noticeable for the isolated, longitudinal hills, in many parts there being three ranges of mountains behind them, each a little higher than the last, with a peak showing between each opening, and the highest range of all being fairly unbroken and snow-capped.

On the north side from Roquesteron to beyond Sigale is one long unbroken chain, stern, grey, and stony, with bare crags every here and there, and the slopes strewn with huge boulders.

The road then turns northward, and passes through a long tunnel in the rocks before the village of *La Penne* is reached, and a broad, grassy Alp with undulating meadow and cultivated ground is reached. Here oxen were slowly ploughing, and sheep quietly grazing on the brown grass. There was absolute stillness and peace surrounded by mountain tops and early spring snow patches on the ground and pure white on the tops, the only sign of habitation being the shepherd's hut.

After this the rapid descent is begun, leaving the Col de St. Raphaël to the west, by long zigzags with narrow hairpin corners, requiring the greatest care and watchful driving to negotiate them safely down the steep mountain side. The stratification is strange with so many inverted V-shaped

rocks in this region. The road comes down to the bridge over the River Var, which is here fairly swift and narrow, and *Puget-Théniers* (1,383 feet) is reached and the railway line, which was left at the Pont Charles bridge (413 feet), rejoined. This village on the hillside, with old brown roofs and overhanging eaves, has a ruined Grimaldi château with pretty garden along its ancient ramparts. From here it is a level, straight road by the side of the river to *Entrevaux* in the Basses Alpes Department. It is an old fortified town with the river running round it like a moat. The first entrance, with the arms of the town and its owners over the arch, is by the road and leads on to the bridge, at the other end of which is another gateway with drawbridge and machinery for drawing it up over this second entrance, and then a tunnel under the house pierced with loopholes, and a third gateway which could be defended. On the mountain above is an old fort, and the steep road up to it has many arches over it built into the rock on the inner side and overhanging the precipice on the outer side. German prisoners were interned here during the Great War 1914–1918.

The road makes a sharp turn to the north here and a wall of rock comes across from the mountain on either side down to it with very sharp dentated points, each one on a lower level.

The next hamlet reached is at the Pont de Gueydan, at the meeting point of the Vaire and Var Rivers; the bridge has a span of 85 feet with a single arch resting on two fine rocks on either side. The road rises steadily, and after the hamlet of Dalhuis is passed the mountains begin to close in and rise precipitately from the bed of the River Var, and each projecting limestone crag has a different colour—brown, yellow, greenish—and finally at the narrow entrance to the gorge itself the whole mountain range is of a deep chocolate colour and continues so through the narrow defile, beginning at La Salette. The stream roars at the bottom, twisting and turning all the time, and washing the feet of these stupendous mountains. The road clinging to the slopes on the west side passes through nine tunnels cut through the solid rock, sometimes accompanied by the narrow-gauge railway, but more often there is not room for

CLOISTERS AT ST. PONS MONASTERY

ENTREVAUX

the two side by side, and the latter has to burrow still further into the mountain side, and only seldom comes out to daylight, until it crosses a bridge at the far end of the gorge, after which the mountains recede and the red disappears and its place is taken by yellow, grey, and green. It is a truly magnificent specimen of Nature's handiwork and will compare favourably with anything in Switzerland.

The road begins to descend, and after a quick run *Guillaume* is reached, and a good luncheon is served at the Hôtel Ciniez and Ollivier, which is very acceptable after a 4½ hours' motor run in a sharp wind.

This is quite an interesting small town, with very old-looking houses, and a good, clean church.

It is dominated by the ruins of an old castle high up on the skyline above and the snow-tipped mountains in the background.

The return journey follows the same route as far as Puget-Théniers (59 km. from Nice), but the scenery assumes quite a different aspect, so it is hardly recognizable.

Here instead of the Route des Alpes, the railway line and River Var are closely followed, the latter much more interesting in the higher reaches than in its broad, stony, empty bed from the Pont Charles.

Next to this comes a barren valley, then the mountains close in again, bare, grey, and gaunt, and hang threateningly over our heads, with the roar of the mountain torrent in our ears. Three tunnels in the rocks are gone through near La Tinée, and the railway line is lost to view most of the time on the other side of the Gorge du Mescla, as it passes through seven tunnels. The overhanging mountains rise to a height of 1,333 feet, and very little daylight reaches the bottom, where the road is only wide enough to allow the car to pass in safety. Plan-du-Var is next passed, where another road branches off to Levens, then the valley widens out again and St. Martin-du-Var, an industrial village, appears with the Pont Saint Charles, and the route is then the same as that followed in the morning along the uninteresting and windy Var River, the old Italian frontier.

The whole tour is about 200 km.

Distances from Nice

km.		km.	
17	Castagniers.	42	Villars-du-Var.
21	St. Martin-du-Var.	49	Touët du Var and from here 24 km. Gorges Beuil.
23	Pont Charles.	59	Puget-Théniers.
25	Levens Vésubie.	72	Pont de Gueydan Entrevaux.
32	Gorge de Mescla.	93	Guillaume.
29	La Tinée.		
39	Malaussene.		

So many visitors go to Aix-les-Bains and the Lake of Geneva in the spring on leaving the Rivieras that a description of this beautiful route is given. The one by the Gorge Dalhuis is incomparably the finer, but can only be enjoyed late in the season, as it may be blocked by snow. In that case, the shorter one to be followed goes by Digne.

From Nice to Aix-les-Bains (159 km.)

The route starts by the Var valley at Nice and follows the same course as that described in the excursion through the Gorges de Dalhuis to Guillaumes. The new Route des Alpes being now available, the distance is considerably shortened, and it goes through St. Martin d'Entraunes and Entraunes, over the superb Col de la Cayolle, the southernmost pass (7,840 feet), and passing Fours Saint-Laurent the descent begins into the town of Barcelonnette (3,783 feet), where a dinner is obtained and a comfortable bed for the night's rest.

Barcelonnette is in the Department of the Basses Alpes, and when the Peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713, it was taken in exchange for Castel Delfino, a picturesque town nearer the Italian frontier. It has a few quaint streets and an interesting bell tower of the fifteenth century, but the immediate scenery is gaunt and lonely, although it is surrounded by magnificent Alpine peaks.

From Barcelonnette to Briançon (120 km.)

From here an abridged account of Mr. Walter Hales's "Ideal Motor Tour in France" may be of interest.

GORGE DALHUIS

Barcelonnette is situated in the midst of some wonderful Alpine scenery; it is hemmed in by the snow-clad peaks of the Grand Bérard, the Tête de Cronès, and the Grand Canbal. It is a gaunt and lonely country, and in the town there are a few quaint streets and tumble-down houses, and an interesting bell tower of the fifteenth century. There are few good hotels in this part. There are two routes from here to Briançon. The easier and dustier way leads down the valley of the Ubaye to Prunières, where you turn to the right and follow the Durance on Route Nationale No. 94.

The other climbs over the Col de Vars. For 13 km. we gently ascend the Ubaye valley, through a rather desolate country to *Condamine-Châtelard*, which is the starting point for the climb over the Col de Larche to Cuneo in Italy, and for the almost impracticable ascent of the Col du Parpaillon, the highest carriage road in France.

Pass through the town straight ahead, and in about 2 km. at the first fork turn to the left. Above on the hillside is the interesting *Fort Tournoux*, built into the rock above the confluence of the Ubaye and the Ubayette.

As the steady ascent of the Col de Vars begins, the gradient increases perceptibly after passing the village of *St. Paul* (Hôtel des Etrangers), noted for its quarries of green marble. The car swings to and fro round corners as the road now clings to the slopes above the valley, or hides itself in a cut in the hills. On the ascent the scenery is impressive, but after you pass the summit at 6,939 feet, the landscape is less attractive.

From here we drop down over 1,500 feet in 8 km. to the village of *Sainte Marie*. There are a few sudden dips and sharp corners. Near Vars we sweep over another minor pass, the Col de la Viste (5,206 feet), and 6 km. further we enter the fine old walled town of *Guillestre* (Hôtel Imbert, primitive). Its architecture, its public square, its fine sixteenth century church with two marble lions on the porch and its ancient gateway, are more suggestive of Italy than of France.

From here a detour can be made to *Aiguilles*, a delightful ascent to the head of the valley of the *Guil*, affording some

splendid views of the majestic Mont Viso. This snow-clad peak rears its summit above the clouds at 12,608 feet, and is the loftiest and most imposing mountain in the Cottian Alpes.

A mile beyond Guillestre, the car rolls through the fantastic rocks of the *Rue des Masques*, and later at a great height above the swirling river, through the wild and romantic gorge of the Combe de Quayras, with jagged walls of rock hanging overhead. The whole district is known as the *Quayras*. Further on we pass through *La Maison du Roi* and at 4,400 feet we swing into the Château Quayras. The town is prettily situated in a smiling valley, and clinging to a mass of rock is the picturesque, mediaeval fortress, that in olden times commanded the road to Abriès and the Italian frontier.

As you reach *Ville-Vielle* the valley broadens out into soft, green meadows and fields, and the scenery constantly increases in beauty as you near the busy commercial village of *Aiguilles* (Grand Hotel). This is beautifully situated at the head of Guil valley, in the centre of an amphitheatre of imposing peaks; the Pain du Sucre, the Grand Aigulette, and the Rochebrune with the Traversette and Monte Viso guarding the line into Italy. This is the luncheon stop for the P.L.M. motor-diligence tourists, so, if crowded, Abriès (Grand Hotel) is 5 miles further on, with an interesting Romanesque church and an excellent inn. At Aiguilles the excursion into the Hautes Alpes is ended, so return the same route to Château Quayras.

Here turn to the right and after 2 km. the ascent of the forbidding *Col d'Tzoard* is begun; the road is narrow and the turns sharp. Meadows and green fields greet us at *Arvieux* (5,118 feet). The landscape becomes wilder as we swing round a number of turns with the road on the edge of the rocks. We pass through the *Casse Déserte*, a great bowl of jagged pinnacles of rough stone rising out of a wilderness of wind-swept sand and stunted fir trees; the curves must be negotiated with care and skill.

Farther on the landscape becomes more ghostly and uncanny and we roll up to the summit of 7,903 feet.

From the saddle or "Col" there are some remarkable panoramas of the snow-clad misty peaks of the Col de la Cime and the majestic Arpelin—and it is for this view and for the striking impression of the Casse Déserte, that the ascent of the *Tzoard* was chosen in preference to the easier route along the Durance valley.

Just over the summit there is a hospice, and as the descent begins, the gaunt country gives place to fertile meadows and clumps of larch and firs. There are some hair-raising vistas as the car is driven slowly along the edge of the precipice.

At *Cervières*, a picturesque old town of quaint houses set in a charming background of hills, we have descended 2,657 feet in a little over 5 miles. It is now a splendid sweep over rocky ledges until we reach the foot of the pass at *Ste. Catherine* and begin a short ascent into the fortified town of *Briançon* (Hôtel de Briançon).

It is situated just below the highway that runs over two great passes—the Lauteret and the Mont Genèvre—and connects Grenoble with the plain of Piedmont in Italy; this is the most important town strategically in the Hautes Alpes. It is the chief fortress on the Alpine frontier, the forts command every entrance to the valley and some of them are so inaccessible that supplies have to be sent up by cable. A triple line of walls surrounds the town, the main street has a torrent of water gutter (Gargouille) in the middle to carry away refuse. The streets are narrow and quaint, the houses picturesque, the old town is entered by a drawbridge, and there is an ancient cathedral with two Byzantine towers. In the season the hotels are crowded with tourists from Nice and Gap and motor cars—on the highway used by Hannibal when he crossed the Alps between France and Italy.

The Station Hotel is the quietest.

From Briançon to Aix-les-Bains

This bit of the road consists of a climb up the Col du Lauteret, thence a descent to La Grave and back again to

the Lauteret summit, and then the ascent of the Col du Galibier, the highest practical motor road in France, and one of the most impressive in the gorgeous views it affords of the surrounding mountain peaks and glaciers. From the tunnel near the top of the "Col," the descent to the Maurienne district and the run through the Isère valley to Aix is a delightful motor flight over splendid straight roads.

The prudent motorist will avoid the main street of Briançon, the Rue de la Republique, and make his exit by the Rue Général Colaud, taking the left fork nearing the end of the ascent, and then the sharp left turn into the Avenue de Grenoble or Route Nationale No. 91.

The road that follows combines fine road, tunnels, "hair-pin corners," the exciting ascent of a great Alpine pass, splendid views of snow-clad peaks, and a great sweep through a beautiful valley after the mountains have been crossed. Studded tyres are advisable for this climb, as the tunnels are often greasy with dripping water and the roads covered with slush and mud from melting snow-drifts. Headlights should be ready at a moment's notice to be switched on in a tunnel.

The valley of the Guisane consists of a charming pastoral landscape with rich meadows and background of towering mountains. A spin of 14 km. brings *Monêtier-les-Bains* into view, and from here the ascent of the Col du Lauteret begins in earnest. A long, rising road, followed by a series of wide turns through a grazing country, which gives place to more forbidding scenery as the gradient increases, and on emerging from a tunnel a fine view of the Glacier du Casset is obtained. Another tunnel follows to protect the road from landslips, after which the southern approach to the Col du Galibier appears on the right, with the ribbon-like road winding up the gaunt slopes of the mountain.

Two km. farther the hospice on the summit of the Lauteret (6,790 feet) is reached, and since leaving Briançon 30 km. have been covered in a rise of 2,460 feet. There are beautiful views from here towards the picturesque woods of *Madeleine* on the east, and rare wild flowers in abundance are found. It is better to descend at once to *La Grave* for

luncheon. Here there is a most awe-inspiring series of ice-clad peaks and glaciers, including the majestic *Chaine de la Meijé*, which consist of three snowy pinnacles, the Pic Oriental, the graceful Pic Central, and the Grand Pic, a picture unrivalled in the Alps.

The Col du Galibier cannot be crossed from the end of September to the beginning of June—the Lauteret is usually open through October and May according to the winter snowfall.

If the former be impracticable the easy route by Le Bourg d'Oisans, Grenoble, and the Isère Valley can be followed from La Grave.

To climb the Col du Galibier great care must be exercised, the "lacets" or zigzags are many, the road narrow, the corners sharp, and the gradients heavy, while the road is on the edge of a precipice. The road runs into a wilderness after passing *La Mandette*, and the tunnel beneath the actual Col at an altitude of 8,530 feet is reached after 6 km. To enjoy the full view the actual top of the saddle, which is 190 feet above the tunnel, should be climbed. From here the views back towards La Meijé are stunning, the great Vallon de Valloire stretches out ahead and Mont Blanc is faintly perceptible 60 miles away to the north.

From the tunnel the descent into the valley of the Arc begins into the Maurienne district, and in 15 km. *Valloire* is reached, a summer resort. From here the road first ascends; but when a tunnel is gone through, it swoops downwards in spirals and hairpin corners over the slopes of the Big and Little Galibier. The landscape opens out, a deep ravine follows, and after a level stretch *St. Michel de Maurienne* marks the end of the descent from the Galibier and the Great Passes of the Alpes.

There is a short and attractive run from St. Michel to *St. Jean de Maurienne*, a picturesque mountain town of quaint, slate-roofed houses with a twelfth century cathedral containing some interesting stalls and a splendid arcaded cloister of alabaster. From St. Jean de Maurienne Route Nationale No. 6 can be entered, the shortest route by car between Paris and Aix and Turin and the big cities of

Northern Italy, for you are close to the frontier town of Modane.

A good road leads into the Isère valley, and on the opposite bank of the river into the highway that connects Chambéry and Aix with the Tarantaise district and the route over the Petit St. Bernard. The road is level, with no sharp corners, and has a good hard surface, and near Montmélian vineyards and gardens appear on the slopes, the landscape opens out, and through a few squalid suburbs, *Chambéry* is reached. It is the chief town of the Department of the same name. There is a twelfth century cathedral, and the old arcades of the Rue de Boigne are picturesque and lead to the ancient château, with its three towers crowning a slight hill, and its beautiful "Portail St. Dominique," which was taken from an old chapel and rebuilt in the palace grounds. (Hôtel de France, good cuisine and wines.)

There are two routes to Aix-les-Bains: one by the Faubourg du Reclus (14 km.), and another by the Rue Sommeillier, a trifle longer but better. By the latter the right turn at La Bourget (10 km.), must be carefully noted. You enter by the Avenue du Petit Port after travelling 104 miles from the valley of the Guisane, over the second highest road in Europe with such a diversity of scenery—beautiful mountain views, green valleys, and rushing rivers.

Les Gorges du Cians

This excursion starts by the valley of the Var keeping on the east bank of the river.

From Colomars is a view to the west to the picturesque village of Gattières on the heights to the west, with that of Carros to the north of it, both of them in the beautiful Esteron valley.

After passing Pont Charles Albert (23 km.) the valley narrows and becomes more interesting.

At the Plan du Var a road branches off to St. Martin-Vésubie and St. Sauveur-de-Tinée, and then both rail and road go through the Gorges de l'Echaudan, or Ciaudan,

which is so narrow that there is only room for the road and the stream, so the railway has to be carried through tunnels made in the solid rock, and only occasionally comes out into the open. The mountains rise to a height of 1,333 feet, so very little daylight reaches the bottom of the ravine. The road also has to pass through three tunnels, and continues through the Gorges de la Mescla, as fine, if not more so, than the last.

The valley widens out and villages are again seen on the slopes of the mountains—that of Villars-du-Var to the right, and at 49 km. Touët-du-Var at nearly 700 feet above at the foot of Mont Roccianda, on a rocky slope with old black houses, narrow streets, and arcades, on one of which the church is built, overhanging the depths below.

From here the road turns off at right angles to the north, for the Clus du Cians (51 km) runs parallel with the Gorge Dalhuis, and is a most beautiful one, so much so that it is difficult to say which is the finer, but the two together constitute the finest bits of scenery in the Var valley. The road crosses the torrent of the Cians and enters the magnificent lower ravines of the Gorge with calcareous rocks rising over 1,300 feet over the road. Two or three hamlets are passed on the way, and then the upper ravines are entered, the road always rising and curving and the mountains drawing nearer together, so that tunnels have been cut through the reddish rocks of schist for the carriage road to pass through.

The village of *Beuil* is reached, a good centre for summer excursions among the mountains. It is 24 km. from Touët, to which place the return must be made, and the same route back to Nice is usually followed, making an excursion of over 150 km.

The Vallons (Torrents)

Aspremonte lies at the head of the beautiful Magnan[1]

[1] The name Magnan is derived from the Magnani or blacksmiths, who defended the Barri du Magnani in former days during a war, when strong men from sundry corporations were called upon to defend the forts.

valley. There is nothing of particular interest in the place itself, but the road from Gairaut there gives some of the finest views in the neighbourhood of Nice. The best is just above the terrace over the cascade where the church of Gairut stands, whence you see Nice and its surroundings; to the left Mont Agel, and to the right the Estérels and the blue sea in front.

There is a little village of Bonson at the apex of a gigantic cliff, rising 1,000 feet sheer out of the River Var.

Farther up the Var valley, the views are again very fine.

To geologists the valley of the Var offers many points of interest, and the stratification and composition are well worth studying.

The Vallons of Nice are clefts in the mountains from 100 to 200 feet high, made by torrents of rushing water, leaving lofty, perpendicular walls, sometimes a quarter of a mile deep, and wide at the opening, but narrowing down to 2 or 3 feet, so that it is almost impossible to see the sky. The sides of these walls are clothed with bushes, maidenhair ferns, and mosses, giving a great variety of colour.

For the Vallon Obscur, the St. Barthélemy road should be followed past the monastery of that name, and two small bridges crossed, and a road will be found passing a mill and a grotto, when a path among gardens leads to the gorge of the Vallon Obscur. This consists of two cliffs 150 to 180 feet high, which keep parallel to each other for a length of 1,800 to 2,100 feet, forming a passage 6 to 12 feet wide in the middle. The sun never penetrates. A semicircular funnel is formed half-way through, 120 feet high; the sides are of round pebbles, polished like a mirror. The foliage and dripping water make it feel dank and cold.

Peille

From Nice you can drive to the Plan de Peille, where there is a Buvette; thence it is an hour's walk up to Peille.

Peille is situated on the western slope of a spur of Monts

Baudon and Agel, at the head of a short, narrow valley, that carries down the waters and stones into the River Paillon.

Situated on a lofty crag, it looks as though it were hung up in the sky; nevertheless, it was on one of the main roads of communication between Italy and Gaul, and there are the remains of several ancient settlements, and of Roman occupation.

Both at the foot and at the top of the hill there are signs of mighty conflicts and disasters, and it was also the victim of a landslip during one night, so the district where it happened bears the ominous name of "Concas," a hubbub.

There are traces of ancient, ruined fortifications; the streets are very narrow, the houses are all joined together and built of cut stone, and are frequently arched over the roadway. The style is Gothic, with pillared windows and carved doorways ornamented with mottoes and armorial bearings.

Peille possesses two quaint squares, the one with a disused church and tower with the floor of the natural rock; the pillars consist of huge stones roughly cut, and a block of porphyry hollowed out serves as a font, the whole work being very primitive. There is also an inn in this square.

The other square has a curious Hôtel de Ville, a mediaeval arch, and there are three churches.

The Peglians were an independent, restless, and warlike race, and the Consuls of Nice had to use considerable force against them in 1176.

There is a glorious walk over the mountains from here to Gorbio, taking about six hours, with most magnificent views.

Paillon

Paillon has no antiquarian interest like Peille, but for picturesque position and surroundings it ranks very high. It is built round the summit of a steep hill, and stands up as a compact and isolated group of old grey-walled, red-roofed buildings, remarkably picturesque.

Above it are three mighty crags, bare and gaunt, while

around it are vine-clad slopes and olive groves with the little river flowing at its feet, with two little old oil mills, and the greater mountains in the distance. The views from the top are not so striking as those of Paillon itself from below.

Paillon is half-way between Peille and La Turbie inland and due north.

Other Excursions—Drap, Contes, Bendejun, Coaraze, Châteauneuf

Above the Peille Bridge, which you cross, a carriage road leads eastward to Peillon and Peille. The village of Begude is next noticed on the left and to the right those of Tencia and Ganito. The bridge of Contes is the junction of the Escarène and Contes Road.

Contes (1,149 feet) is built in amphitheatre shape on a promontory with chestnut trees, and is an old town with narrow, winding streets, so sheltered by the mountains that olive, orange trees, and vines flourish. From the latter, a sweet, sparkling wine is made, and the olives are productive.

The road to the north-west is descended, and about 2 km. farther on is the picturesque Gorge of Romaurian. The Paillon is crossed on a stone bridge and the road ascends to *Bendejun*, an old Roman village with ruins.

Coaraze (2,040 feet) is reached 2 miles farther on foot through a wood of chestnut trees. It is built on a hill sloping down to the Paillon. Its church of the fifteenth century has a good painting supposed to be by Guido.

From *Bendejun* there is a footpath along the mountains leading to *Châteauneuf*, an old Roman town (1½ miles) and military station. At the present day it is a deserted ruin, in the same state as the troops of Barbarossa left it in 1543. The view from it extends to the Alps and over all the surrounding villages.

There are sea trips by small steamers from Nice to Cannes, Iles des Lérins, Monaco, and Mentone, three days a week. There are about a dozen cinemas.

Peira-Cava

Either bank of the River Paillon can at first be followed for this excursion, but if the west one be chosen the road to St. Martin Vésubie is left and the river crossed there, and in the angle between the two roads the ground is terraced in squares, on which pear trees were in bloom at the end of March. At *Trinité-Victor* (7 km.) the Paillon is joined by the torrent from Laghet. The main road does not run through this village, but passes it at an oblique angle, the church only facing the road, which is bordered by plane trees, which no doubt give welcome shade in summer, but in winter are not very ornamental.

Half-way between Drap and La Pointe de Contes (6 km.) the River Paillon and the road to Peille (*payie*) turn off to the east.

At La Pointe de Contes the road to Escarène divides and goes north-east, and the tiny stream is crossed and another avenue of plane trees appears with a few scattered houses, and the grey sand dunes follow close to the road, and the Col de Nice is crossed with long curving slopes upwards and olive trees to the skyline on the west, and grey slopes on the east, after which at 18 km. from Nice, the road zigzags up with four corners through the olive woods, where a mimosa was in full bloom, and after a steady rise *Escarène* (20 km. ; 1,173 feet) is reached.

Here the road again divides and the one going due north to Luceram is followed. At the junction of the two, after the viaduct has been left behind, a broad, level space shows up with strong stone walls on the one side, and this is the site of the future railway station of Escarène on the new Nice-Sospel-Tenda-Turin line. The men were busy working on a portion of it, and the entrance to one of the many tunnels was seen, as it must here pass through the mountain to reach the other valley from Escarène over the Col de Braus.

Opposite this site there is an opening in the high mountains to the west, and the village of Berre is seen on the top of an isolated peak.

Soon after this the mountains close in, and the road runs along a ledge on the slopes very little raised above the stream, which narrows here to about 4 to 6 feet and continues to curve in and out and rise, for it has 400 feet to ascend before Luceram is reached. On the way to it is the Grotto du Drac (360 feet deep) and the Foux spring.

Luceram (2,216 feet) is a curious village in the fork of the mountains, standing high above the road and built on rocks with old, steep mule-paths leading up to the church and higher still to the remains of the old castle and the fortifications. Numerous laden donkeys seemed to be carrying on the work of the villagers.

Luceram

was a Roman colony and afterwards a free State. The original walls of defence, to the north, with the remains of one of the towers, is still in a fair state of preservation. Luceram is built on the slope and the wall is at a rather sharp angle crowned with its battlements and shot-holes. The winding streets are very narrow and dirty and joined together with earthquake arches. The church was renovated during the Renaissance, and there are four good oil paintings, representing saints and Biblical scenes, and three others bearing the date 1486.

There is rather a fine monument at the entrance to the village to the memory of those who fell in the Great War, 1914–1918.

From Luceram steep zigzags begin to reach the Col de St. Roch (17 km.) Pass (3,640 feet), followed by two or three long hairpin curves, and then the zigzags begin again to reach the Cime du Rocaillon (4,775 feet), whence a long tongue of land juts out with a precipice on either side of, and overlooking, two valleys, and a straight run is made through the Forêt des Moissins, where the snow lay many inches deep, except upon the very narrow road, which was inches deep in mud and slush.

From Luceram to *Peira Cava* (5,000 feet) there is a rise

of 1,360 feet and thirty-five corners, besides sharp curves, to be most carefully and skilfully negotiated, for there is barely room for heavy motor chars-à-bancs to turn, and in many places the low stone wall, about 2 feet high, had been completely knocked down.

Peira Cava (27 km. from Luceram) means hollow-stone, and is a central summer resort for mountain excursions on foot, and the Grand Hôtel de Peira Cava is recommended by the Touring Club as well as the Alpine Club of France. It is a very small place with a few hotels, a few houses, and a post office. An effort is being made to turn it into a winter resort for sports, such as skating, tobogganing and ski-ing, as there is sometimes a depth of 3 feet of snow.

Beautiful as the ascent is, the descent is much more breathless, for you see the whole run of the road with a bird's-eye view and the chain upon chain of mountains entrance the eye on all sides, for they are all different, and extend to every point of the compass, with distracting effect. To the east there are the mountains of Italy to the Roya valley and Fontan, to the south from one point seven different chains varying in height can be seen, while to the north and west the Alps with snow-capped tops are visible.

Luceram shows like a small spot deep down in the valleys from the Cime de Rocaillon, although it is over 2,000 feet high.

Saint-Martin-Vésubie, (3,333 feet)

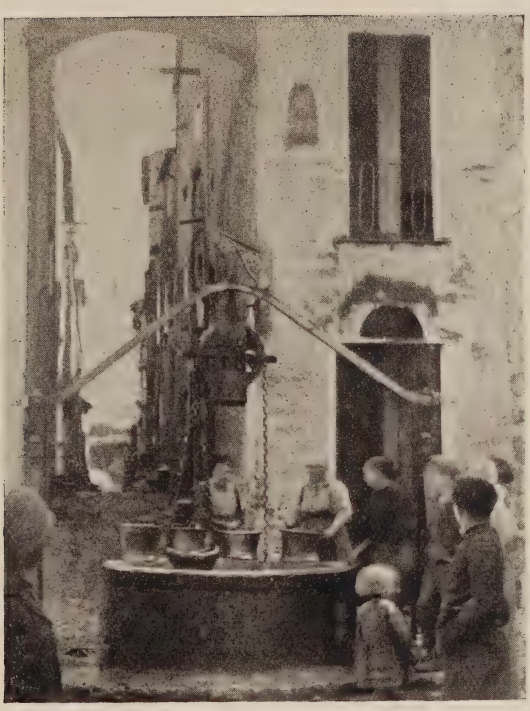
Saint-Martin-Vésubie is a summer resort, and may become a place for winter sports, as it lies in a valley surrounded by high mountains, on which there is snow in winter. By motor car it takes about three hours to reach it, as it is 65 km. from Nice. The route lies by the side of the Paillon torrent, at first along a road lined on both sides by plane trees. The first thing noticed on the left on the top of a hillock is the *monastery of St. Pons*, and next *Falicon* in the distance, and at a distance of 6 km. *St. André* appears on the right, crowned by its castle. From here the mountains draw together, and rise sheer from the ground, showing bare,

grey rocks with only a few shrubs growing on them, and the road winds through the cool and shady pass of the *Gorge of Saint André*. Thence the mountains widen out and the sides are terraced, with olive trees growing on them, as far as *Tourette-Levens*, on its lofty hill, with its Roman ruins and tower, faced by high mountains to the east.

From this point the scenery alters in character and becomes more pastoral, with green, grassy meadows and low hills far apart, and after a hairpin curve the road descends to *Levens-Vésubie* (22 km.) and passes through the village, and soon after is joined by the other road from St. Martin-du-Var and the railway line. The road turns eastward and makes a hairpin curve between high, bare mountains with no trees, descending rapidly and requiring very careful driving, as it is no uncommon occurrence to find a laden mountain cart near the middle of the road, with both driver and mule both asleep and quite oblivious to the noise or toot of the car. The magnificent ravine of the Saut-de-France is entered, with lofty vertical rocks on both sides, those to the west being of cold grey, while those on the east assume a much warmer hue. The village of *Duranus* (31·5 km.) where the fine Pagari bridge is, is passed, and the mountains to the east assume a most peculiar brown tint, as though covered with lichen or moss. There are two more hairpin curves and *St. Jean-la-Rivière* (34·5 km.) is reached. Here there is a fine bridge over the River Vésubie, consisting of one wide Norman arch and three small pointed ones on each side of it. (Hôtel du Midi.)

There is a zigzag path from this bridge leading up to the hamlet of *Utelle* (9 km.) on the west (2,666 feet) to the canal, which supplies Nice and Beaulieu with water. A quick run is made to the hamlet of *Le Suchet* (39 km.), where the peaks are low and the valley widens out, and there is a zigzag path on the west over the bridge leading to *Pelasque*, and farther along the road one to *St. Pancrace*, where there is an ancient convent. At 45 km. *Lantosque* is reached, and to the east is a road which subdivides into two parts, the right to the Col de Porte by Loda, and the left to Peira-Cava.

Two km. further on the road to Bollène branches off ; the



VILLANOVA WELL WITH BOAT-SHAPED BUCKETS, PROBABLY 2,000 YEARS OLD

ST. MARTIN VÉSUBIE

valley widens out, and on a height to the east is Belvédère, a small summer resort.

At the Gordolasque bridge Roquebillière (1,910 feet; 51 km.), a picturesque-looking village of fair size, with brown overhanging roofs, is reached, the starting point for the summer resorts of Belvédère and Berthemont-les-Bains (7 km.), where there are sulphuric and sodium baths.

A little farther on to the west there are iron ropes and a cradle across the valley for swinging tree trunks over, and then a double line of snow-capped peaks, five at the back and four to the front, with mountain slopes meeting and interlacing in front of them, and then a view of the village of *Venanson* (3,833 feet) on a bare, stony peak jutting out into the valley to the stream and overlooking another valley of the same name. To the east are grassy terraces up the mountain side. A little further on is seen the range of snow mountains closing in the head of the valley and protected from the north by them is St. Martin-Vésubie (3,333 feet), a large village partly old and partly new and a summer resort, with several hotels, which are shut up in winter, but there is one open on the " Place " by the church, where refreshments can be obtained. There is an old Roman bridge over the River Vésubie and a few old houses. There are many mountain excursions to be made from here. The return is by the same road as far as Levens, then follows a long tunnel lighted by electricity, to avoid the steep incline of the road; a turn to the west leads to the valley of the Var, and a quick run is made along its bank, the old frontier between Italy and France.

Nice; Sospel (110 km.); Mentone

With this excursion the east bank of the River Paillon, underneath the Mont Gros Observatory, is first followed and the village of *Trinité-Victor* (866 feet; 7 km.) is reached. Here there are walled-in Roman ruins and milestones, and a Roman track below the Drette fortress, to which a footpath leads. At 12 km. is the village of *Drap* built on both sides

of the Paillon River, an uninteresting-looking one scattered along the sides of the main road. In former days it was important, for in 1238 it was given to the Bishops of Nice, who still hold the title of " Counts of Drap," and the ruins of their old feudal castle are on the heights to the east overlooking the River Peillon and the village of Peille and the Laguet valley.

The road then crosses the river and leaves it going north close to the hills clothed with pines to the top on the east side. Then the valley widens out and the west road goes to Contes (13 km.) while the right is bordered with plane trees on both sides, and the broken ground on the left is soft and grey, giving the appearance of sand dunes. The tram line and pretty old bridge are left on the road going to Contes, where there are vineyards and olives.

The road then began to rise with several zigzags, passing through wooded slopes covered with olive trees to the right and pine trees to the left, and then came a stretch of rocks composed of grey slabs (Sospel, 24 km.) where a few sheep and goats were trying to find something to eat by the wayside. Another rising zigzag followed and then the road turned to the east and descended quickly to the old town of *Escarène*, picturesquely spread out at the foot of the road, showing old walls, houses, and ruins. Here on a viaduct was the first sign of the new railway to Coni and Turin, which has been in course of construction for about thirty-five years, and looks as though it would take a similar time to complete, for though men were at work upon it in March, 1923, no signs of it were to be seen higher up.

From Escarène the road rises to Touët-de-l'Escarène (22 km.), and overhanging it to the west is a mighty crag. St. Laurent (2 km. further) is passed by with three fine jagged crags jutting out from the river bed, into which flows the Cascade of St. Laurent, with mingled red and grey rocks. A long hairpin curve followed, and on a narrow part of the road a traction engine with two trucks was met coming down filled with stones for the railway construction.

Then began a series of hairpin curves leading up to the top of the mighty crag before mentioned, which was the

Col de Brous (3,430 feet). It is a gaunt, grey stony mountain, with no growth on it to soften its exterior, until the rocks begin to show a touch of yellow. At 15 km. from Sospel another traction engine with stone-laden trucks was met, a very awkward train to meet on a zigzag, with a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. After having safely negotiated about sixteen corners the top was reached, 13 km. from Sospel, a fairly level plateau, from which a magnificent view over the mountains and roads, recently passed, was obtained. Two quarries of grey and yellow stone followed, where the men were busy squaring huge blocks looking like granite for supporting piers below, for the railway deep down in the valley. A short run across the plateau with bleak, open mountain tops followed, and on turning a corner, the other valley was seen, with ranges of mountains one behind the other, the furthest in Italy being snow-tipped. (Nice 30 km.). The descent of the Col St. Jean by zigzags was then begun with pine woods to the right, and after six corners had been turned a long hairpin road followed, then another eight corners followed with another long hairpin curve, and six more zigzags ended in a long road curving in and out till *Sospel* was reached through fine olive groves full of fruit, which was then being gathered. The earlier crops lower down are obtained in December and January.

The golf links and golf hotel are beyond the village and to the south-east of it. This is the great attraction for winter English visitors, who stay there for many weeks to pursue their favourite sport.

Sospel

Sospel, or Sospello, is a quaint old Italian town on its lonely plateau, in a basin-shaped valley, with its wide-spreading mountain views of France on the one hand, and Italy on the other. It is now the chief town of a canton, and is 1,146 feet above the sea.

We know nothing about it until the arrival of Julius Cæsar in the Alpes Maritimes, when it became a strongly

fortified Roman station. It was burnt down at the end of the eighth century, and one of the present quarters, called the Cremaja, still preserves traces of fire on some of the walls.

In the sixteenth century there was a terrible massacre of the heretics by burning, and in the Middle Ages the town suffered cruelly from Lombards, Saracens, Guelphs, and Ghibellines, the latter being represented by the powerful families of the Lascaris and Grimaldis. In 1658 there was a visitation of plague, followed by a pilgrimage to Laguet of all the inhabitants left, capable of walking a distance of ten miles over mountain passes, and along rough, stony mule-paths.

The River Bevera divides the town into two parts, and they are connected by two bridges, one of which was built by the Romans with a tower in the middle of it. The town was formerly surrounded by strong ramparts, of which remains may be seen on the north side.

The parish church of St. Michel is supported by a double row of pillars, each of a single stone ; the tower is of pyramidal form, and is the only part in which the Gothic appearance is still preserved.

There is an old council hall, and an ancient house called " La Barbette," because it served as a church for a colony of Huguenots, named Barbets on account of their long beards.

This district has marble and alabaster quarries, and coal and iron mines, but they are badly worked and almost abandoned, for want of funds and good roads.

Beyond Sospel the road begins to zigzag up the famous Col de Brouis, and down the other side, until Giandola is reached, which is the junction of the road from Ventimiglia. Thence it proceeds to San Dalmazzo and over the Col di Tenda to Turin. At Sospel this road joins the other from Mentone.

A railway has also been in course of construction from Nice to Sospel and Turin for many years, but owing to engineering difficulties, shortage of funds, and the Great War of 1914 to 1918, the work has not yet been completed. When it is, it will be a great advantage to both the French and Italian Rivieras, as well for tourists as for commerce.

COL DE BROUS, NEAR SOSPEL

COL DE CASTILLON TO MONTI

The mountains to the south of Sospel consist of high, bleak, bare, grey crags stretching across the valley, and in the small opening between them some jagged ruins can be seen on the skyline. On leaving Sospel the road first retraces its steps, but on the opposite side of the valley with a good view of *Fort Barbonnet*, which also suffered in the great earthquake of 1887 and was split in two, in the direction of south to north, the fissures in many places being 45 cms. (1½ feet) wide. The lower slope of the mountain consists of terraces built up with stone and the ground looks productive, and the upper part is pine woods, while lower down are olive, cherry, almond, and fig trees. As the road rises there is a good view of the old part of Sospel and the church.

The tram line to Mentone at first runs by the side of the road, but soon is hidden in a long tunnel, only to appear again at intervals when the carriage road crosses the line.

The road rises steadily all the way until at 17 km. from Mentone old Castiglione is seen rising sheer from the valley on three sides blocking out the view to north and south. This is the highest point of the road between Sospel and Mentone and dominates the entire valley.

Castillon

The River Carrei is the largest and longest torrent in the Mentone district, although its bed looks to be nothing but stones, but it is fed from all the hills and mountains between Baudon and Bress, and has dug its way through obstacles 18 feet high, when an unexpected flood has rapidly filled its bed, and the torrent has had to make an outlet somewhere for itself, as it dashes wildly down. There are also numerous springs within the bed of the torrent, from which come pure, icy-cold water even in summer.

Castillon is about 15 km. from Mentone up the Carrei valley, and the Sospellians, living in a very fertile valley watered by the River Bevera behind it, founded it to prevent adventurous seafarers from invading their territory. Castil-

lon was on a ridge in the valley, which separates the Bevera from the sea, and here a strong castle was erected on the only vulnerable point to which a mule-path led.

When the invaders started coming from the land side, Castillon was of military importance, commanding as it did various Roman roads, and even now it is at the junction of several strategical points, roads, and passes among the valleys along the boundary line. The Romans strengthened it, as did also the Saracens, while the Spanish, French, and Austrians destroyed every road of communication, for both Sospello and Castillon suffered terribly in the Middle Ages from perpetual warfare.

The present road was only completed in 1866, and the French Government have erected a very strong fortress on the Barbonnet overlooking it.

Since the earthquake of 1887 the old village of Castillon is only a shapeless mass of ruins, although it was built upon a rock, and the hapless inhabitants whose homes were wrecked have rebuilt their houses lower down, and display marvellous ingenuity, patience, perseverance, self-denial, frugality, and mutual goodwill in wringing a livelihood out of the unproductive, stony rock.

From this point the road begins to descend through the new village of Castillon, and the railway is in sight again, and the former makes a long hairpin curve, and then the zigzags down begin again with thirteen sharp corners to be carefully negotiated, while the railway is again hidden in various tunnels, until it once more comes out into the open, and describes a half circle on a viaduct built up from the valley beneath, vibrating in mid-air, causing the timorous to quake with fear as they see nothing but space on both sides of them.

The road continues to make several hairpin curves, and then the hamlet of *Monti* (5 km. from Mentone) is reached. The houses are hidden in the orange trees flaming with bright fruit, in juxtaposition to the soft tinted lemons and with olive and pine trees to act as a foil.

Only the spire of the church shows up. This was built by Honoré V, Prince of Monaco, and is a great boon to the

surrounding hamlets. The bell-ringer, being of a sleepy nature, has with great ingenuity passed a wire into his bedroom to his very bedside, by means of which he can ring the church bell and not rise a minute before it is absolutely necessary. His ablutions must be of a most perfunctory type! Looking up to the opposite side of the valley a little to the north two mighty crags are seen, offshoots of Mont Grosso, while the old village of Castellar nestles under the shelter of the Berceau.

Not far from this point in the Carrei torrent the Water Company has made a reservoir, by hollowing out the bed of the river, and thence it is conveyed in pipes for the use of Mentone. It is unfortunately very hard water. There is an old stone bridge in front of it, and a cascade of water with a fall of about 120 feet.

From Monti a quick run is made down the Carrei valley which becomes uninteresting as it approaches the sea, and the Mentone public gardens, with band discoursing sweet music, is reached.

There is a choice of roads for the return to Nice from Mentone: La Grande Corniche wending its way up to La Turbie; La Petite Corniche near the shore, along which the tram line runs, and which is very narrow, noisy and dusty.

The third is the middle, La Moyenne-Corniche, half-way up the slope between the other two. In its present form it is a new, wide, well-made road, part of it being the old Roman road, the Aurelian way. From Mentone the tram line is left before reaching Cap Martin and the Grande Corniche road as far as Roquebrune is followed, where it descends to La Petite Corniche, through Monte Carlo, and then before the peninsula of Monaco, it ascends a little and a beautiful view is obtained over the palace of the sovereign Prince of Monaco, the harbour, Monte Carlo and the coast line right away to Italy. Under the protruding Tête de Chien, the road curves round and continues its sinuous course looking down upon every wooded projecting spur from the mountains above. The road has been hewn out of the mountain side and rises sheer on the land side and

falls away on the south, giving a bird's-eye view of every place on the shore, Cap Roux, Beaulieu, St. Jean, Cap St. Hospice, and the magnificent harbour of Villefranche, formed by the two peninsulas of Cap Ferrat and Cap de Montboron with a lighthouse on each point.

This road enables you to make a more intimate acquaintance with Eze, which from below appears to be on the skyline.

Eza (Eze)

Eze is perched on a steep, isolated, rugged rock, above Beaulieu, and is easily reached now by the new carriage road between the upper and lower Corniche roads. The Romans used it as a station and it was a real robbers' nest, but was once most important and had its own Consuls and impregnable castle. It was besieged by all the marauders of the coast who took it and lost it in turn, until its fortifications had been so much undermined by successive assaults, that all idea of repairing the castle was abandoned, and in 1604 Eza was given up as a strategical point.

The parish church was being rebuilt in 1770, when the painter David was on his way to Rome to study, and arrived at Eza late one night footsore and weary, so the *curé* took him in for the night, and also gave him an introduction to a kinsman of his own in Rome.

The young man prospered, and in acknowledgment of the help he had received from the *curé*, he sent him a painting by himself of St. John the Baptist to be put into the new church. About 1880 this picture vanished, and on inquiries being made respecting it, it was found that the Consuls of Eza had sold it to an Englishman for 500 francs, whereas it was then worth 100,000 francs. That picture is now in our English National Gallery.

The terrible storm that followed the earthquake of 1887 on May 14th did much damage to Eza. The lightning struck the remains of the old castle wall, split the rock and a few heavy pieces of it fell down, to the great danger of the houses, and the castle exists no longer. The shock was more violent

than that of the earthquake. Some minutes later a powerful flash of lightning struck the church and took off 40 square metres of the roof.

Eza has now lost all its importance, and is only a poor, struggling village of honest, hard-working people, who till the remains of the soil left to them, tend their goats and sheep, and store their corn and vegetables, and turn their olive trees to good account.

All the water required must be carried in buckets up the natural staircase of the rock.

There is a legend, dating from A.D. 575, in connexion with Eza and St. Jean :

It was then described as being crowned by a very strong castle, situated on a lofty, formidable rock with massive construction. A few monks and people of Beaulieu strolled up the steep slope one day on a peaceful mission, when they were suddenly surrounded by a gang of men in ambush, and every one was slain. The legend says that the blood of the martyred streamed down the slopes, and flowed in a straight line out to sea to St. Jean, where it attracted the attention of some fishermen. They got into their boats to investigate it, and as they drew near, the stream of blood drew back again to the shore, and the fishermen followed it up the pathway leading to Eza's castle, where the murdered men lay around a cross, which had never been seen there before.

They buried the victims in one common grave, and seemed to be helped in their task of digging by invisible hands, which made their work easy.

The cross remained where they had found it, as a constant reminder of a dastardly deed, and the fishermen returned to St. Jean to relate what they had seen and done.

The road from Eze begins to descend and the next point of interest is a very small museum on the top of the hill, from which it passes over the Col de Villefranche with the former road to that place from Nice and makes a tour of Montboron, regains the tram line and finishes this magnificent tour at the Place Masséna.

History II

The second portion of Liguria extended from the River Var, exclusive of the town of Nice which was independent, to Bordighera and was peopled by the tribe of the Intermelii, who were divided into Highlanders living on the higher ridges of the Maritimes Alpes and the Lowlanders, who lived by agriculture near the sea. The former lived by brigandage and piracy, as they could not wring a living out of the rocks.

They were all a frugal, industrious, enterprising people, with great strength and agility, although their usual diet was barley porridge.

The whole district consisted of rocky ravines and forest-clad mountains intersected with mule-paths, but without roads.

About 238 B.C. the first fighting took place between the Romans and the Ligurians of this section, as the former wished to stop the predatory incursions of the latter, and also to force a thoroughfare along the coast, so as to keep up communication by land with Spain for commerce.

The Ligurians fought fiercely and put every obstacle in the way of the Romans, but finally had to submit to them and by 40 B.C. the whole of Liguria was incorporated with the Roman Empire.

The Romans had now obtained what they wanted, a strip of land 8 feet wide close to the shore of the Mediterranean, for the purpose of making a public road, from Rome to Arles, and this section of it from Vada near Savona to the Var valley was the last of the five to be completed in 12 B.C. It was 93 miles long, and was called the Via Julia Augusta.

But in this portion which was only a narrow shelf backed by the mountains, they did not wish to settle, for food was difficult to obtain, so they left the Ligurians in possession of it and passed on to the widening plains of Provence, and there remained in great numbers.

After this peace reigned in these parts till A.D. 400, when a fresh menace appeared, but this time from the sea, when one race of barbarians after another arrived, until the Ligurians were almost annihilated.

It is now hard to realize that the French Riviera from Nice to St. Louis Gorge was Italian, except Monaco, with Italian-speaking people, and Italian names down to 1860.

La Grande Corniche

Napoleon I may well have been called the "road-maker," for this stupendous bit of engineering was done by his orders in 1806, in order to provide a military road. The name, meaning a cornice or ledge, is a most suitable one, as the road follows the shape of the mountains at a good elevation, being in some places 1,700 feet above sea level.

It is said to be the finest road in Europe, and extends from Nice to Mentone, passing through La Turbie, skirting Roquebrune, and at the base of Cap Martin, it turns round and joins the lower road, "Le Petit Corniche," by which the return journey to Nice can be made along a dusty road with tram lines, tunnels through the headlands, beautiful bays and promontories. The circular tour is about 40 miles, and can be begun in the reverse direction from Mentone.

Starting from Nice, the road crosses the Paillon River, and a steady ascent is begun almost at once through the olive woods, which clothe the lower slopes of Mont Gros. The road winds up higher and higher until the whole valley of the Paillon is spread out below and there are incomparable peeps of the mountain ranges. In the foreground, Mont Chauve rears its stony top with the forts keeping guard over the town of Nice at its foot and the mountain ranges on all three sides. Villages are dotted about everywhere, on slopes and isolated hills, whence the inhabitants could watch for the approach of the dreaded Saracens or other enemies in days long gone by.

The road makes a long loop, and passes round three sides of the *Observatoire* (1,116 feet). This was built in 1880 on the crest of Mont Gros and stands in very large grounds. The Great Cupola of 312 feet in diameter can be completely turned round in four minutes, and contains a

telescope 60 feet long, with an objective of 3 feet. There is also a secondary one of much smaller capacity.

The road winds round Mont Vinaigre as it continues to rise in spirals, the olive trees are left behind, and pines take their place, and a falling away in the slope of the mountain allows of a good view of Beaulieu and the peninsula of Cap Ferrat, which forms the eastern projection of Villefranche Harbour, with Cap St. Hospice and Cap Jean.

With a high mountain on the one side, and a precipice falling away for hundreds of feet below on the other, and a road that apparently ends in space, and sometimes a wall of mist in front of a sharp turn in the road, you think your last moment has really come, when suddenly a fairy wand is waved, the mist breaks away, and picturesque villages appear, of whose proximity you had no idea.

The road makes a circular bend inwards and then outwards and circles round three sides of the venerable, hoary old village of Eze, with the ruins of its once formidable castle fortress, perched on the top of a cone 1,327 feet high, and the Caps and Villefranche in the background.

The mountains here are grey and stern with only an occasional pine tree to break the monotony as the road continues to rise to *La Turbie*. Before this point is reached, there is a magnificent view over the green, wooded valley of Laghet, with all the high mountain peaks in the distance.

Turbia

The name is a corruption of Tropaia, the trophy, and the Tower of Augustus built probably in A.D. 13 was a trophy of his victories over the Ligurians, and was erected by him on the most conspicuous point of the Alpes Maritimes, and was the terminus of the Roman road, which was built by Augustus in A.D. 12.

The establishment of the Roman Empire was after all the greatest political work any human being ever wrought. The old tower of La Turbie was one of the great historic monuments, the consecration of Roman power over the land of

Gaul, and the witness to the subjugation of forty-five Ligurian tribes.

This most striking tower of Turbia had a square basement about 24 feet high, above which rose a circular fluted structure of 100 feet perimeter and 60 feet high, supported by eleven square pilasters of equal size, and at equal distances from each other, and divided into two stages, with marble columns ranging one above another, and niches between them filled with statues of eminent generals and consuls, and the whole capped by a colossal statue of Augustus 220 feet high.

A winding staircase, constructed in the roomy interior, led to the pinnacle. A door is visible in several old engravings. The four sides of the building measured 230 feet each, and at a certain height there was a plinth, surmounted by a forum of Doric order. The stones were quarried in the immediate neighbourhood and were chiselled on the spot, some round, but mostly square, and bound together with iron and lead.

For 700 years this striking tower remained intact. Then the marbles, that had decorated the exterior were carried away by the Genoese ; the French, regarding it as a fortification, destroyed it, and only one half of it is now standing. The massive lower part only is of the old Roman work ; the upper structure, consisting of a mediaeval fortress, was built over the original nucleus, which was of inferior masonry, with the characteristic Italian cornice, and looks now as though it had been cleft in two from top to bottom.

The village, 1,500 feet above the sea, is a quaint mediaeval one, astride upon a Col, or saddleback, between two great limestone peaks, and was the highest point on the old Aurelian way. The view from here is most extensive, covering the whole sea coast from San Remo on the east, to the Maures mountains and St. Tropez on the west, with all the intervening towns and villages including the Var valley.

Most of the houses in the village have been built out of the materials of this giant tower, and a good many fragments of importance may still be found, in pulling down and reconstructing houses, and Turbia looks now poor and forsaken on its lonely mountain.

Near it is the tremendous, projecting precipice of the Tête de Chien, a corruption for Tête du Camp, preserving the memory of the head-quarters of Cæsar's Legions here, after the conquest of Gaul.

From Turbia is a very steep, stony path of terraced steps down to Monaco, as there was no shore road there till Napoleon constructed the Grande Corniche and the Petite Corniche.

In A.D. 957 Turbia belonged to Ventimiglia, and in 1070 the Chapel of St. Dévota was in Turbian territory, and they built St. Mary's Church near the Port d'Hercules, but in 1215 it, with Eza, was declared neutral ground.

In 1329 it was decided by law that the people of Turbia should fish in Port d'Hercules for two consecutive days, and then the people of Monaco for the same time, as both had claimed the exclusive right to the fishing. There were endless disputes and treaties about communal and individual grievances between Turbia and Monaco for 600 years from 1100 to 1700.

When the late Prince Albert of Monaco was married for the second time to the Duchesse of Richelieu on October 30th, 1889, the Turbians followed an ancient custom, and sent him a lamb in tiny shoes fastened by rosy ribbons, a pigeon, and an olive branch, as was done when Turbia was a vassal, or perhaps a part of Monaco. This custom was also followed when Prince Louis II took possession of his Sovereign Principality after the death of his father.

The funicular railway between La Turbie and Monaco, lands its passengers not far from the Augustus trophy, and a road eastward leads to the golf course on Mont Agel, whence a motor-bus plies. The Hôtel Rhigi at La Turbie houses many English enthusiasts, and the air and scenery are perfect.

From here the road descends rapidly, always curving in and out, so that different views of the surroundings may be obtained.

The next point of interest reached is the village of Roquebrune above Cap Martin, and a very fine view is obtained of the splendid castle ruins and of the village.

Roccabruna (Roquebrune)

Roccabruna is perched 800 feet above the sea, and you can drive up for a short distance, as far as a small piazza, or square, called Place des Frères, with precipices on two sides of it. In the town itself there are only mule-paths with steps, leading in every direction.

Roccabruna existed before the arrival of the Romans, and it can be proved that it was Mentone's twin sister, and with Eza was one of the three chief towns along this bit of the coast. Their names appear together in A.D. 477, when the Counts of Ventimiglia sold both to the Ventos, but retained the castle, the "Château des Lascaris," which was attacked by the people of Ventimiglia in September, 1184. The Saracens took possession of Eza, Turbia and St. Agnèse about A.D. 800, but were driven out in 980, and for 500 years these towns all fought one another.

In 1290 two great parties equally determined, energetic, and rapacious, fought for the balance of power: the Guelphs, the partisans of the Pope, and the Ghibellines, the supporters of Imperial influence and authority—and a treaty was signed on June 20, 1330 by Charles Grimaldi, a Guelph, as Governor, and in 1355 he purchased the castle, town and territory from Lascaris, Count of Ventimiglia, thus uniting Monaco, Roccabruna, and Mentone, and this union lasted for 500 years.

In 1536 it was sacked by the Turks, and in 1560 it was set on fire and much damaged, and the present state of the castle ruins dates from that time.

The castle of the Lascaris on the summit was a good mediaeval fortress, with a fine, square tower still standing. It is possible to go up to the top of the castle ruins, and the view from them over Monte Carlo, Monaco, and the Tête de Chien is enchanting in the morning light.

There is a legend that the original castle and village stood a little higher up, and that one night the whole of it slipped down to its present site, and when the villagers awoke in the morning they found to their astonishment, that they had changed their position and slid farther down

the slope. Whatever grain of truth there may be in this, it is certain that there are ruins higher up unaccounted for, and probably a landslip did take place, caused by an unusually dry summer followed by heavy, autumn rains or by internal convulsions.

The streets are very narrow and well paved with cobbles, but the houses are built so that the back of the lower dwelling is the foundation of the front wall of the higher one, and the roof forms a terrace on which they dry their figs and linen. One shot from a modern battleship at this village would be sufficient to make the whole pile roll headlong into the sea.

The fountain which supplies all the water in the Rue de la Fontaine is a famous one. The well is about 16 feet deep, and never dries up, and the water is equally deep both in August and December, so the natives say it is bewitched, but there must be a hidden spring in the ground which keeps it supplied.

A Roman milestone was dug up in Roccabruna when the railway was made and that is now to be seen in the garden of the Prince of Monaco.

The Fête day of Roccabruna is Ste. Marguerite—July 20th.

Within the parish church of Roccabruna one of the strangest religious ceremonies is still kept up, but there is no piety, no devotion or common reverence, for they act the Passion Week in the strange costumes of mummers, and there is more merrymaking than religion. A full account of the ceremony will be found with the history of Mentone.

There is a pleasant walk to Mentone by a footpath leading through extensive olive groves, and these trees have a great charm for many with their venerable age, rugged boles, and dark trunks, making such a contrast with the small, light silvery, graceful grey-green foliage, of the olive that waves about with every light zephyr that blows.

A short rest can be obtained at the Chapelle de la Pause dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Neige," apparently a misnomer in this warm, sheltered spot, although her broad-shouldered neighbour, Mont Agel sometimes wears a winter garment for a few days.

From here a quick run is made at the back of Cap Martin by the barracks to Mentone.

Nice to Villefranche

On leaving Nice the character of the coast alters, there are neither valleys nor beaches, for the bluffs of the Alpes Maritimes go straight down to the sea, and the limestone mountains are a barrier to the icy North wind.

The roads are bordered with aloes and palms, and the grey walls supporting terraces are brightened with hanging geraniums and mesembryanthemums 12 to 15 feet long. The olive trees attain great age, size and beauty and sometimes grow to a height of 60 feet and are 54 feet in circumference.

The oranges and lemons flourish here and at Mentone as nowhere else, and in March may be seen scarcely opened buds, flowers fully blown, and perfectly ripe fruit, and the trees are only without edible fruit for a few months in the summer.

Villefranche

This beautiful, natural harbour is one of the finest in Europe, and is formed by two bluffs of the Maritimes Alpes—Mont Boron and Mont Alban to the west, and the peninsula of Cap Ferrat with Cap St. Hospice to the east, the two not a mile apart like immense moles about two miles long. It was most unwillingly given up by Italy to France. It is a favourite station of giant men-of-war of all nations, yet if they had been there in 1564, they would have been swept away, like so many toys.

For then a most terrible earthquake made all the rocks round here quiver and totter; it heaved the waters up to a tremendous height, and hurled them back with violence.

The sea receded a long way, so that the harbour was laid bare for half a mile, and the whole basin sank considerably.

That was followed in 1575 by a terrific gale, unparalleled

in these regions, which drove the waves over the neck of the peninsula, dashed the ships and boats to splinters, and carried away the pier.

Villafranca was an important maritime town, so the harbour is strongly fortified, and the lighthouse, white as Parian marble, and the citadel built in 1560, add much to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

In olden days it was a stronghold of the Saracens, the prey of African and eastern pirates, often a bone of contention and therefore a sufferer.

The old Bagnio, where prisoners were chained to rings in the floor, is now the Russian marine station for collecting specimens to be sent to Russian universities. What will be its future fate ?

There was a ship built here in 1522 by the Knights Templars, and it was the first iron or rather lead-clad vessel ever launched, and contained 6 decks, a chapel, a powder store, a bake-house, and carried a crew of 300. Her enormous size for those days has given rise to the appellation " La nou de Ròdi," the Rhodian ship being applied to any ship of extra-large dimensions.

The bay is bounded on three sides by a chain of hills, covered with a mass of foliage, the trees bending down to the water's edge, so that the reflections are quite distinct.

Cap Ferrat

There is a peninsula nearly a mile long, forming the eastern shore of Villafranca, which has two points like the letter Y, the one being Cap Ferrat and the other Cap St. Hospice. It was probably so called from the iron which gives a reddish appearance to the rocks. All the fine forest was cut down in the time of the Saracens, but the late King of the Belgians had a beautiful residence here, where the waste has been transformed by growing every sort of tropical tree.

There is a lighthouse and big hotel on the point of Cap Ferrat now.

On the north-east of the guard house is an Englishman's tomb dated 1817.

St. Hospice

Cap St. Hospice is the eastern extremity of the peninsula forming Villefranche harbour, and was one of the early stations of the Christian missionaries, and was called "Sanctus Auspicius."

About A.D. 560 St. Hospice settled here, and worked hard to instruct and convert the people to Christianity. His great persuasive power, his wonderful gift of prophesying and working miracles and his many good deeds increased his influence and disciples.

One day, in addressing his congregation, he prophesied that the Lombards were coming there, and would destroy seven of their towns because of their sins, and told them all to collect their worldly goods, and retire with them into one of the fortified strongholds, where they would be safe.

His monks were not to leave the place, as it was their duty to look after the sick and infirm, and to meet coming events with Christian resignation.

Then he shut himself up in an old tower on the ridge of this peninsula, which was then called St. Soupir, the tower of sighs, and had himself chained up in it, only one arm being free. All openings were walled up except one small window, through which he received bread, dates, and herbs, and listened to communications and confessions.

In A.D. 573 the Lombards crossed the Col di Tenda, advanced rapidly, and burned seven towns as prophesied by St. Hospice, and carried devastation into the open country.

They reached this tower on the promontory, and thought it must contain hidden treasure, so one of them climbed on the top, and found only an emaciated old man in chains. They asked him what crime he had committed. "I am a murderer, and by each crime I crucified the Son of my God anew." On hearing this revolting statement, one of the Lombards raised his weapon to strike a deadly blow on the criminal's head, but to the horror of all, his arm remained

dry and stiff in the air, and his weapon fell to the ground.

This miracle stunned the Lombards, and they fell on their knees for fear of further punishment. St. Hospice quietly touched the arm, made the sign of the Cross over it, uttered a few fervent words, and the limb became whole again.

He appealed to the Lombards to accept the Divine message, and the miracle had such an effect that two officers and many men were baptized and received as Christian settlers.

The others left the place and were met and destroyed by a Ligurian Legion.

St. Hospice's fame now spread far and wide, and sick and infirm were brought in from all parts, but he would not cure any bodily disease until he had converted them to Christianity.

He continued to live in the old tower as a hermit, and died and was buried there in A.D. 580. The ruins remained till 1650, but there are no traces of them now.

On the extremity of Cap St. Hospice is the tower erected by the Duke of Savoy in 1561 for the purpose of defence. It is built of yellowish stone, is round, plain and low with walls of enormous thickness, and by the side of it is a modern statue of the Virgin and Child some 25 feet high, still waiting to be placed on the top of the tower. There is also a little chapel with a red roof and a bell gable, in which Mass is said once a year, on October 16th.

Paganini the great violinist died at Nice in 1840, and as he had not received the last rites of the Romish Church, he could not be buried in consecrated ground. His son appealed to the Papal Court at Rome, and pending the decision the body was placed in a lazaretto at Villefranche. When objections were made to its remaining there, it was taken to Cap St. Hospice and buried close to the round tower. In 1841 his son decided to convey the body to Genoa, his father's birthplace, but here again it was refused entry, because the vessel that brought it had come from Marseilles, where cholera was raging. It then returned to Cannes, where entry was again refused, so it was taken to a lonely spot on

the Iles des Lérins. It remained here for four years and was then conveyed safely to Parma in 1845. In 1853 it was decided to re-embalm the body, so it was again exhumed and buried. In 1876 the Pope gave permission for its entry into a Christian church, and a tomb was procured for it in the Madonna Della Staccata in Parma. Not yet was the body allowed to remain undisturbed, for in 1893 a doubt was expressed as to whether it was the body of the great violinist after all, so the son gave permission for the coffin to be once more opened and all doubt was set at rest.

St. Jean

The little fishing village of St. Jean nestles in the angle formed by Cap St. Hospice. A great deal of tunny about 6 feet long is caught, also anchovies and sardines, and the smallest of " fry," a kind of whitebait called " blanquette." The oil extracted from the olives around here is said to be the best of its kind.

On June 1, 1560, Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, was fishing with three friends from a boat off St. Jean, when suddenly nine African galleys shot round the cape and went into the small creek between Caps St. Hospice and Ferrat.

The Duke rowed rapidly into Villafranca Harbour, and selected about one hundred of his best soldiers to surround and capture them before they had time to organize their raid. But the officer in charge disobeyed his orders, and instead of feigning retreat to draw them inland, he dashed on at them, and the Duke was with difficulty rescued by his attendants, but some of the Piedmontese gentlemen were captured by the pirates.

Duke Philibert had to treat with the Moors and a ransom of 2,000 golden guldens were agreed upon for the release of his suite. But the Moorish ringleader would not part with his captives he said, until he had been allowed to kiss the hand of the Princess Marguerite, whose beauty was then proverbial.

The Duke would not agree, and a deadlock ensued, until a handsome lady-in-waiting offered herself as a substitute, so the pirate, admitted before a number of dazzling beauties, kissed the pseudo-princess's hand, gave up his captives, and left highly delighted and proud that his name would be famous all along the coast.

Villefranche to Beaulieu

On the narrow neck of landing joining Cap Ferrat and Cap St. Hospice to the mainland, was the ancient *Olivula*, so named from the magnificent groves of olives at the foot of the rocks between Villefranche and the Eze shore, which have stood for more than 2,000 years. Here excavations have brought to light a military redoubt, 500 skeletons, sepulchral urns, and Roman coins.

Beaulieu

Beaulieu is 6 km. from Nice and lies under the semicircular St. Michael rocks in a little bay formed by them, between Cap Ferrat to the west and Cap Roux to the east.

This site was occupied by the Romans and its very small harbour was the Port of Eza, and Roman coins have been dug up here. The Church of St. Mary was given to Nice in A.D. 1080, so it must be very old.

Here Napoleon I in 1794 received the decree which ordered his arrest and return to Paris, which meant to almost certain death.

Beaulieu is the warmest and most sheltered corner of the whole Riviera. It is really divided into three parts, one below the railway and main road along which the tram line from Nice to Monte Carlo runs ; another the upper part to the west with the zigzag Boulevard Barbiera leading to La Moyenne Corniche, which was only opened last year, and on to the Col des Quartres. The third part is the little harbour and the narrow ledge of La Petite Afrique, so named from its great warmth, for it is a veritable suntrap.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH, BEAULIEU

Here grow the olive, orange, lemon, fig, peach, apricot, pomegranate, and caruba trees, together with aromatic shrubs and flowers, making the place a blaze of colour in March and April.

To the east is the Vallon de la Murta and the English church. The chancel is a thing of beauty; the walls of the semicircular apse are painted in soft Pompeiian colours, while the domed roof is deep Italian blue covered with golden stars. The communion table is of inlaid white and coloured Carrara marbles, and above it to the spring of the roof is a white marble reredos with the figure of Christ in relief on it. The best Italian workers were engaged to carry out the designs. The communion rails are of black oak pierced work, with vine leaves and bunches of grapes hanging down. The pulpit is of exquisite carved wood and the flooring of black and white marble in tessellated squares.

The front seats when I was there were occupied by the millionaires of Europe, who own fine villas at Beaulieu, one of the most beautiful spots in Europe.

One hotel here has provided accommodation for a hundred visitors' cars.

Monaco

In Liguria there were at least 450 noble families decorated with titles and possessing vast estates, but all have disappeared, and the coast from Nice to Genoa is studded with ruined castles, the only one remaining being the most uninteresting, namely, that of Monaco.

Monaco is a limestone crag rising out of the sea, with a neck attaching it to the shore, above which towers the Tête-de-Chien (Testa-de-camp), the spur of the mountain range that extends from Mont Agel. At the foot of it was a small harbour, the Portus Herculis, dedicated to Melkarth, the god of the Phœnicians, the Roman Hercales, by which is meant the Phœnician nation personified.

The scattered Ligurian villages were constantly destroyed by the Saracens, who took possession of the Portus Herculis, and ravaged the country.

Now does it not seem strange that there should be an independent kingdom, about three miles in diameter in the middle of another, in spite of the wars waged around it, and that it should have remained, practically, in the hands of the same family ?

A noble knight of Genoa, Gibellino Grimaldi, appeared as a Christian champion in these parts and with the help of the Count of Provence, won a great victory over the Saracens and drove them out of the country A.D. 980. As a reward for his services he was given this district as seigneur, but his descendants were made sovereigns by Genoa, on condition that they would build a castle at Monaco, for the better defence of the Christian against the Moor.

Thus they acquired great power, and soon possessed a flotilla of galleys, destined till the seventeenth century to stop all coasters and exact a toll ; it also served in the bigger wars, and was the first fleet, with that of Genoa, to enter the Atlantic Ocean through the Straits of Gibraltar in 1304 under the leadership of Rainier II of Monaco.

From this time till 1731 Monaco descended from father to son, although twice for a short time they were dispossessed by the Spinola, another noble family of Genoa, which was jealous of their power.

Then the male line failed for eleven months until the only daughter bore a son, and since then there has been no break until the present day, as Louis II has no son.

This family is distinguished by great ability, courage, and energy, and fought several times with the French against the English, and sometimes took almost a leading share in the great wars which divided Europe down to 1731. Honoré III died in 1795 at the beginning of the great Revolution, and his family lost their sovereignity for twenty-one years.

When the Empire of Napoleon I was being divided up by the European powers, the Principality of Monaco was given back to the Grimaldi, as a reward for his valour and many services to France, but unfortunately his people suffered from his many extortions.

It was Charles III the father of the late Prince Albert

who conceived the idea of the gaming tables to fill his depleted coffers.

At Beaulieu there is only a very narrow ledge of land, for the mountains close up behind, and a tunnel has been made through the rock to allow of the passage of both rail and road. The road winds and curves, giving most fascinating views of the beautiful scenery and of Eze on its rocky perch high above and of all the little bays and rocks down below.

The next place of importance is the Principality of Monaco.

The Castle of Monaco is the ugliest of all those built along the coast of the Riviera. The living portion bears no resemblance to the original structure, but the four square towers at the corners, built in 1215 by the Genoese architect Fulco del Castello, are still standing and in good repair.

Behind the castle gardens to the west are the old bastions and fortifications, among which is the famous Saraval, which withstood many a siege in the time of the earlier princes.

The rocks below the garden rise precipitately out of the sea, and are covered with prickly pear brought from Africa in 1537, and the fruit is gathered by a man, who is let down from the walls in a basket. The aloes generally flower when they attain their fifteenth year and then die, leaving a numerous progeny behind them.

The princes always gave a ball in the old Sala Grimaldi on the Festival of Ste. Dévota, to which all the inhabitants of the Principality were invited on January 27th, the rich dancing all the evening on one side of the hall, and the peasants on the other, neither ever passing an imaginary boundary, while the Prince and the grandees looked down from a gallery.

The Princes of Monaco

Gibellino Grimaldi A.D. 980—Ancestor from whom the Princes are descended.

Rainier II

Charles I	1316?–1363	The real founder of the Dynasty.
Rainier III	1363–1407	
Ambroise	1407–1422	
Jean I	1422–1454	
Catalan	1454–1457	
Lambert	1457–1493	(?)
Jean II	1493–1506	
Lucian	1506–1523	
Honoré I	1523–1581	
Charles II	1581–1589	
Hercules	1589–1604	
Honoré II	1604–1662	April 1642 : Honoré II was created Duc de Valentinois.
Louis I	1662–1701	
Antoine I	1701–1731	
Louise (Feb.)	1731–1731	(Dec.,) Married Goyin-Matignon, afterwards created Duc de Valentinois.
Honoré III	1731–1795	
French Occupation.		
Honoré IV	1814–1819	
Honoré V	1819–1841	
Florestan	1841–1856	
Charles III	1856–1889	
Albert I	1889–1922	
Louis II	1922–	
Charlotte Louise Juliette, born 1898		Married the Duc de Valentinois, March 19, 1920.
Antoinette, Jan. 17, 1921		

The Late Prince of Monaco

His Serene Highness Prince Albert Honoré Charles was born in 1848 and died in a nursing home in Paris on June 26, 1922, as the result of an operation, and the funeral was at Monaco on July 8th.

He married Lady Mary Victoria, the only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon in 1869 and their only

child, a son, was born the following year. The marriage was not a success, and Lady Mary petitioned for a divorce, so in 1880 Prince Charles III, as reigning sovereign, dissolved the civil marriage by decree, and after many difficulties the Pope annulled the religious marriage, but declared the son legitimate. The Prince married again in 1889, Alice, daughter of the Hamburg banker, Solomon Heine, and widow of the Duc de Richlieu, by whom he had no children.

Prince Louis, the son by the first marriage, had an only child, a daughter, who was taken by her grandfather and educated to succeed him, and in April 1920, at the age of twenty-three she was married to a Frenchman, the Duc de Valentinois, and all Monaco was *en fête* for the occasion. After the civil marriage, the young couple walked to the cathedral, almost adjoining the palace, for the religious ceremony. After the breakfast, the Prince and the whole of the wedding guests appeared on a dais, especially erected for the purpose on the Condamine, and presented his granddaughter and her husband to the Monégasques as their future rulers, after which the happy couple drove off for their honeymoon in Italy.

Since Prince Albert's death, it has been officially declared that the Duchesse Valentinois will assume henceforward the name and title of Hereditary Princess of Monaco, the Duc becoming the Prince Peter of Monaco.

Prince Albert in his youth was a lieutenant in the Spanish Navy, and has shown a lifelong devotion to the sea, and to scientific exploration. With his two perfectly equipped yachts, the "Hirondelle" and the "Princesse Alice," he has studied the Gulf Stream and its effect on various coasts.

His marine museum at Monaco, the first in the world, was opened in March, 1910, when there was an international gathering of scientists present. This great building rises sheer from the Mediterranean on the southern side of the rock, and is fully equipped with laboratories and workrooms. The main entrance is half-way up the building from the street, while the three lower stories face the sea below the

level of the old town and palace. Near this museum is a museum of Ethnology.

At Paris, where he lived a great deal, he founded the Institute for University Instruction in Oceanography, as he had a keen desire to secure co-operation between the different nations in the further exploration of the oceans.

The reigning Prince of Monaco has full sovereign powers and a most autocratic government, but is under the protection of France, and if a Monégasque be condemned to any term of imprisonment longer than one month, he must be sent to a French prison, and if condemned to death, he must be handed over to the French executioner.

This petty sovereign has a Council of State, his nobles, and his own bishop. His army consists of five officers and 70 men ; there is a corps of police and 30 carabiniers. The Government and the public works are carried on without imposing a single tax on any of the inhabitants, who enjoy every advantage of a highly civilized and well-governed State, and all expenses in the whole Principality, are paid for by the Prince out of the proceeds of the gaming tables. No strikes are allowed in his domain, and the discontented ones are marched out of the place.

In 1920 when all the hotel employées along the Riviera went on strike for a week, for higher wages and better conditions, many visitors took up their abode at Monaco for the time being, as there law and order prevailed.

This place is, unfortunately, the most lovely bit of the whole French Riviera, as regards its configuration and the exotic trees and plants which the Prince ordered to be planted in the Casino grounds, and which give the place a tropical appearance.

Prince Louis II of Monaco

Prince Albert died in June, 1922, and his son Louis succeeded him owing to unexpected circumstances. He was born July 12, 1870, to the great joy of his grandfather Charles III and his father Albert I, who saw in his arrival

the continuity of the House of Grimaldi. His studies were pursued at Paris, and in 1891 he entered the Military College of St. Cyr, and from there passed into the French army. When war broke out in 1914, Prince Louis at once joined voluntarily for the duration of the war, although over the then fighting age, and entered the campaign as captain in the Chasseurs d'Afrique attached to the Fifth Army Corps. Here attention was drawn to him by his fearlessness and coolness as a liaison officer, mostly on Belgium soil, where he was engaged under fire on numerous perilous missions. He was promoted and mentioned in despatches on several occasions and received the Croix du Guerre both from King Albert of Belgium, his cousin, and also from the King of Italy. He thus showed that he had inherited some of the characteristics of his warlike Grimaldi ancestors and also of the princely house of Douglas-Hamilton, through whom he is connected with many European Courts.

Prince Louis had decreed, by a sovereign order given on July 17, 1922, that January 17th, the birthday of his granddaughter, the little Princess Antoinette, should for the future be the National Fête day, instead of November 15th, the birthday of the late Prince Albert.

On Saturday, January 13th, the fêtes began with the arrival of the new sovereign.

"Leurs Altesses Sérénissimes" Prince Louis II, his daughter the Hereditary Princess Charlotte, who was so created by the will of the late Prince Albert, and her husband Prince Pierre Duc de Valentinois, and their two-year old daughter, the little Princess Antoinette arrived from Paris at 10.45. A salvo of twenty-one guns was fired and the cathedral and all the church bells rang out a merry peal.

The Mayor and councillors and chief officials of Monaco were at the station to welcome them, and then all motored up to the Palace on the rock, where a triumphal arch had been erected and the Monégasques had assembled to take their part in the loyal address which was here presented to the Prince, together with the keys of the city on a cushion of red velvet.

The Hereditary Princess stood on the right and Prince

Pierre on his left, while the Maire recalled the fact that a like ceremony took place on January 13, 1890, when Prince Albert entered Monaco as sovereign prince, he who had added fresh laurels to the House of Grimaldi as an ardent scientist. On that occasion he was accompanied by a young prince, in whom they hoped for the continuance of an era of liberty and of the family. To-day they welcomed him as their sovereign, and his daughter and her child as future successors.

The keys of the town were presented amid cheers and acclamations, and the Prince shortly replied, and expressed the hope that he would be always above everything else the "father of his subjects."

The Monégasque hymn was then played, and the cannon thundered out as the princely party walked between the lines of the carabiniers to the courtyard of the Palace and entered it by the fine flight of marble steps.

The acclamations of the people burst out again, when the little Princess Antoinette appeared on the balcony above and blew kisses to the crowd beneath.

On Sunday the 14th the Monégasques Government and officials assembled in the courtyard of the palace and defiled past the Prince to do him homage in the afternoon, and at night the whole Principality was illuminated, and a torch-light procession and serenade took place.

On Tuesday the Prince received the foreign consuls, and members of the Chamber of Commerce, while the children and orphan schools passed in procession before the Princess. The bay was again illuminated at night.

Wednesday was the great day, and the festivities opened with a salvo of artillery and a solemn "Te Deum" sung at the cathedral, in the presence of the princes and princess, followed by an official luncheon at the Palace to the members of the Government.

At 2 o'clock popular sports took place on the square in front of the Palace to the music of the band, and at 8 p.m. a Venetian fête on the Port d'Hercule, while the philharmonic band discoursed sweet music and fireworks were let off from Fort Antoine.

On Thursday the neighbouring old town of La Turbie sent a delegation to wait upon the new sovereign, headed by the communal flag and the Maire, followed by four young girls in their national dress of a striped skirt of many colours with black velvet corselet and little caps, and bearing in their hands the traditional offering of a snow-white lamb, one red partridge, two turtle doves, and a magnificent basket of red and white carnations, tied up with ribbons of the same colour.

The Prince received the delegates and entertained them to luncheon, and the same afternoon the Princess gave a tea to the wives of all the officials in the Principality.

The festivities were brought to an end in the evening by a soirée in the theatre of Monte Carlo.

The Church of Ste. Dévota is between Monaco and Monte Carlo, in a ravine through which a little stream flows to the harbour. Dévota was a girl brought up in the Christian faith, although living in the house of a senator, not of the the faith, but who loathed the idea of persecution.

In A.D. 303 the Governor of Corsica, where he lived, heard of the existence of the maiden, and ordered her to be executed. Her feet were tied together, and after being dragged over rough ground, she was stretched on the rack and expired. The legend says a white dove fluttered over her, and then flew away, but the next night, when her body was put in a boat to be carried away, the white dove appeared again, skimmed over the water in front of the rowers, till they reached Monaco, and there the body was laid and ultimately a church was built on the spot.

THE FESTA OF SANTA DÉVOTA, JANUARY 27, 1923

For 1,620 years this event has been commemorated. It was inaugurated the day before by the celebration of Low Mass, and the burning on the shore at night of the symbolical boat, to which the new sovereign, Prince Louis II, applied the light to the strains of the municipal band in the presence of the inhabitants of the Principality.

On Saturday the 27th the anniversary, a High Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the Monaco Cathedral, by the Archbishop of Aix, assisted by the Bishops of Nice, Ventimiglia and Monaco, the mitred Abbot of Lérins and all the clergy of the neighbourhood. Prince Louis sat on the throne in the chancel, with the Hereditary Princess on his right hand and Prince Pierre on his left.

After this was over, all dispersed for luncheon, the high prelates being entertained at the Palace.

The Cathedral is close to the Palace, which is built across the land end of the rock, which rises sheer out of the sea, with only a neck of land connecting it with the mountain range of Mont Agel. The view from it is magnificent, extending beyond Bordighera on the east, and, when clear, to the Estérel Mountains on the west.

At 2 o'clock a Procession was formed at the cathedral to carry the relics of the saint down to the chapel in the gorge which bears her name, and back again.

It was composed of all the prelates and clergy, the members of the collegiate and local guilds, the religious communities, the boys and girls of the ecclesiastical, communal and orphan schools accompanied by the band.

The singers were headed by a group of young girls in pale blue dresses and white veils over their faces fastened with wreaths of white roses, and the unaccompanied voices, of all the children and choir boys in their red cassocks and lace-edged surplices, were very pleasant to the ear.

In the middle of the procession a gilded casket, about 2 feet long and 15 inches wide with glass sides adorned with a small palm leaf at each corner, was carried shoulder high.

This contained some relics of Santa Dévota and was surrounded by all the high ecclesiastical dignitaries, and guarded by a squad of Monégasque soldiers on the outer sides of the procession, which was about three-quarters of a mile in length. They marched first to the Place des Palais, the large square in front of the old palace, where the Princes and Princesses were on the balcony, and here the procession had to draw up in three ranks, while a benediction was pronounced and a salute fired.

It then passed across the square and through the archway leading to a steep, narrow footway to the Market Square, and thence to the Boulevard de la Condamine, where the sea was blessed and another salute fired. All along the route the crowd had collected and filled the little square in front of which the Chapel of Santa Dévota stands. Here the final benediction was given, after which the procession wended its way back to the rock, by the carriage road, and deposited the casket again in the cathedral, where it will remain till next year. A "Te Deum" was sung and the final blessing given, and the concourse dispersed, thankful that Neptune, Boreas, and Sol had all decided that warmth and sunshine should prevail in honour of the saint.

Monte Carlo

On the other curve of the Port d'Hercules to the castle, was a rocky promontory, called Les Spelunges, on which shepherds pastured their goats, and that has now become the world-famed Monte Carlo.

In 1856 Charles III of Monaco started some gaming tables in a building adjoining the Palace, in hopes of filling his coffers, but the only road then in existence was the old Roman road, near the top of the hill by Turbia, with a very rough, stony zigzag path between the two, so the tables were not frequented.

In 1863, when the Casino at Homburg was shut up, Monsieur Blanc thought of Monaco, and the company, who then had the rights to it, decided in a few hours to sell them to Blanc for 1,700,000 francs.

On April 1st Blanc formed a company, after having gained a concession for 50 years, with a capital of 15,000,000 francs, represented by 30,000 shares of 500 francs (about £20) each. One of the first to take up shares in this gambling society was Pope Leo XIII, then only Cardinal.

Blanc died in 1881, but the Company, including his heirs, had prospered so well that Prince Albert was asked to renew

the lease for another 50 years, as the first concession would expire in 1913.

This he did willingly enough, but not on the same easy terms, and the original capital of 15,000,000 was raised to 30,000,000 francs, but the ordinary 500 franc shares rose to 4,770 francs, and Monaco lives and thrives on those who go there to empty their money on the tables.

At the Casino is a good concert hall, where most of the stars of Europe appear in the course of time, with theatre, and also a first-rate library and reading-room, containing all the current newspapers of European countries worth looking at.

Monaco has its own printing establishment, and publishes a weekly paper called "Journal de Monaco."

The laboratory in the condamine is employed in making the best of perfumes, such as orange, musk in particular, for which 3 or 4 kilos of flowers are required to produce 80 grammes of the essence. Special perfumes are "Monte Carlo Bouquet," "Mont Agel Lavender Toilet Water," and "Eau-de-Cologne." Liqueurs are also manufactured there, called "Gallia Thé" and "Gallia Café."

Monaco also has a model laundry, and every street has a properly built sewer, while pure drinking water is obtained from St. Roman and the springs of Tenao.

The marqueterie and cabinet work done by the Monégasques is very good.

One of the most interesting industries is the artistic pottery, made of a red clay close at hand, which is non-porous, and equally suitable for coarse or delicate work. There is also a white clay, which is used for exterior and interior decoration, and a red and very rare shade of Naples yellow.

At the north of the Casino gardens is an elegant kiosque built with enamelled specimens of the Monte Carlo ceramic work, and at the works can be seen an earthenware frame 16½ feet outside and nearly 10 feet inside for a rosace window. Every leaf and bud was formed by hand.

The only independent State comparable to Monaco is

the Republic of San Marino, founded in 885, whose independence has lasted for eleven centuries, but the Government is a legislative body with two captains at its head. It is built on the crest of a mountain 2,635 feet above the sea near the Adriatic, is only 17 square miles in extent, and is the only surviving representative of Italian liberty.

After Monte Carlo is left behind there are some pretty little inlets and rocks between there and Cap Martin, to which an interesting old legend is attached.

Vigilia (Pte. de la Vieille)

Vigilia, or La Vigie, was the Roman name for the watch or the sentinel, and was the name of a point between Monte Carlo and Cap Martin. A hundred yards beyond this on the old Roman road, there is a perfect view of the figure of a nun seated on a rock a little above sea-level, and on another rock not far off, that of a monk, who has suffered a good deal in the course of time. The following is the legend of the origin of these figures:

Inland far up in the mountains centuries ago, there was a Christian settlement. The hills were then covered with woods, and the dwellers' huts were constructed of the best timber, for safety against the tribesmen and wolves, and also as a protection against the intense cold.

On a rock stood a chapel dedicated to St. Martin, and a venerable priest named Father Thomas did duty as doctor, counsellor, and arbitrator of the small community.

A dispute arose between the two leading families over the ownership of a wooded spur of the hill.

Caldo the head of the wood-fellers, and Freddo the salesman transacting the colony's timber business in Nice, each claimed the property, consisting of a long stretch of pine trees and beeches. Caldo's father said that they belonged to his son, and that he had himself marked them with his own private chip, but Freddo would not believe him.

This bone of contention produced ill-feeling, gradually

degenerating into hatred and open enmity, and Father Thomas's moral and spiritual influence failed to restore peace; the one remained mute and the other sulky, and a lifelong friendship was severed.

Now Caldo had an only son, Joseph Seppi by name, who was everything to him, and Freddo's only daughter was the apple of his eye, and she was motherless, and these two young people loved one another.

Freddo ordered his fair sixteen year old daughter to hold no communication with her lifelong playmate, and his harshness and moroseness made her very unhappy and she went about her household duties with a very heavy heart.

But still worse things were in store for her. One evening her father came home from work in a very unhappy frame of mind, and ordered Martha to go to bed at once, as she must get up in the small hours of the night to start on a visit to some relatives in a distant valley, where she was to spend the summer. The poor girl's grief at this sentence of banishment from all she loved, may be imagined!

That very night Caldo was taken ill, so Joseph went at 3 a.m. to fetch Father Thomas to his father, and met Freddo taking Martha away. What was the meaning of this early, mysterious journey? Caldo died in a few hours, and his widow very soon followed him, and then poor Joseph was left quite alone. Freddo had returned to his home, but without either Martha or the servant. What had he done with his only child the pride of his heart, the hoped-for solace of his old age? That was a secret not to be divulged, known only to the old woman who had taken care of her from her babyhood.

Joseph remained lonely and unhappy, and could not settle to his work, so after taking counsel with Father Thomas he decided to enter a monastery and seek forgetfulness and happiness in holy thoughts. He divided all his property into three parts: one for Father Thomas to be used for the chapel and charitable purposes at home, another he gave to St. Dalmas and St. Salvator for distribution by the monks and nuns to the sick and needy, and the third part to Cimiez

for the use of the aged, infirm, children and desolate in the settlement.

When Martha's old servant heard of his determination she confided to him that Martha had been placed in a convent as a novice. This did not shake his determination, as he felt that she was out of his reach.

At first he tried to reconcile himself to the monastic life and find peace in the consciousness of duty well performed, but as time went on he grew more and more restless, and then he heard from his old nurse that Martha was soon to take her final vows against her will.

The old servant of the latter, who was very sorry for the latter, acted as a go-between to the young people, and when Martha received word from Joseph of his undying love, they both decided to break loose, and run away and be united.

Neither was immediately detected, thanks to the collaboration of their two servants, and after a long night's toil and a long day's anxiety with little rest, one descended on the eastern and the other on the western slope of Mont Agel, along two valleys separated by a wooded ridge.

Their final meeting-place was to be on the shore near Cap Vigie, and when they perceived each other, they fell down on their knees to give thanks to God, that God whose laws they had violated, and whom they had never asked sincerely for help and guidance.

That same God for their misdeeds turned them into rocks, where they now stand life-like as monk and nun on Virgilia ground, a perpetual warning to young men and maidens and the world at large.

The peninsula of Cap Martin is now in sight. It has lost all its old historical importance, but is noted for the beauty of its position and fine air, which have drawn so many ex-royalties to bask on its shores.

Cap Martin

This name comes from " Campus Martius," the Romans

having had a camp here, and their temple was dedicated to Mars, who was much worshipped along this coast.

It is a peninsula on the west of Mentone, with a very rocky shore and pine trees fringing it.

There is a ridge on the top if it, where once stood a very rich convent and the abbess was much afraid for the safety of her nuns, when the Saracens began arriving by sea, as their position on three sides was exposed to it.

Roccabruna was their nearest neighbour on the hillside just above them, so she made the men of Roccabruna promise that if she rang the convent bell hurriedly by day or night, they would at once come to her assistance. Wishing to test their vigilance and alertness, she rang the bell during the night without justification, and the men of Roccabruna rushed to her assistance, only to find it was a false alarm. She gave them her blessing and many thanks and the men returned home to bed.

A second time she did the same thing, and with the same result, but when the men found that it was a hoax again, they were very angry at her want of faith in them, and her blessing did not console them for their unnecessary rush down the hill in headlong haste.

The third time at midnight a hurried clang was heard, the Saracens were really at her gates, but the men of Roccabruna turned a deaf ear to it and would not go to her assistance, and in the morning the convent was a heap of smoking ruins, and the abbess and all the nuns had been carried off into captivity.

At the present day Cap Martin is a favourite residence of royalty and the millionaires of Europe. Beautiful villas with well-laid out gardens fringe the western shore, overlooking Monaco and Monte Carlo. Here the ex-Empress Eugénie spent the last winters of her life, and here the ex-King of Montenegro died in 1921, whence he was taken on an Italian destroyer to San Remo, where the body was deposited in a vault in the former Russian church temporarily, in hopes that one day it might be transferred to his former kingdom.

There is a first-rate hotel on the highest point of Cap

Martin at the sea end, with a tea pavilion on the shore at the foot of the point, with a fine view.

From here along the eastern shore is a level, shady walk and drive under the pine trees, giving a beautiful panorama of Mentone and even of the Italian side as far as Bordighera.

Mentone

We have now reached the last place on the French Riviera, the most beautiful of all. It is the mildest, least changeable place along the Ligurian coast, and the most free from wind, as there are only four valleys opening from the Western Bay, the Gorbio, the Borrigo, the Carrei, and the Val de Menton, and these are all sheltered by the amphitheatre of high mountains behind them, which constitute the beauty of Mentone.

Mentone by this name is never mentioned before A.D. 1200, but Podium Pinum, or Pepino, is and probably they are one and the same, but not of much importance.

In 1251 Guillaume Vento, a patrician of Genoa, was declared to be the lawful sovereign of Mentone, and he ruled wisely till his death. After this it changed hands many times until in 1848 it declared itself an independent republic, but was induced to vote for annexation to France in 1860, when Italy lost all her possessions to the west of the St. Louis Gorge.

Mentone begins at the Pont de l'Union spanning the River Gorbio and ends at the Pont St. Louis. It lies in an amphitheatre of mountains rising one above the other, thus entirely shutting off the cold winds from the north and also the mistral. It is the warmest and most beautifully situated place on the whole of the Rivieras.

The old town and harbour divide Mentone into two parts, the West Bay and East Bay or Garavan, which is the most protected part, as there are no valleys opening up behind it. The harbour can shelter large steamships, and has a lighthouse at the entrance and sea wall and parapet 50 feet high and 450 yards long, from which a splendid view can be obtained.

From the platform of the little tower on the breakwater at Garavan a beautiful panorama unfolds. Bordighera at the eastern end is always bright and sunny. Nearer at the end of the bay is the promontory known as the Balzi Rossi or Rochers Rouges from the red colour of the rocks, and the Pont St. Louis, which forms the present frontier between France and Italy. The highest peak on the Italian side is Mont Bellinda, with the villages of Ciotti and Grimaldi below it. On the French side from Turbia the mountain chain slopes down, and terminates in the Tête de Chien, the formidable mastiff watching over Monaco, and then come in quick succession Mont Agel, Mont Baudon and Mont Ours.

The old town is picturesque with one house rising above another, and crowned by the modern Church of St. Michel, which took the place of an earlier one built in 1619, and destroyed in the earthquake of 1887.

The main street is the Rue Longue, which is nowhere more than 12 feet wide, as it is the old Roman road, and was the only driving road between Italy and Provence till 1810. Here the Prince of Monaco Honorius II had his house with a fine stone staircase and vaulted ceiling with the date 1650.

The houses are very tall, with earthquake arches, and there were formerly two gates, St. Julien and St. Antoine, at the entrance to the street, but only the archways remain at the present day. The side streets are very narrow, and the paved road has steps for the convenience of the beasts of burden. In the Rue Bréa, was born General Bréa, who was killed in Paris in June, 1848, while defending the barricades in the cause of law and order.

The old market place remains as it was before 1860, but is not now used as such, as a fine new market has been erected with one façade on the Promenade du Midi. This is generally well supplied with provisions of all sorts and presents a very animated appearance.

The museum, at the head of the Place des Carmes, where the Municipal Library is housed, is the work of one man, Mr. Bonfil, who was the former head of the mariners. It is the result of his untiring devotion to science and nature,

and is very valuable. He was one of the first explorers of the Rochers Rouges caves, but got no credit for his labours.

Since the covering in of the mouth of the Carrei torrent, and the formation of the public garden over it, the place has become the great "rendezvous," where people assemble to listen to the band playing. It is bordered with fine plane trees and the mountains behind, with St. Agnèse perched up aloft, form a splendid background to the picture.

The Boulevard de Garavan in the East Bay was opened in March, 1887, and is two miles long and 180 feet above sea level, and skirts the vast amphitheatre of the shore.

The old and the new cemeteries above the old town afford fine views over the whole coast line, and occupy the site of a Saracen fortress on a hill originally called Mont Othon, whence, according to some historians, the name of Mentone is derived.

Just beyond the old town, eastward, is the Châlet des Rosiers occupied by Queen Victoria in the spring of 1883, and a little further on is the "Pian," a platform of fine old olive trees, the only group in the town.

Dr. Henry Bennet settled at Mentone in 1859, and by his writings drew English visitors to spend their winters in this delightful, warm, sunny nook.

The chief occupations of the natives of Mentone are the gathering, carrying, sorting, and packing of lemons, which are some of the best in Europe; the gathering of olives and working of the olive mills; the manufacture of essences and perfumes; and wood carving. Lemons cost one halfpenny each on the tree, and the best of them go to Marseilles for export to America. Oranges are grown to perfection, mainly for eating, but also for the flowers, from which the orange flower water is made. Before the fruit is all gathered in the spring, the tree is again in flower. For making the perfume, 30 kilos. (66 lbs.) of flowers have to be mixed with 50 litres (118 gals.) of water to produce 10 grammes ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) of essence. But one drop of that essence is equal to one litre of orange, or as it may be, rose or lavender water as retailed at a perfumer's shop. One ounce of violet essence costs a minimum of £10 19*s*. The district between Le Cannet and the

Italian frontier produces yearly 450,000 kilogrammes of orange blossom.

Patterns in wood carving vary but little, and the wood is mostly strongly dyed, the colours being as follow: orange and lemon are light yellow; caruba is deep red; box is white; fig is black; olive is light yellow; oak is light brown; walnut is grey; jujuba is light red; and yew, arbutus, ebony, cherry, and many other woods are used.

A set of idlers on the Quai live on the vain hope of catching a fish, instead of earning decent wages by more regular occupations. A boat will take the fishing nets a little way out to sea, and then a dozen or more men and women will harness themselves to the two ends, and draw the nets in again between them, only to find a pail or two of small fry, about three inches long in them, which ought to be thrown straight back into the sea. Sometimes at night a boat will be seen in the distance with one or two bright red lights shimmering on the sea from a metal basket hanging from the stern filled with lighted charcoal and wood. A couple of men will be armed with spears, and by this light a tunny perhaps six feet long will be harpooned and landed in the boat.

The most hard-working members of the community are the patient donkeys, who are the regular household servants of this part of the country. They bring down the olives from the mountains, and carry back the manure; they tread in the winepress, work in the mills, bring fuel from the woods, rock the little children in their gently swaying panniers, supply milk for the babies and so on, till at last they die of over-work or old age and are turned into sausages. They are not beauties, but if kindly treated and given rest, and food now and then consisting of a small loaf of common bread, time will be saved, fatigue lessened, and comfort increased on a mountain excursion, and they will climb up and down in safety, where there is little room for a human foot. Unshod animals are the safest as they can then feel their way.

The women of Mentone are mostly dark and handsome and of the Italian type, and the Saracens, Turks, and Moors of Tunis and Algiers, who ravaged this coast, carried them

off for their harems, and the able-bodied men as slaves. Many of these were only released when Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers in 1816. Slavery was finally stamped out when the French conquered Algiers in 1830.

The Place du Cap is the meeting-place of several small, old streets, and on Good Friday is the scene of a very curious representation. The Mentonnais make a torchlight procession at 9 p.m. from the Church of St. Michel down the Rue Longue, the Rue de Bréa, and the Rue de la Mairie to the Place du Cap. At the head walks the beadle in full dress, halberd in hand, the clergy and choristers follow, and then a litter is carried, bearing a life-sized image of the dead Christ. This litter is followed by all the religious fraternities, each in its own peculiar costume, and chanting psalms, and the nuns short canticles.

The litter is deposited on a raised platform, and when the whole cortège has assembled round it, and a solemn stillness reigns, the figure rises unaided to the height of several yards. At a short distance from the spot the illusion is complete, for those who are not aware that it is done by a hidden set of springs under the platform.

This extraordinary scene can only be seen at Roccabruna now, but in 1923 it was revived at Mentone in order that Princess Victoria of England, King George's sister, might witness it as she had been staying here for some weeks. Queen Victoria also witnessed it on one of her visits to Mentone.

Gorbio

The valley of Gorbio to the far west of the town near the Octroi is the widest and most cultivated of the three to the north of Mentone. The good carriage road goes to the east as far as the turning to the Gorbio Sanatorium with its avenue of palm trees, and here oranges and lemons flourish in abundance, and in February the ground is covered with violets. From here the road winds about in a north-west direction, and the village, perched on an isolated spur of Mont Agel, can just be seen, lying far back and closed in by

the mountain chain to the north. There are groves and groves of olive trees, with here and there a clump of tall cypresses never very far distant from the brawling stream, which is crossed in its course by several old, picturesque little bridges. There are also three or four olive mills which are working in January and February. At the big stone bridge the carriage road goes across to the west side of the valley and soon begins to make long zigzags up the east slopes of the little mountain (1,425 feet high), crossing the stream again and always accompanied by hoary old olive trees, which flourish right up to the village of Gorbio. For those who wish to gain the village on foot there is a good mule-path cutting off the zigzags, going straight up through the picturesque olive groves. From just below the village a fine view of the whole valley to the sea can be obtained, including another wooded hill to the south. There is only one gateway into the old town and steps and cobble-stones lead up under other arches with houses built over them to the church. This comes as a surprise, for it is so much better than you would expect to see in such a small place. On each side are recesses with an altar in each making seven in all, and candles burning in them all. The rounded ceiling is whitewashed, but the arches over the little side chapels and walls are all painted in quite good taste, and there is nothing tawdry as you find in so many places abroad. The seats (wooden pews) are old and worn and dark with age. The pulpit of coloured marble is of cuplike shape. No doubt the good taste displayed in the church is due to the influence of the former Lords of Gorbio. There are no straight streets, for they twist and turn in every direction with flights of dark steps both inside and outside in unexpected corners leading up to the upper portion of the houses, as the mules, donkeys, goats, and fowls occupy the lower.

This village is well worth a visit. There are two small restaurants where light refreshments can be obtained, and also a post office and a general shop. A very small old chapel stands at the last turn before reaching the village from the Châlet Josephine.

Gorbio is situated on the top of one of the spurs of Father

Agel, about five miles to the north of Mentone, and is reached by a number of zigzags, which climb the eastern side of the valley.

The little river, which brawls along, never quite dries up, and therefore provides the necessary moisture for the lemon and orange trees, peaches, figs, and grapes, and also for the violets, narcissi, orchids, and anemones, which grow in profusion in spring. Olive groves also abound on this wedge of hill, 1,700 feet high, driven down by Mont Agel between two small torrents. It is the exact opposite of St. Agnèse, its nearest neighbour.

The oldest document extant is dated 1002, and mentions the Castle of Gorbio as being one of the three in this part, and belonging to the County of Ventimiglia. In 1200 half of the territory was sold to the Genoese and in 1257 it became the property of the Countess of Provence. In the fierce party struggles between papal and imperial partisans, the two chief families of Gorbio, the Grimaldis and d'Adhemar, who were connected by marriage with the Lascaris, formed two hostile camps.

In 1543 the Turks plundered Gorbio and carried off 600 of the inhabitants to be slaves, and later it suffered more or less from the presence of Spanish, Austrian, and French soldiers. The former were driven out in 1746, and the place strengthened, but the French occupied it in 1793 and this led to extreme violence and abuse.

The natives cared nothing for the outer world, and only asked to be left alone, undisturbed by Spanish pretensions, Austrian claims, and French influence.

The Festival Day of Gorbio is August 24th, St. Barthélemy Day, and the following account shows how it is celebrated :

On this day, country people and townsfolk, in their best attire, may be seen wending their way up the zigzag paths through the olive woods to the plateau on which Gorbio stands. Here they are greeted by the boom of ten big blunderbusses, let off in quick succession and repeated fifteen times by echo from the surrounding gorges and passes, making the air vibrate and quiver and frightening the

stragglers. Every one is decorated with their national colours on arrival, and admitted into the church, where there is barely standing room. The boys and girls form two rows facing the altar, and are in brand-new dresses for the occasion, the latter wearing white veils in Genoese fashion. The musicians consist of a viola, flute, cornet, and a bass, and as soon as the first part of the Mass is over, they strike up a lively mazurka. The sermon is divided into two parts and a waltz was played by the band in the interval, and then followed the appearance of two tall, stalwart fellows, each bearing an antiquated halberd decorated with ribbons, and from each cross-piece are suspended four fat, full-grown, live cocks, one at each corner, who proclaimed their entry with a long and unanimous shrill " tri-ki-ri-ki."

Directly after another man appeared, wearing a handsome, broad scarf, and holding high up in the air a long, old-fashioned sword also bedecked with ribbons and crowned with a good-sized apple,studded with twenty brand-new napoleons.

The preacher finished the sermon, went to the altar and said a few prayers, and then came outside the railing, the celebrant holding in his hands a crucifix ending in a good-sized box.

The congregation headed by the Maire advances, and every member in turn kisses the crucifix, and deposits alms in the box according to their means and hearts.

Then come the cock-bearers, who lower their halberds and with a solemn reverence present the cocks to the priest, who takes them from the cross-bar, and passes them on to his housekeeper, who speedily conveys them to the *curé's* abode.

Finally the real hero of the hour advances, bearing the golden apple, and leading the boys and girls, who pass the distinctive sword from youth to youth, and lassie to lassie, until the last little maid returns it to its custodian, who with a graceful bow presents the jewelled apple to the *curé*, who pockets it. This showy offering is a feudal relic, a kind of tithe, and has been made from time immemorial, but no one knows its origin.

On the annual festival, the parish has to offer twenty sous (halfpennies) and eight live cocks to the *curé*. But vanity

induced the parishioners to decorate the handsomest apple they can find with twenty brand-new gold pieces from the National Bank at Nice, and present this gift with the cocks, on the clear understanding that the *curé* is to return the glittering gold and exchange it for twenty new shining sous !

After this ceremony the mid-day meal is eaten, open house being kept by everybody and strangers being invited in to share the repast, after which at 4 p.m. dancing begins on the Piazza under the shade of the stately old elm tree, which was planted in 1713.

The next day the festival continues : six live cocks are suspended from the branches of the elm tree. The young men who volunteer for the competition are blindfolded and armed with sticks, and then they enter the roped-off circle accompanied by three umpires, and they attempt to strike at the cocks dangling over their heads, but if they strike too heavily, or too eagerly, they bring their massive weapon down on a competitor's head, or overbalance themselves and roll on the ground, amidst roars of laughter from the amused spectators gathered around.

More prolonged shouts greet the man who has succeeded in killing and felling a cock, and he is duly declared the champion for the year.

The band strikes up a lively polka, and the hero selects one of the handsomest girls as a partner, to her intense delight, and dancing begins again round the old elm tree and is continued far into the night.

St. Agnèse

This little chapel is perched up aloft all by itself on the mountain side, as seen from Mentone, which is 4 miles away. It is 2,500 feet above the sea, and Mont Baudon or Aiguille, the highest peak above it, is 4,250 feet. Macaulay says of it :

> " Like an eagle's nest
> Hangs on the crest
> Of purple Apennine."

There are four ways leading up to it, but the excursion must be made on donkeys or mules. The best is by the right bank of the Borrigo valley, and the first path to the left ascends in a tortuous way up to the summit of the hill, and then continues almost horizontally until the Mamelon Vert is reached at a height of 920 feet, whence there is a splendid view, and then the path descends to the foot of the rock, on which the village of St. Agnèse is built, and a circuit of the rock is made.

There is a single street, and the houses look like stables; at the top the path divides, the left leads to the chapel and the right to the ruins of the old castle. This village cannot be seen from below at all, and from above only just before it is reached.

The following is the exquisite legend of Abel Rendu concerning Anna and Haroon:

The latter was a Saracen chief of the tenth century, to whom Eza, St. Hospice, Mont Alban, and Turbia were forced to bow down as to a sovereign, which power he owed to a heart of stone, a will of iron, and the strength of a Hercules in his persistent persecution of the Christians.

Among the young women whom Haroon led away captive on his flagship, was a fair, noble, beautiful Ligurian, whose father and two brothers he had killed. Haroon's wife became jealous of this maiden and ordered her to be bound and thrown into the sea. Haroon discovered her intention just in time, and had her and her two attendants, who had bound the intended victim, thrown in instead.

The fleet then steered into the elbow formed by the Mentone shore and Cap Martin, and Haroon decided that he would plant his flag on the peak, where St. Agnèse now stands. He called 300 of his best men to follow him, and took the captive women and Anna with him.

The natives fled before him, and in two months he had fortified the crag so that they could defy any attack. He then began to plunder and massacre, sacking homesteads and hamlets, for he deemed every good Mahommedan in duty bound to be a destroying angel.

He told the beautiful Anna he wished to make her his

wife, but she replied, " Sire, you are a Mussulman, and I am a Christian."

Haroon lost all his warlike proclivities in his love for Anna, which had permeated his whole being, and he finally decided for love of her to turn Christian. Taking all his captives with him, he embarked for Marseilles, where the Provençals were preparing a crusade against him, and there he and his followers embraced Christianity and he was married to Anna. He enjoyed serene happiness in this union, though his heart was often torn by the misfortunes, which had overtaken his countrymen since he had ceased to inspire them, and the worries and struggles of heart and mind took away his strength, and he died a year after in the Christian faith.

Anna then resolved to spend the rest of her days in seclusion, on the very spot of her captivity, and here she founded a chapel to which she often repaired to pray for the conversion of the Moors, and she was looked upon as the guardian angel of the country.

These ruins have disappeared, but if tradition can be believed a princess named Agnèse lost her way on these heights, while on her way to Tenda in a terrible storm. She implored her patron saint's influence, and was led to a small grotto, which still exists on the platform near the cross, and in grateful remembrance she built the Chapel, which was to be called St. Agnèse.

For nearly a century St. Agnèse was claimed alternately by the Genoese, Piedmontese, and the Grimaldis ; then it passed to the House of Savoy in the County of Ventimiglia, and no one looking at it to-day would ever dream of its having played such a prominent part in past history. Of later years it has been left in peace.

In 1531 the Bishop of Grasse bought the lordship of St. Agnèse against the wish of the inhabitants, so he took the castle by force and obliged the inhabitants to submit.

In 1588 some Benedictine monks settled at St. Agnèse, and it was used as a place for short halts during the Franco-Austrian War in 1691.

The forests have disappeared, but there is soil enough for

the cultivation of the vine, fruit, and corn. Excellent water is obtained from a spring on the north-eastern slope of Mont Piauli, and brought to the village by an aqueduct.

On January 21st, the fête day of St. Agnèse, there is the usual religious ceremony and solemn procession followed by merrymaking, singing, dancing, smoking, and drinking. Young men offer rosettes and flowers to the gentlemen present, who are expected to give silver in exchange, while the ladies accepting them are booked for a dance. In an old dream book of great authority may be read:

> "St. Agnèse, be a friend to me,
> In the gift I ask of thee,
> Let me, to-night, my husband see."

The Annunciata

The Annunciata is on the top of a beautiful hill, which separates the Carrei from the Borrigo valley, about one hour's walk from Mentone. At the present day there is a funicular railway to the top of it.

Tradition has it that a sister of Louis I, Prince of Monaco, owed her cure from leprosy to her frequent pilgrimages to the holy shrine of Notre Dame de Puypin on the Annunciata in 1160.

The fifteen niches on the way up represent as many minor saints leading and pointing to the major saint above. The princess installed them and they personify the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. In 1177 this hamlet belonged to the Count of Ventimiglia.

The report of the miraculous cure of the princess attracted many sick and infirm people, so twelve Mentone priests founded an auxiliary retreat with the permission of the then Prince of Monaco, who in 1695 enlarged the place at his own expense. In 1793 the congregation of priests was dissolved, and the chapel became national property.

In 1808 Monsieur Paul de Monleon, Maire of Mentone,

purchased it for the purpose of making it his family tomb in perpetuity.

In 1867 Charles de Monleon, who was also Maire of Mentone, gave the chapel to some Italian monks to watch and pray over the sacred resting-place of his family. These friars collected money, enlarged the house and chapel, provided for twenty inmates, enlarged and deepened the cistern, which supplied them with water, and turned it into a permanent home.

On the expulsion of the religious orders from France in 1903, the monks were forced to vacate the Annunciata monastery, which has remained empty ever since.

The hotel there now, was built behind and above the old building, and attracts a good many visitors, as the air is fresh and salubrious, and the view from it very fine over the Borrigo valley, Gorbio and Mont Agel.

The local fête takes place on March 25th.

The monastery was badly shaken by the earthquake of 1887.

The Hermit's Cave

About a hundred yards to the west of the bridge is an almost vertical rock, with a kind of cavity or window in it, and this is called the Hermit's Cave at the very foot of the Roudabra.

This cavity is the entrance to two rooms, the first 18 feet by 13½ feet, and is continued by a steep staircase into the rock, for about 81 feet, and then a good-sized hole leads into a second room 12 feet long with a floor sloping in the opposite direction to the opening.

This cave is near to a dangerous part of the mule-path frequented by highwaymen, and in 1336 a certain William Vitrola went one day from Sospello to Mentone with his son, when they were attacked by a couple of highwaymen, who slew the son and bound the father and put him into the cavern until their return in the evening, so that he could think out some means of procuring his ransom. He invoked

the help of Theobald of Mondovi, a martyr saint of holy life who worked miracles.

Directly he had done so, to his horror, a wild boar dashed into the cavern, but to his great surprise, it settled down quietly at his feet like a dog. Soon human voices and steps were heard approaching, and Vitrola again made the sign of the cross and cried for help.

Five astonished and bewildered men stood before him, and when they had heard his story, they released the captive, and made arrangements to capture the murderers of his son, when they returned from Mentone.

They forgot all about the wild boar, which was the cause of their entering the cave, for they had been out hunting all day, and had guessed that it had taken refuge there.

One of the five was left in the cave with Vitrola and the boar, who refused to leave him, and the others disposed themselves in points of vantage. As darkness increased the two murderers were seen hurrying up the track to the cavern, but before they reached it, they were collared and hanged on a tree, for the leader of the hunting party was the Lord of Gorbio.

The fame of St. Theobald spread through the country after this, and people flocked to his tomb and enriched his shrine and temple.

The hermit, who took up his abode here after this event, was Robert de Ferques, who when just married was ordered to join the third Crusade. His bride adopted man's attire, and set out with him as his esquire. She fell from her horse and was obliged to be left behind and she died in a few days. The knight was so overwhelmed with grief that he gave up the world and consecrated his life to God in the most austere solitude.

To reach this cave a steady head and strong, pliable limbs are needed, for first comes a long slope of loose stones, and nothing is left but the barren rocks. The last stretch is very narrow, with an almost perpendicular rock forming a precipice on one side, and a hedge of brambles on the other. The last bit consists of a slippery gorge with nothing to hold on to. A kind of bench runs round the walls with small

recesses here and there. The chapel is undoubtedly very old, and may have been used during the Saracen wars.

Castellar—Fête de St. Sébastien

Castellar is in the Val Menton, sheltered by the mountains between France and Italy on the east, and seems to be just under the Berceau (cradle ; 3,349 feet). To the north of it Aiguille stands out prominently, while Grammont (4,131 feet) appears between the two.

It is $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Mentone on a hill called Mont Carmel and is 1,200 feet above the sea, on a plateau commanding the two valleys. The Val Menton might very well be called the silver valley, for on a windy day the under side of the leaves of the olive trees show so much as to form a shimmering mass of silver-grey.

The valley begins to narrow when the "abattoir" is passed, and later the olive-clad hills seem entirely to close the head of the valley and give the impression that there is no way out of it. But the torrent is crossed at the stone bridge Sourg, and the road zigzags up on the west side of it through the olive groves until Mont Carmel is reached after a horse drive of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or a walk up the mule-paths. When the zigzags are reached there is a view into the Carrei valley on the west, and Annunciata, Mont Agel, and Sainte Agnèse come into view, while just before the last turn of the road round the back of the village of Castellar, down below, the hamlet of Monti with its finely pointed church spire and the long bridge, can be seen, and far above in the distance the village of Castiglione, or Castillon, on the top of the ridge between the mountains. The road winds round three sides of the village, and before the last turn is taken, a cemetery is seen below to the north and a little distance from it, a tiny wayside Roman chapel dedicated to St. Sébastien. The Grammont summit gives a grand panorama, as it is the highest point between the Paillon and Roya valleys.

There was an older village of Castellar higher up the mountain side above the Roman chapel, but time and weather proved too much for the old houses, so in 1435 the Lascaris, who were the feudal landowners, built a second castle on these tablelands on the top of Mont Carmel, and twenty-nine of the inhabitants of old Castellar were allowed to remove the materials of which their old houses were built, and to put them together again at San Sébastien, so the new houses are now nearly 500 years old.

They are built of rough, undressed, dark, grey stone and from the Place de la Mairie or Georges-Clémenceau, the main street leads to the church, and to the former palace of the Lascaris, which is hardly to be distinguished from the others, except for its ancient turret. It was sold, and all the rooms but one have been divided in their height and are now occupied by twenty-one families. This open place is now called Maréchal Foch.

The property remained in the sovereign possession of the Lascaris till 1792, and up to 1886 there was still a family living in Castellar, descended from the original lords whose ancestor was emperor in Constantinople in 1222 and who were also Counts of Ventimiglia.

The last two descendants of this noble family of Lascari died at the time of the French Revolution; the one was exiled and driven away from one place after another when in very bad health, and finally died from the effects of it, which was what the Government was aiming at, as they wanted to take possession of all his estates. The other had been working in Napoleon's service for his advancement, and died in Cairo broken-hearted on the Emperor's fall.

January the 20th was the day of San Sébastien's martyrdom, and is the fête day of Castellar, but in 1923 that day fell on a Saturday, so the fête was kept on Sunday and began at 8 a.m. with a "salvo." This was of a primitive order. A fire of fir cones was made on the grassy ground near the church, on which wood was piled, and then the end of a long piece of iron was made red-hot, and at the appointed moment, it was thrust into a kind of drum with gunpowder in it, and a big report and smoke followed.

At 10.30 all the people crammed into the small church, fetching chairs from their own houses to add to the number of seats. At 10.45 the Archiprêtre de Menton (Archdeacon) drove up in a fine motor car, looking quite out of place in this old-world village, and he was met on the "Place" by the mayor and councillors, all in black, with coloured favours, and they all stood uncovered while the band played the "Marseillaise," and then a procession was formed to escort the prelate to the church.

This day had been chosen to induct a new *curé*, and also to unveil a marble plaque placed on the inside wall of the church inscribed with the names of the twenty-seven men of Castellar who fell in the Great War.

The archdeacon preached the sermon to their memory, and the new *curé* gave a short address, while between the congregation sang, without music, in alternate parts, solo and chorus. This service with the celebration of Mass occupied two hours.

Another salute was fired, and the procession was formed to march down the main street to the Place de la Mairie. First came the elderly women in black dresses and white veils with the crucifix draped in black, mourning for their lost ones, followed by the girls in white dresses and blue sashes and neck ribbons carrying a banner. After them some men in white carried four street lamps on poles, those used for lighting the village in bygone days, followed by four men who bore the statue of St. Sébastien shoulder-high on a square dais, wreathed with roses, surrounded by the priests and choir all singing, and the villagers brought up the rear.

They marched round the "Place" and up the second street back to the church, where the saint was deposited, and the people dispersed.

After their dinner, the younger portion of the villagers returned to the Place Georges-Clémenceau, a circle in the centre of which was roped off and decorated with green branches, with fir trees at intervals, each surmounted by a flag. Here sports and dancing were carried on from 2 to 6 p.m. in a howling wind, which, however, did not suffice to

damp the youthful spirits. They then dispersed for an evening meal, but returned at 7.30 p.m., when the whole place was lighted up with strings of coloured electric lamps, making a very bright spot of this olive-clad hill, and dancing was continued till all were wearied out.

PART II
THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Balzi Rossi (Rochers Rouges)

When the tramway terminus at Menton-Garavan is passed, the road forks at the drinking fountain erected to the memory of Dr. Henry Bennet, and the one to the right, close down to the sea, leads to the Rochers Rouges, where formerly the Roman road, the Via Aurelia, ran.

The cliff-like rock is composed of jurassic limestone, and is of reddish colour with yellow in it and has large, white veins of sulphate of lime.

On the face of the cliff are nine caves or fissures, the largest of which is called the Barma-Grande, and it is the fifth from the frontier and the most important of all. These caves had been casually examined in 1846, when they belonged to Monaco, but from 1882 systematic investigations have been carried on under the orders of the late Prince Albert I of Monaco, and the Prince's Cave, the Children's Cave, the Abri Lorenzi and the Grotte du Cavillon have all yielded important results.

They are now in the Commune of Ventimiglia and belong to the Kingdom of Italy, but are still called the Mentone Caves.

The Barma-Grande is now 65 feet above sea level, and has been gradually filled up by deposits on the bottom, to the depth of more than 30 feet, and must have required centuries for its formation, which was probably towards the close of the Tertiary period. It was formerly much deeper, but the rocks have been quarried, as they are formed of good building stone.

In the lowest and oldest level of the deposits the bones of

elephants and rhinoceroses are found and stone implements, and the remains of the animals are those of a sub-tropical epoch.

After this period the caves were inhabited by man, who lived by hunting, and his tools consisted of scrapers, gravers, knives, awls and "pointes" in gritstone and limestone worked roughly on *one* side only.

The sub-tropical fauna was replaced by animals adapted to a cold climate, cave-bear, brown bear and other large carnivora, and reindeer, such as are found now in the Alps and Arctic regions, showing that the climate must have changed altogether.

Following these animals were the remains of the wild bull, ox, goat, roe-buck, ibex, wild boar, and red deer.

Man inhabited these caves, as at every level, weapons, stone implements and tools, and ornaments of bone are found; also masses of ashes and charcoal with charred bones of animals, which the inhabitants had cooked for food, and some of the bones were split so as to extract the marrow. There are no traces of iron or bronze, no bits of pottery, so the inhabitants must have used skins to cook their food in, and boiled the contents by dropping in hot stones, as very many round stones abound, and are consequently called "pot-boilers." Their weapons were made of flint, with finer workmanship.

Human bodies were buried in Barma-Grande during the reindeer age, for the first skeleton discovered in 1884 was in these deposits; the three dug up in 1892 had been buried in a trench; and two others were found in 1894, one of which was charred.

All the bodies had been covered with peroxide of iron, which in course of time had penetrated to the bones, and dyed them, together with the ornaments worn, a deep red. The latter were found with every skeleton in the Barma-Grande, and were formed of the canine teeth of deer perforated and engraved, necklets of sea-shells with bone pendants skilfully carved, bracelets, and shells suspended from the waist to form a fringe.

Three different races are found here. In one cave, a

young man and an old woman were found of much smaller build than the others, with slender bones, and of a distinct negroid face ; the height above the average, and excellent cranial capacity. As this type had not hitherto been found, it has been given the name of Grimaldi, as it was discovered on the property of the Prince of Monaco, and it appears to belong to the oldest race.

Those that succeeded this type belonged to the Cro-Magnon group, and were found in the Barma-Grande and in most of the other caves. They were 6 feet to 6 feet 7 inches in height, with very broad faces, powerful jaws, triangular projecting chin, very large eyes, and they must have been possessed of great physical strength. They were probably brothers to the reindeer hunters of South-Western France and were " troglodytes " or cave dwellers, and lived towards the end of the middle Pleistocene period. These were found in the Children's Cave.

Sufficient material has not yet been excavated to give particulars of the men who lived in the Elephas Antiquus and Rhinoceros Merckii age.

From here the same road must be retraced, and the left fork taken, which leads across the railway line, and rises to the St. Louis Gorge.

St. Louis Gorge

This is the frontier at the present day between France and Italy, and an impassable barrier to unwary travellers who have failed to provide themselves with passports.

There is a picturesque ravine, with a fanciful set of rocks, with one pinnacle isolated in the middle, surrounded by space, looking almost like a Louis XIV bust with a tufted head. In the background are lofty, precipitous rocks covered with wild flowers and ferns, with small openings in them that you long to explore, but they are unfortunately inaccessible.

Across this ravine is the Pont St. Louis and also an aqueduct, both constructed to the order of Napoleon, and this

makes the passing from one country to the other a very easy matter. The bridge consists of a single arch, is 220 feet above the torrent, and the span is 70 feet; the work was completed in 1806, and is a masterpiece of engineering, emulating that of the Romans.

On one side of the Bridge is the French Custom House, and on the other the Italian. Every man, woman, and child wishing to cross has to show the contents of the basket which is usually carried, as no food of any description may be taken across, and every driver of a vehicle must show his licence, and state where he is going and when he is returning. If a traveller appears with luggage, every piece must be opened on demand, but if nothing of a suspicious nature is seen, the examination may be only perfunctory. To object to an inspection will cause endless trouble.

Many lives have been lost here; the warrior and the highwayman have accounted for some, but suicides have been numerous.

In the garden of Dr. Bennet's house just over the frontier was a watchtower, a Vigilia, or Vigie, over the Roman road below, which it commanded. It was built by the Saracens, and passed into the hands of the Grimaldi. This corner was much frequented by brigands, and the name of Barbet was given to a band of outcasts and criminals, bearded men, who arrived in this neighbourhood, 400 strong, many of them escaped convicts. They were led by a certain Olivier of Coni, for whom the Infante of Spain offered a reward of 1,000 pistoles dead or alive. A peasant located the band in one of the caves of the Balzi Rossi, gave notice to the commander, who with his troops surrounded the cave and killed a great many, while the badly wounded Olivier was carried to the town hospital, where in a few hours he died.

Along all these Roman roads were two kinds of forts, the one on the roadside to ensure the keeping of the road, called Castella, the other generally on an eminence to forward and receive signals, and these were called Vigilia. All these constructions were alike in position and material.

When the French Custom House officers are satisfied with your passport and *visé*, you cross the bridge over the gorge,

and a few yards farther on you are again challenged, this time by the Italian Custom House officials, who inspect you carefully to see if the photograph in the passport really visages the applicant for admission to their country, and if they are satisfied, you are allowed to enter the charming land of Italy.

You heave a sigh of relief and pass on, but if you are driving, there is one more formality to be complied with, but this time it is the chauffeur who must produce his licence, and say where he and his passengers are going. After this you are free to make a detour and visit Grimaldi if you wish to do so.

Grimaldi

Grimaldi is the first village on the Italian side of the frontier, and it is situated on the mountain slope, facing west, spread out in one long line, and enjoying most beautiful views of the two bays of Mentone, and of the distant Estérel when the weather is clear.

There are several paths up to it, one being a narrow, winding way through olive groves from the Mentone end, and another a carriage road from near the late Dr. Bennet's house, and the tower of Grimaldi at the curve of the road.

The village consists of one long street, and many of the houses are very picturesque, some with flights of steps outside up to the first and second floors, while the ground floor is devoted to the domestic animals, mules, donkeys, goats, and fowls. On the French Riviera donkeys are the household servants, but in Italy their place is taken by the mules, which are nearly always the hard-worked beasts of burden. All the water for the use of the villagers has to be carried from a fountain nearly opposite the church, which is overhung by olive trees.

At the top of the village is a mule-path winding amidst olive, lemon, vine, and fig trees to lower Ciotti through the Gorge of St. Louis, and this the mules seem to consider belongs exclusively to them ; and as they are usually laden with a wine barrel on each side of their backs, it behoves the

unwary pedestrian to make a virtue of necessity, and find a place of safety off the path, or an unpleasant roll will follow down the decline into the depths of the gorge until entangled in some of the undergrowth.

The little village of Ciotti consists of a few old picturesque cottages bolstered up against one another with arches, and broken-down outside flights of steps leading in all directions ; so it is impossible to see how many different homes there may be in one block. In the outer wall of one are the remains of the village oven, to which all the inhabitants brought any food they wished to have baked.

The church stands apart from the village, which is very unusual.

After a visit to Grimaldi, the main road is rejoined, and a reddish, granite cross is observed on the sea side, which is a lasting monument to the late Sir Thomas Hanbury.

La Mortola

We cannot pass along the high road without pausing to visit the renowned garden of this Englishman.

A descent of 200 feet through a wild ravine brings us back close to the sea again.

In 1867 Sir Thomas Hanbury formerly an English merchant in Shanghai, bought fifty-five acres of land at the foot of this ravine, with an Italian palace on it. It is situated on a warm, sheltered, promontory from which the north and west winds are cut off, while it is fully exposed to the sun. Plants and trees from Australia and China, Japan and Africa, North and South America, and India have been introduced here, so that it has become one of the most important private gardens in Europe. Here can be seen agaves with leaves 7 feet long, sending up huge, green candelabra of hundreds of flowers to a height of 30 feet. The storax tree, which grows wild in the South of Italy, Greece, and the Levant, is cultivated here. It exudes a resin, which is used as incense in the churches of Asia Minor, and at Easter in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at

Jerusalem. It has a small, fragrant white flower. The pergola forms one of the beauties of the garden, and is covered with bougainvillæa, roses, passion flowers, mesembryanthemums, pelargoniums, and heliotrope, and at the end of it is seen a distant view of Ventimiglia and Bordighera.

Queen Victoria visited the garden in 1882, and the late King Edward when Prince of Wales, and other important personages.

Palazzo Orengo, which was bought with the estate, dates from the thirteenth or fifteenth century, and was originally owned by the Lantari of Ventimiglia, who sold it in 1620 to the noble family of Orengo, from whom Mr. Hanbury purchased it. On the inner side of the entrance gate is the Chinese word "Fo," meaning happiness, written by Mr. Hanbury's friend, the first Chinese Ambassador accredited to St. James's. On the outside of the porch are two terra-cotta medallions of Linnæus and Decandolle, the great botanists. In the hall is a fine mosaic by Salviati of Venice, representing Marco Polo, the first traveller to China. The floors of the *salon* and antechamber are copies of beautiful Roman mosaics.

There is a fresco on the ceiling of the *salon*, showing the parting of Julius Agricola from his mother, on his way to take the command of the Roman army in Britain in A.D. 60. He was born at Fréjus and lived there with his mother, who made him one of the grandest characters of Roman history. During his seven years in Britain, he taught the arts of civilized life, how to make roads, and to build comfortable dwelling-houses and temples, and established a system of education for the sons of the chiefs. There was a Roman cemetery close by, where Agricola's mother is alleged to have been buried, after being murdered by mercenary soldiers.

Opposite the entrance gate to the garden, 300 feet above sea level, an old olive tree has been converted into a drinking fountain, called "La Fontana del Olivo." It is for both man and beast, and the weary beasts are very grateful for the rest on the slope of the hill under the shade of the tree, as well as for the assuaging of their thirst. It also provides pure water for the use of the villagers.

Sir Thomas Hanbury found that the children of the neighbouring villages of La Mortola, Ciotti, and Grimaldi could neither read nor write, so he built a good, healthy schoolhouse and provided the necessary instructors, but how it is managed I do not know, for some of the boys could speak no Italian and others no French. He also built a large Sanatorium for sick people. In the garden there are good remains of the old Roman road.

The name Murtola or Mortolar means myrtle, and also a cemetery.

From this point the road descends for a time under the lee of the hills which rise abruptly from it on the one side, while cacti rear their sharp points against the sea on the other. The bluff which hides Ventimiglia from sight is then seen with various old ruins on the top of it, including those of Castel d'Appio in the distance. When the corner is turned, the road is very narrow, and descends between a row of old houses, and at the foot of the slope to the left, there are mule-paths leading up to the most interesting old town of Ventimiglia.

Ventimiglia

After the decline of the Roman power, Ventimiglia was independent under its own consuls till the arrival there of the Saracens in A.D. 400, and they held it for 200 years.

Ventimiglia was made the capital of the middle division of Liguria, the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, and excited the jealousy of Genoa who coveted such an important military position as the Roya with its harbour, as it wished to monopolize the whole of the Mediterranean trade.

Charlemagne, in 778, gave it to a Genoese nobleman, but for many years its possession was contested by the Counts of Provence, greedy Genoa, and Guelphs and Ghibellines, alternate governors of the place.

In 1238 there was a general rising headed by Campo Rosso, Valle Nervia, because the existing government was so tyrannous and exacting, but Genoa came to its assistance and the townspeople had to surrender. Twenty years later

it regained its independence and the Parliament met in the Cathedral of Santa Maria, and absolutely refused an alliance with Genoa, the most important naval and commercial power, who allowed her allies to enter her ports free, while all the independent communes were heavily taxed.

The Ghibelline dream even then was of a united Italy under one emperor to be a dominant power in the world, as it had been in the grand days of Rome, and it might have come to pass if it had not been for the bitter hostility of the Papacy, which would have lost its temporal power.

The Counts of Ventimiglia always had great sway in Liguria, and it was felt in church, state and literature.

The Cathedral of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin occupies part of a terrace on the hill, together with the palace of the Lascaris. It was erected on the ruins of a temple of Juno and boasts of having had St. Barnabas for its first bishop, as shown by an inscription inside the cathedral door on the right. It is built on the plan of a basilica with three naves, and had originally four altars, but since its restoration four more have been added. The interior is absolutely spoilt by new plaster and colouring.

Adjoining the cathedral is the baptistery built in the fifth century, and these two are amongst the most ancient pagan temples in Liguria, transformed into Christian churches. It is octagonal in form and 27 feet in diameter, terminated by a semicircular cupola, crowned by a lantern. It is below the surrounding ground level now and without an entrance from the cathedral. In the centre is an octagonal stone basin for baptism by immersion, and stowed away in a corner is a font with very old supports. On the floor are Meirovingian carvings. It possesses a beautiful missal printed in 1570.

The Church of San Michele, built in the twelfth century, was originally a pagan temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux, who had power over winds and waves, from which Liguria wanted special protection. The church is a most interesting one because it has been left untouched and is in the same curious form as those of San Zeno at Verona, San Lorenzo, and Santa Maria in Trestevere at Rome, namely,

the altar stands on a raised platform in the apse reached by a flight of stairs on each side, while underneath the altar are the steps from the floor of the apse into the crypt or burial place of the saint. The first pillar on the right, over four feet high, in the crypt is a Roman milestone from the Via Aurelia, with an inscription on it of the reign of Antonius Pius. In the church there are two Roman milestones, one on each side of the main door, about three feet high also with inscriptions on them. There is a fresco on the south pilaster which looks like San Sebastian. The exterior of the west façade is spoilt by being covered with plaster, but the form is old, and seems to be of the same date as the interior. The church is distinguished by its high, plain square tower with brown campanile and rounded apse. In A.D. 954 this church was given by the Count of Ventimiglia to the Abbey of Lérins, and the list of their priors dates from 1060 to 1640 without a break, when the church was taken away from them and the city walls were put outside it.

The main street of Old Ventimiglia begins broad and abrupt at the cathedral, and goes to the northern gate with its old walls, passing a fine, disused church, a lion fountain, and some very handsome palaces on the way and a good many arches. This forms a great contrast to the side streets, which are very narrow, with a steep slope up to the west exit, and are paved with brick, as at Roquebrune and Bordighera.

From an artistic point of view the many-storied houses, with windows in the arches over the side streets, are equal to those of any of the towns along the coast. The walls are brightened by whitewash put on like a dado and a colour wash above it. There are arches and rooms across the streets from house to house, and these often form little gardens with plants hanging down from them.

Towering above the town are the remains of the castle, which was rebuilt in the Middle Ages.

The suburb of St. Augustine, where the International Railway station now stands, was probably the site of the original Intemelium, and perhaps part of the town of Nervia.

Here was the Roman settlement, camp, and town, and extensive researches have resulted in the find of many

Roman treasures. The circus was unearthed in 1877, and the excavations prove the former existence of a Roman city, most probably called Nervia, the capital of the Intemelii, who were the large Falerna tribe.

Travellers as a rule never discover that there is anything of interest in this very ancient town, as they are only anxious to get away from it as quickly as possible. Travelling between France and Italy along the Mediterranean by railway, this station is the frontier, and two Custom Houses have to be passed, and it is going from Scylla to Charybdis to get through. The writer's pre-war experience was as follows: Having arrived here from Beaulieu we were all turned out of the train, as only the International ones are allowed to go through without change, so we had to buy more tickets and re-register our luggage to Genoa. As it was the hour of the Italian siesta, every place was locked up, so I was sent to the restaurant to get some luncheon, while my husband waited patiently at the ticket office. When the time arrived for the departure of the train, I found him still in the same place, so he told me to go to the waiting-room. This was already nearly full, so I could only stand in the middle of it, with a small holdall in one hand and a bag in the other. These were deposited on the floor at my feet, but the arrival of fresh comers obliged me to pick these up, and embrace them in my arms, for the pressure from behind was so great, that we were soon packed like sardines in a barrel. After standing thus for the best part of an hour, the half of the glass door opening on to the platform was unlocked, and one ticket collector stood at the entrance. By this time my arms felt as though they were dislocated, and now in addition bags, baskets, and umbrellas were poked into my ribs and back, until I felt that I must be black and blue, as the result of the efforts of those behind me to get in front. Not until I had sunk down exhausted in the train did my husband appear with the tickets, worn out with the waiting for the Custom House officers to examine the luggage.

As the stream of passengers came to an end, we thought the train would really start, for it was supposed to be a good

one, but no ! there was another weary hour to wait before the train finally crawled out of the station.

Things are beginning to improve now, but if Italians would only keep to the time mentioned and let the passengers know their intentions, those two weary hours might have been spent in inspecting some of the interesting objects in the old town, instead of fuming in the railway station.

On quitting the old town, the main road crosses the bridge over the important River Roja, up the left bank of which a road leads to the *Col di Tenda*, and finally to *Turin*.

The Roja Valley

This Roja valley is the finest and most important one of the whole Riviera, and is the most direct road to Turin, consequently both French and Italians have united in their endeavours to make a railway through it, so as to avoid the journey along the coast to Genoa, before turning north.

Both countries have already worked at it for over thirty years, and if the Great War had not intervened, the line might have been completed by now, for trains are running from San Dalmazzo, through the two mile long tunnel under the Col di Tenda to Limone, Cuneo, and Turin. It is a stupendous bit of engineering work, for on the Italian side most of the line has to be taken through tunnels, of which the majority were completed before the war. The French began working again in the spring of 1920 on their part of the line from Nice to Sospel, and Italy will no doubt start again as soon as the country settles down and funds are available.

The author and some friends wished to see this magnificent scenery, and engaged a motor car with which to make the excursion, and as we wished to photograph on the way and not be hurried, we arranged to sleep at San Dalmazzo, and return the next day by France to Mentone.

It had rained in the night, and the weather was very doubtful when we started, but the sun triumphed and we

had the pleasure of seeing the clouds rise from peak after peak, all covered with fresh-fallen snow.

We crossed the Pont St. Louis after showing our passports at the French Custom House, and afterwards at the Italian, and then came a quick run along the coast to Ventimiglia, the first Italian town. This is situated at the mouth of the River Roja, and the view, from the bridge of many arches crossing it, is very fine. Village after village on successive heights is seen, ending in the grand snowy peaks of the Col di Tenda range of mountains.

The River Roja at Ventimiglia is of immense width and almost dry, except in the snow-melting period, but as we progress up the valley, it soon begins to contract, and by the time we reached Airole, a stately village on the side of the slopes, it is only the usual, swift-flowing mountain stream, of a deep blue in the sun and a beautiful green in the shadows.

At Piena is the first Custom House, where we have to show our passports before leaving Italy, and directly afterwards we cross into France, where the same formality has to be gone through again.

There is now about a ten-mile run through France, and Breglio is reached, a flat village built on raised ground with a very high wall round three sides, and the river on two sides below it, and good views are obtained.

We continue northwards, and from this point the mountains begin to draw closer and closer together, until the wonderful Gorge of Berghe only allows of a peep at the sky just overhead, and space for a carriage road has been obtained by blasting out the rock.

In passing through this gorge, a brown spot on the mountain side is caught sight of occasionally from the many curves of the road, until on emerging into the open, the village of Saorgio is identified, wonderfully situated on the edge of lofty rocks. It was a former Ligurian stronghold, and commands the entrance to the gorge, and has consequently taken an important part in many wars. In 1794 the French managed to wrest it from the hands of the Italians, and they retain possession of it at the present day. The

ruins of the castle remain, and adjacent is a large Franciscan monastery.

This victory of the French is the cause of our having to show our passports so often, as without it, we should have remained on Italian territory for the whole expedition.

But no trouble need be grudged, for on leaving Saorgio we enter another grand defile, the Gola di Gaudarena, which is scarcely less grand than the Gorge of Berghe, and then we cross the bridge, on the site of an old Roman bridge, and Fontana is reached, the last French village, and again we have to stop and declare that we are taking nothing out of French territory.

A few minutes bring us to the Italian Custom House of San Dalmazzo, and here the officials turned out in full force, surrounded the car, and surveyed us critically. We handed out our passports and the chauffeur's licence, but they were not satisfied, and said, "You appear to be all ladies, but you cannot have driven up here alone. Where is your man?" Now our chauffeur was a "Waac," who had been driving in France during the Great War, and she had never been in this valley before. We replied, "We are six women, and have had no necessity for the services of a man." They then wished to retain the chauffeur's licence until the next day at least, while they made enquiries about her, but to this suggestion we would not listen, and told them we were not returning the same way, and after half an hour's palaver we were grudgingly permitted to proceed.

After this we made straight for the Hôtel Dalmas, and to our great satisfaction found that fires were lighted, our bedrooms aired, and preparations made for a substantial, hot meal in the evening.

It was then about 3 p.m. and the sun was getting very low, so we decided to drive on at once to the village of Tenda.

To reach this place, we drove through a grey, stony, savage defile, the picture of desolation, so different to those we had seen earlier in the day.

On reaching Tenda we made straight for the hotel, to procure some hot coffee, as our luncheon had been an

alfresco one *en route*, but instead of the hoped-for warmth, we were shown into a vault-like room, which had been shut up all the winter, so we did not linger over our refreshment, but started to explore the village.

The houses here are very old, built one on the top of the other with deep overhanging roofs, so dark and weather worn that it is difficult to distinguish them from the hillside. It requires some time to explore the many narrow, dark, arched-over streets with steps for the use of the beasts of burden, and we were getting both tired and cold. The Piazza is exceptionally large, with the houses built over deep arcades, and a fountain supplying water for both man and beast. Of the ancient fortress and castle, where Beatrice di Tenda was done to death by her husband, only one tall bit of wall is left, which stands up as a landmark against the sky.

It was beginning to get dark, so we made a quick run back to San Dalmazzo, where we received a warm welcome from the proprietor and his wife, who had made every arrangement for our comfort and waited upon us themselves.

Our supper consisted of soup, trout fresh-caught from the Roja, which brawled at the bottom of the hotel garden, cold sausage, savoury omelet, delicious home-made bread and cheese, and a slab of butter, about six inches square and two inches deep, when butter at Mentone cost a fabulous price, and was doled out at the hotel in microscopic portions, and finally a bottle of Chianti.

Warmed and refreshed we retired to bed soon after, thoroughly satisfied with our day's excursion from beginning to end.

The next day, after visiting the abbey, now converted into a summer *pension* under the nuns, we started south again carrying a plentiful luncheon with us ; our hotel bill, including everything, worked out just under twenty-five francs each, which at the exchange of the day was ten shillings.

We drove back the same way as far as Giandola, where we turned to the right, and ascended by a series of zigzags the top of the Col de Brouis, and descended in the same way

to Sospel, where the roads from Nice and Mentone meet, and taking the latter by Castiglione we reached our hotel by 4 p.m., very much pleased with our circular tour.

The Nervia Valle, Camporosso

We must now return to the point from which we started at the mouth of the Roja Valle, for between Ventimiglia and Bordighera are several valleys running inland, and next to the Roja comes the Nervia. The tram line is followed through the modern town of Ventimiglia until the Ponte Nervia is reached on the left, and here a digression should be made to visit at least five of the most interesting villages in it.

The first village of any importance is Camporosso, which is on the level, in the curve formed by the River Nervia. It is so called from the rosy hue of the oleanders, which here bloom in great profusion.

In 1682 it was one of the first villages to rebel against the exactions of the Counts of Ventimiglia, who gave a monopoly of the sale of grain and bread to certain contractors, who only sold black and extremely unwholesome bread, and besides this, tithes were exacted from the people on all their produce. Seven other villages joined in with Camporosso—Borghetto, Sasso, Vallebona, Vallecrosia, San Biagio, and Soldano—in petitioning the Senate of Genoa to free them from the heavy yoke of Ventimiglia.

Their freedom was granted, with power to manage their own affairs and finances. These were all inland villages, and so Bordighera was the port of the little community. It was over this dispute that printing was used for the first time in this part of Italy.

The Piazza at Camporosso is lined with quaint old houses with arcades under, and one end is almost closed by the church, which is entered by a flight of white marble steps, flanked by marble mermaids throwing water into small fountains.

The beasts of burden seen here were exceptionally fine

CAMPOROSSO

OX WITH WINE CASKS

oxen, with most courteous drivers, who absolutely refused to take a tip for standing still to be photographed.

The campanile of the Church of San Sebastiano is roofed with red, cream, and green tiles.

A short distance beyond Camporosso on the right, is the first Christian church of Camporosso, possibly built in the fifth century, with a stone roof. It is no longer used for services. This old church is on the *right* of the road when going up the valley from Ventimiglia with a *campo santo*, and the bell tower, being unplastered, looks very old. The church has marble columns, which show up well against the yellow stone.

Further up the Nervia Valley on the left of the road is another small village worth seeing, called Rocchetta Nervina, about 1 km. from Dolceaqua.

Dolceaqua

The road from Camporosso winds through groves of olive and chestnut trees until Dolceaqua is reached, one of the most interesting of the old towns.

The old Roman bridge which spans the River Nervia with a single arch and gives access to the town, is high in the middle in the shape of a pack saddle, and has steps both up and down it, just the right width for the stride of mules and donkeys. It is 115 feet long.

All the streets consist of steps almost closed in by archways, with openings here and there to let in a ray of sunshine or bit of blue sky.

When a man required a house, he asked permission to build inside the defensive wall, and when the space allotted to him was not big enough, he arched over one of the very narrow streets, and built his house there or even on his neighbour's roof. How the question of windows and ventilation was arranged is very difficult to follow. A plan of the town would afford a most interesting study. Twilight reigns everywhere, the only contrasts being the complete darkness of many of the archways and branch tunnels, that lead into mazes of vaulted passages.

The castle ruins crown the summit of the hill, and show that it was of huge dimensions with foundations of Roman work, with additions and alterations by Saracens, and in mediaeval times by Genoese. It was partially burnt down in 1185. It came into the possession of the great Doria family in 1270, who reigned at Dolceaqua as sovereign princes. The latter soon added Apricale and Isolabona in 1287, Perinaldo in 1288, and San Remo in 1297.

After a short civil war the inhabitants suffered greatly for twenty-five years; firstly from excessive drought, followed by inundations, famine, locusts, incessant rains; and finally in 1347 from a severe disease that carried off all the babies and fowls.

In 1365 Dolceaqua passed over to the House of Savoy and sustained a long series of assaults during the Austro-Spanish War of Succession, but the castle was inhabited till 1717; the final blow was given in 1793, and the old stronghold reduced to its present condition.

The portion of the town immediately below the castle is locally known as the Terra, to distinguish it from the Borgo on the right bank of the river.

The lower half of the church tower is a remnant of the defences of the town, a fact made plain by its position just above the river bank and by the machicolations still remaining. In exploring the old town, you find some carved wooden doors with dates, and wrought-iron balconies with barred windows.

Although the children died off in 1347, we can testify to the fact that there is no lack of them to-day, for the camera possesses an irresistible fascination for them, and they were under our feet all the time with their pet animals hauled out to be photographed. The ringing of the school bell brought us relief from the pandemonium of the children, but only to give place to that caused by the mules going to their afternoon work as beasts of burden.

While trying to photograph a mule standing at his door while his panniers were being loaded up, a tap-tap from four feet was heard coming down a side street, while another approached from behind. Discretion was the better part of valour, as a mule has no respect for a photographer who

takes up his 8-foot roadway with a stand camera, so the latter had to be snatched away into safety, and the much-desired picture given up, while the operator squeezed herself flat against the wall, to make way for the busy worker to pass by.

After leaving Dolceaqua the valley narrows and the road runs close to the river. A narrow path leads to Rocchetta Nervina, a picturesque village, worth visiting if time permits; at a distance of 4 km. from Dolceaqua there are the remains of a paper mill, which the Dorias had maintained, for preparing parchment according to records dated 1290. Both this industry and weaving have died out now.

Isolabona

This village is in the Nervia valley, beyond Dolceaqua, on the main road at the junction of the bridge road leading to Apricale.

It stands at the foot of a steep hill, and the old walls surrounding it have narrow slits for the use of the defending archers, who thus command the three roads in all directions.

The street leading into the village enters it under a house, and close by is the fountain, which is the rallying point for the villagers.

The stone houses on either side of the river are joined by a bridge of a single arch, with a shrine, in the middle of the parapet, which faces north, an unusual position. There is a tall cypress tree on the left bank of the stream, which is almost the first thing to catch the eye.

The square, white tower of the church is seen above the houses, and higher still on the north slope of the hill above the village are the ruins of the castle, belonging to the Dorias.

Going up the road to Apricale, a good view of the village is obtained above the Merdanzo torrent.

Special Characteristics of the Rock Villages

Val Nervia.

Apricale.—Picturesque position on hog's-back slope.

Pigna.—Unique covered piazza with houses built over it; streets mostly tunnels.

Valle Crosia.

Vallecrosia.—Mediaeval shop. Curious vaulted passage used as Council House.

San Biagio.—Quaint piazza and houses; good subjects for the artist.

Soldana.—Hugh fig trees; many earthquake arches; picture by Brea.

Perinaldo.—Three celebrated astronomers born here, and their houses with contents are to be seen.

Val Borgetto.

Borghetto.—Document signed here in 1470 for the building of a port; subsequently Bordighera.

Vallebona.—The church has a curious campanile.

Seborga.—Very old. The monks used to coin money here.

Val Sasso.

Sasso.—A village made out of a palace.

Baiardo.—Between Apricale and Ceriana. Unique position with magnificent views.

Bordighera.—On the coast with palm groves. Numerous watch towers.

The Rock Villages

The villages in this part of Liguria consist of two distinct types—those built along the ridges of the mountains stretching out more or less in a straight line, such as old Ventimiglia, Perinaldo and Col di Rodi, in which all the streets slope downhill, the better to defend them, and those of the cone-shaped type, situated on the top of a hillock and on the slopes of it, such as San Remo, while those of the Roja valley are built in horizontal layers and have broad, wooden verandas and deep eaves to them, making them look a dark brown in the distance, such as Tenda and Saorgio.

The so-called Rock Villages are situated in the valley between Ventimiglia and Bordighera, and consist of the

THE LIGURIAN ROCK VILLAGES

latter place and Borghetto, Vallebona in the Val Borghetto, with Seborga and Sasso on the ridge to the east of the same; of Vallecrosia, San Biagio, Soldano, and Perinaldo in the Val Crosia; of Pigna and Apricale in the Nervia Valle; and Baiardo between Apricale and Ceriana further north. These were all built for facility of mutual defence against the Saracens and pirates in general, and therefore in positions not too easy of access, but still always within reach of signals one to the other, generally by means of watch towers, which showed smoke by day and fire by night on the approach of an enemy.

In the oldest villages the houses are all joined together, and either have no windows at all on the outer side of them, or else they are so high up as to be quite inaccessible from outside; thus the houses formed an impregnable wall in themselves.

The rocks provided stone for building, and were not levelled before building was begun on them, but had the stones built into them to form the foundations, and thus the walls were carried up until the level for the living-rooms was reached, and the lower uneven part formed the stables for all the domestic animals, mules, donkeys, cattle, goats, and fowls.

The pebbles from the streams were burnt to provide the lime. This is why the houses are not usually entered from the level of the street, but from a flight of steps to the living-rooms.

Ground space was limited, because there was more difficulty in defending it, so the streets were arched over to provide more accommodation and also support the houses, while there were only one or two entrances to a village, and these were generally furnished with a drawbridge, which could be drawn up and barred over the entrance

Old Ventimiglia is an example of this kind of building, for the walls which exist to-day on the north side, were not built until the sixteenth century.

Each village contained a church, roofs were usually low-pitched, windows consisted of dark, unglazed openings, the cool streets were less than six feet in width, with loggias

covered with vines built over them in places, which gave a bit of bright colour to them, as did also the many-hued garments hung out to dry.

The village girls and women fetched water from the one stream, which was usually the only supply, in copper vessels mostly carried on their heads, and the mules, being the beasts of burden, went up and down the narrow streets with steps in them made the right width for the stride of the mule, laden with firewood, wine barrels, sacks of flour, and the produce of the neighbourhood, while the old women gathered small bundles of twigs, with which to light their fires. For recreation, the youths played " pallone," the Italian national game of ball, on the piazza or open square, and the children coming out of school soon livened up the villages, even as they do to-day.

Now there are good modern roads up most of the valleys, even to Baiardo from Ceriana, but Seborga and Sasso must be reached on foot or by mules.

The district round the villages is all cultivated and the steep slopes are made into terraces, and here the vines flourish, and also the olive, peach, cherry, plum, and pear trees, as well as oranges and lemons.

The lands are never enclosed, and there is little abuse of this freedom, except when the grapes are ripening, and then a watcher is left on guard.

The oil mills or " frantoj " are always near the stream to turn the wheel for crushing the fruit, and as oil is made in the early part of the year, the rain may provide sufficient water for the purpose.

The peasants are a quiet, sturdy race, and courteous to passing strangers as a rule.

It seems strange that from many of these isolated villages, where opportunities for education are few, many eminent men have come to the fore, including some good painters.

Ludovico Brea was born at Nice, but lived for some time at the Convent of Santa Maria della Misericordia near Taggia, with two other artists, Corrado di Allmagna, and Emanuele Macari of Pigna, who only exercised their talents for the glory of God, and not for money. Good pictures

are found in isolated spots such as Pigna, Soldana, Taggia, Ceriana, Montalto near Triora, Ventimiglia, and Sospel.

In the Middle Ages, people who attended a church, ordered a picture to be painted for it, and the officials who had charge of the matter gave minute instructions to the chosen painter as to its composition, which saints were to be portrayed, the dresses they were to wear, the size of the picture, and all the details that were to be put in. The time, in which the picture was required to be finished, was stated, and often the artist was obliged to obtain the services of another painter to help him finish it in time, and in that case the picture was stated to be of the school of " so-and-so."

The artist had also to undertake the framing of the picture, so that all should be in harmony and of artistic merit.

Apricale

There is a good driving road now to Apricale, one of the most picturesque of all the Rock villages. It is the shape of a fir cone, with the houses built one above the other and crowned by the church, with its spire standing up against the sky. To the east rises Monte Bignone, and its precipitous slopes are covered with pines and olives. Behind it are higher hills which keep off the cold winds, so the air is warm. The approach to it is by a modern bridge over a chasm, on the other side of which is a curious little old chapel. The real entrance is by a zigzag path to the west, half-way up the village and it seems to have only two streets. The walls and fortifications have disappeared, but it must have been very easy to defend from enemy assaults.

The houses are brown with age, and some of the doors are hung in a framework of slate, and their carved panels are worm-eaten. The street through the village is very steep and uneven, worn away by the mules bringing in the harvest through many centuries.

The inhabitants are nearly all landowners, so there is no poverty, and the manners of the people are marked by exceptional courtesy.

In the autumn the men, women, and children carry in the baskets of grapes on their heads, and the hard-working mules do their share too, and nearly every householder is making wine with laughter and song. Apricale produces some of the best light wines.

There are ancient, subterranean chambers under some of the little streets and even below part of the church. Of its earliest history nothing is known, but it is said that a monastery was founded there by Benedictine monks from Pigna.

At one time Apricale was independent, but afterwards was acquired by the Dorias of Dolceaqua.

The oldest document is dated A.D. 1254, and several interesting ones exist, but some are mutilated.

The old bridge was so damaged by heavy rains, when half a mile of the Favars road to Perinaldo was washed away, that a new one was built in 1777.

Apricale appears to sit on the slope of a hog's-back ridge, with a torrent on the west side, looking as though it would slip off its curved ridge into the larger torrent running east and west far below where the houses end. If you try to enter the village from the bottom, you find yourself in goat and mule stables only.

Pigna (1,000 feet)

From Apricale the road must be retraced to Isolabona and the highway regained and a turn to the right made. The hills grow ever higher and the valley narrower until Pigna (21 km. from the sea) is reached. It stands right away in the mountains on a wild, rocky eminence at the head of a long, winding valley—a study in sepia. Its only neighbour is the small village of Castel Vittorio, on the opposite hill across the river, and this belonged to Genoa while Pigna belonged to Savoy, so there were many feuds between the two places, and in both 1226 and 1477 boundary treaties were signed on the bridge which joins them.

The Nervia and Argentina valleys run roughly parallel, and end respectively at Pigna and by Rezzo to Triora, and

now these two places have been joined by a military road over the dividing mountains, giving a circular tour of about 96 km. rising 2,000 feet from Pigna to the top of the pass.

Pigna is generally considered the most extraordinary of the Rock villages. The streets consist far more of tunnels than of open alleys, and in some parts of them the houses are pitch dark at noon, and in winter feel dank like a cellar, and they are always cool even in the height of summer. When you alight at the lower entrance to the village, you plunge into a dark arch, and scramble upwards in varying stages of gloom, under houses and along five-feet passages, all smelling of stables, till you reach an arcade of the same stones as the houses, and from there you climb to the unique covered Piazza Umberto I, with its vaulted roof and black or slate-coloured pillars. These look very short and stumpy, because the arches are so wide. The ceiling is whitewashed, and the houses are built over this piazza, where four roads meet, and here the villagers congregate to talk over their business, and also to gossip. One of the roads leads up some steps to the Church of San Michele, another to a piazza with modernized houses, while the third leads out on to a wide, open, sunny piazza, from which there is a magnificent view across to Castel Vittorio with a rocky, olive-clad peak behind it.

The houses are built of almost black stone and show no mortar, so the place looks more like a heap of enormous pebbles, tunnelled by a giant's finger, than a place built up by human hands, and in some places the streets are so steep, that it was impossible to photograph more than half the height of the house. The outside of the village gives no indication of this. All the cavern-like rooms on the ground floor are used for the animals, and extraordinary bleats, brays, and crows emerge from almost pitch-black caverns. The stones of which the houses are built are very hard, and rough-looking, of a vandyke brown or black with age, the blocks are of an irregular square, the outsides being quite cleanly cut. Round stones are only used for the streets and cobbled mule-paths.

The parish Church of San Michele was built in 1450.

The capitals of the columns are very old-looking, but they and the arches are covered with plaster to imitate black marble, like the Royal Palace, the Quirinal at Rome, but probably the wall underneath is rough stone like the church at Ventimiglia. The floor has a good black and grey marble pavement, which in the nave slopes downwards to the west door, but the building is very well proportioned.

The curious, pointed tower has no eaves or any ornamentation or break, but the oblong stones are continued to the very top, without any opening for bells, producing the effect of a four-sided pointed pencil.

The church contains an exceedingly fine picture by Giovanni Ranavesio of Pinerolo, the artist-priest, painted in 1482.

It is painted on wood with a gold ground, and is divided into thirty-six compartments, the principal one of which is devoted to the Archangel Michael. All the work shows the great skill of the artist with the brush, for the faces are alive, the carnations are natural, while the armour and draperies show the Italian love of colour without being too obtrusive.

There are old doors to the church, a rich brown with age.

Pigna is a summer resort and the very high hills round it keep off the sun then, and in winter it is hardly gladdened by the sun's rays at all, although it stands so high that other villages to the south-east can be easily reached from it. Castel Vittoro, which is one of them, is in shade from about mid-day in winter.

There is a small but well-recommended inn called the Hôtel de Paris open in summer. The wine at the Caffè Commerciale is excellent and costs only six lire a bottle in these degenerate days.

Pigna is a good centre for excursions and for wild flowers—primroses, hepaticas, laburnums, fritillaries, peonies, scarlet Turk's-cap lilies, columbines, gentians, edelweiss, and the rarest ferns.

The children are most annoying to photographers, as they stand in front of the camera, and refuse to move.

If the same route is followed up the Nervia valley for the return journey from Pigna, the tram line is regained, the

indifferent shops of Ventimiglia are left behind, and the hills are in the background when the road crosses the main line railway to Genoa. Here the poles, shutting off the traffic from the line when a train is due (which may be a very long time before the train arrives), are balanced by a square block of solid, grey granite with a hole in the middle for the pole to go through. The road from here is not very interesting, the ground being flat and rather marshy.

Before reaching Bordighera the main road is left, in order to visit the villages of Vallecrosia.

Vallecrosia

The valley and village of Vallecrosia lie between the Nervia and Borghetto valleys; the torrent flowing through it bears the same name.

The village is the first on the right in the valley built on a rise above the stream, but not in a good position for defence, and is partly hidden behind the yellow beacon tower, which stands on a small hill overlooking the stream and within sight of San Biagio.

The streets are steep, dark, and winding, with earthquake arches over them from house to house, and many of the latter have dates on them, which apparently commemorate the earthquake shocks which they have withstood, as one half-obliterated inscription is marked "Terremotto . . ."

There is a curious, vaulted passage called the Sotte le Crotte where public meetings of the Council take place, and a mediaeval shop, with a slab entrance similar to the one at Pigna.

The terrace, in front of the modern or restored church, has cypresses planted round it and through them is a view of the next village of San Biagio della Cima.

Modern houses have been built right down to the torrent, and the place is kept clean, but the streets are cool even in summer.

There is now a good carriage road by the side of the torrent, past San Biagio and Soldano, till it ends with a

zigzag to the heights of Perinaldo. The latter can also be reached by a mule-path from the Borghetto valley over the Cima dei Monti, and there is also one from Dolceaqua.

San Biagio della Cima

This small picturesque village stands high above the road, next to Vallecrosia, on a portion of the hill that juts out, and is only a quarter of an hour's walk to the north of it, on the right side of the Vallecrosia valley. It would not be easy to defend except for its height above the valley.

It is a steep, winding ascent to the entrance, which is under tall, dark, fern-fringed arches, and makes a good subject for the photographer.

The streets are steep, rather like Pigna on a small scale, with tunnels formed by the houses being built over the streets, but are clean, and fairly well kept. The Piazza is quaint, and is surrounded by houses that look like small palaces.

The water supply is good, and the inhabitants civil and courteous. Most of the men cultivate the land, while the women carry fruit to the markets of Ventimiglia and Bordighera.

Figs are grown largely, and the drying and packing of these form small industries.

Formerly several looms were in constant use, but with modern machinery that kind of hand work has died out.

The oldest records extant are dated 1598.

Soldana (Vallecrosia)

Soldana is a short walk beyond San Biagio and has the usual steep, winding streets, and dark corners.

There is nothing much of interest in the exterior, which is on the banks of the stream, and was probably built about the middle of the twelfth century.

There is an old street with many earthquake arches over

it, and in the church is an altar-piece painted on wood by Ludovico Brea.

The women are occupied in hand weaving, and make plain, durable linen, which is sold at Ventimiglia and other towns.

The torrent flows through the village, and in this the girls wash the lengths of finished linen.

Figs are the main products in this neighbourhood, and the trees grow to an enormous size, and the fruit is taken to Bordighera to be sold. Vines are also both numerous and prolific.

There was a public oven and slaughterhouse here, owned by the Municipo, and the auction for the letting of these for each year took place on Palm Sunday.

Perinaldo (Vallecrosia)

The road from Soldano follows the torrent until it reaches the foot of the ridge on which Perinaldo lies flatly stretched out, and then there is a four-mile drive up a zigzag road until a steep footpath is seen, which leads to the village itself. As the crow flies Perinaldo is only one mile to the north of Dolceaqua, but there is a deep gully between them, which necessitates at least a fourteen-mile walk. It is situated in the centre of mountains of horseshoe shape, and the irregular ridge on which Perinaldo stretches runs east and west across the upper half of the horseshoe on another ridge of hills, covered with pine and chestnut trees on the upper slopes and terraces of vineyards on the lower.

Being fully exposed to the sun, the grapes ripen well, and the wine made from them is excellent, while the balmy breezes from the Mediterranean make the air fresh and invigorating.

Taking all things into account, there are few positions along the Italian Riviera which can compare with it.

The chief street runs along the ridge and is open to the sky, but the lower ones are dark and narrow, and as you stumble into dusky corners and vaulted passages, you find

your way blocked by a pack-mule, who does not intend to move out of his way for a mere foot traveller, so an open doorway must be hastily sought.

Cleanliness is, unfortunately, not an outstanding feature of the village, nor is the honesty of the natives, who are much given to pilfering, so that stringent laws were passed to punish the offenders who trespassed upon their neighbours' lands, but in spite of this action on the part of the authorities, great dishonesty prevailed. The Festa is the day of Santa Maria Maddalena.

The food there would not appeal much to Britishers, for butter is almost unknown, cheese is rare, meat a scarce commodity, and vegetables are limited, but their place is supplied by grapes, figs, and pears, and the full-flavoured and cheap wine will make up for many deficiencies.

The oldest documents extant are dated 1355.

The villagers are very proud of their home and its many attractions, for three celebrated astronomers were born in this isolated little place, Giovanni Domenico Cassini (1625–1712), who was educated at Genoa by the Jesuits, and became the first Professore of Astronomy at the University of Bologna ; his nephew Giacomo Filippo Maraldi (1665–1729), and Gian Domenico Maraldi (1709–1788). Cassini discovered the period of Jupiter's rotation, and later on those of Mars, Venus, and the Sun.

Their house, No. 17 Via Maraldi, is still standing with a tablet on the front of it, and it contains a valuable library of astronomical works formed by Gian Maraldi, and a collection of autograph letters received by the astronomers from eminent French scientists of the eighteenth century, as well as the astronomers' own manuscripts with observations, and the instruments with which they worked.

The next valley behind Bordighera is the Borghetto, in which there are three villages.

Borghetto (Val Borghetto)

The Valle Borghetto has two villages on the western

slopes, close together, the first Borghetto and the second Vallebona.

The first-named is about one mile from the coast between Ventimiglia and Bordighera, in the first beautiful valley to the west of the latter place. The valley turns slightly to the east at the upper end, and there is a low ridge of hills running from behind Bordighera northwards, and on this Sasso can be seen perched high up on the ridge looking like a single house, and Seborga at the far north end of the valley against a high range of wooded mountains. A second higher range of hills, running north and south parallel with Sasso and Seborga, with Monte Caggio protect them from the east.

The valley is narrow and winding, and the hills on each side are steep and covered with olive trees. In this valley is a second beacon watch tower, built as a refuge against pirates, and there are a wheel and hooks attached to the wooden stairs to the doorway, which are lifted up by means of them, and in this way the stairs act both as drawbridge and door when closed.

Good red wine is made at Borghetto, and also lime, which is in great demand all over the neighbourhood.

The celebrated historian and patriot Carlo Botta resided here for a time, a fact of which the inhabitants are very proud.

On September 2, 1470, a document was signed in the church of Borghetto, by which the people promised to build a village at Capo di Burdighetta, and thirty-two families began the work and with assistance from Ventimiglia the houses and church were built there and surrounded by a wall and gates, to secure themselves from Barbary pirates; this was Bordighera.

The eight allied villages engaged in this work were Camporosso, Vallecrosia, San Biagio, Soldano, Borghetto, Vallebona, Seborga, and Sasso, because Bordighera was to be the port for the whole community.

The Festa of Borghetto falls on December 6th and is in honour of San Nicolò.

A procession emerged from the lower church headed by

girls of about twelve years of age, dressed all in white with veils in Genoese fashion, not over their faces; and round their necks was a blue ribbon with a medallion hanging from it. These were all named Maria (the same as "les enfants de Marie" in France). Some of these girls carried banners, the first one with a cross on it. The elder girls followed, reading their breviaries with great intentness and not raising their eyes.

Next came some men carrying a very heavy, wooden, well-carved statue of St. Nicolò dressed in episcopal robes and mitre, and a crucifix was carried before him backwards so as to face the saint.

This was followed by elderly men in long, white vestments like albs, and little rich blue capes, probably some guild fraternity dress. More banners of a heavier type were carried by them. Then came the officiating priest in white cope, chanting, with men in black cassocks and white cottas edged with lace forming the choir, and then another priest carrying something that was probably a relic of the saint in a reliquary. The married women brought up the rear of this procession.

The statue was placed upon a kind of altar prepared for it in the Piazza, and the priest in the cope stood there facing the church, and chanting, the children responding.

After this service the procession turned up the road to the higher church above the Piazza, chanting all the time.

All the young men who watched the proceedings took off their hats as the effigy of the saint was carried past them.

Vallebona (Val Borghetto)

Vallebona is also in the beautiful Borghetto valley, and is situated high up on the west side of it, and is protected on the north from invasion by a torrent and a narrow gorge, which is well wooded and cuts the north side of the town in a straight line. Above it from the saddle of the west ridge a good view should be obtained into the Valle Crosia.

This ridge, to which a mule-path leads, has a curious, sheer cliff, part of it covered with trees, which is more picturesque when seen from the Sasso ridge and gives Vallebona a quite different impression to the eye, to those given by the other villages. The graceful outline of Monte Caggio is seen in the distance.

The road up to Vallebona terminates in an open space outside the Porta della Madonna, a hoary old gateway overhung by machicolations, leading into the narrow street, in which are some interesting old doors. It is just where the old mule-path comes up from the valley. The street is steep, vaulted over in places, and winds right away to the top of the village, with shrines here and there on the way up, until the Piazza is reached, where "pallone," the national game of ball is played on Festas, regulated by the Municipo.

The Church of St. John the Baptist has much gilding and decoration inside, and also a curious campanile with some colour decoration on it.

The village washing-place should be visited, as some interesting figure studies may be found, with a good background.

In 1844, during the "Rivoluzione delle Donne," the records of the village were burnt. The Municipo proposed to sell some communal lands on Monte Nero, where the women of the village were accustomed to gather firewood, and they all rose to protest against the proposition, but as no notice was taken of their action, they set fire to the Municipo and burnt it, after which the authorities listened to them to prevent further depredations and so they gained their own way and continued to gather their legitimate firewood.

Vallebona used to produce a Passion Play once in every ten years, and the villagers took it very seriously. It was a very crude performance, held in the open air on the Piazza, and candles were burnt in every window overlooking it. It has now been given up.

Beyond the village the main street, the Via Maggiore, joins on to a mule-track winding ever higher until Perinaldo is reached, after several hours' tramp.

There is a ramshackle omnibus of the usual tent type running to and fro between the village and Bordighera, when there are sufficient people wishing to go to make it pay.

Seborga (Val Borghetto)

The Val Borghetto makes a big curve beyond Vallebona like the top of the letter C, and Seborga and Sasso are both on the top of the same ridge to the north-east of Vallebona, with the narrow Val Borghetto on the west side far below them.

Seborga occupies the head of the Val Borghetto at an altitude of about 1,200 feet above Vallebona. There is no direct road to it and the usual access is by mule-paths, which cross the road to Sasso and continue more directly to Seborga along the top of the ridge, making huge bends, with a well-engineered road, but with a very bad surface of loose stones and ruts (Spring, 1923), with stone posts about two feet high at intervals between the wayfarer and a sheer drop down. This journey can be accomplished in a very light carriage, but Seborga is 10 km. from the Via dei Colle at Bordighera, where the start is made, and requires 2¾ hours to drive to it.

There are magnificent views through the olive groves, with glimpses of snow-covered mountains to the north of Baiardo and behind Sasso. It is a long pull up to Seborga, although the gradient is not steep, but there are many sharp turns round conical hills, through clumps of isolated pine trees, with a different view at every turn of the road, until Seborga is seen in the distance on the saddle of the ridge of hills from the second watch tower. This saddle is a very quaint shape dividing Val Borghetto from Valle Crosia with Monte Caggio closing in the end of the Val Borghetto. From here the Estérels near Cannes are seen, as well as the French frontier mountains. Walkers by the mule-paths can cover the distance in under two hours.

Seborga is very old, but the first record extant is dated 1079, when the then Count of Ventimiglia bequeathed the

property to the Benedictine Monastery of Lérins near Cannes. In 1288 the monks bought a property on the south of the village which they called " La Braia," and the name remains to the present day.

At Seborga the monks established a mint or " zecca," and coined gold and silver pieces, each bearing the effigy of St. Benedict, with the name and arms of the monastery. The monks probably simply assumed the right to coin, as independent sovereigns in their own principality. In 1666 the monks let out the mint to some Catholics to do the coining for them, and later on found out that Protestants worked better than Catholics, so gave a new contract to the former, and this was their undoing. After the signing of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes on October 22, 1685, the king forbade the coining of money there altogether in 1686. Some of these coins are still extant in the museums at Turin and Vienna.

The village was formerly surrounded by walls with gates and drawbridges. There were at least three gates, and on the north side the houses themselves form the walls as in so many of the oldest villages. The south gate is at right angles to the walled houses, making defence much easier, and it leads to the quaint Piazza and church.

There is another arch on the south leading to the apse of the church, but it may be only a recent opening in the wall. Inside, the arch has some very steep steps impassable for animals to use. A modern lane on the west side, between the oldest part of the town and the houses over the Val Borghetto leads to the Piazza and to the osteria (inn) outside the north gate.

The church has a " west " door with the façade facing east ! which is more modern than the arched part. The most noticeable feature is the quaint Piazza with plastered arches, and behind them unplastered houses.

The streets are very narrow, with steps to the houses at various angles over arches, the same as at Ciotti. There was a " forno " or baker's public oven, and an oil-mill, and a press for the grapes used for wine-making. The fountain is an interesting one, and the water from

Seborga is taken down to Bordighera for the use of the town.

The present Communal School was formerly the mint. Seborga is to-day a Commune of the Canton of Bordighera, but was in olden days a portion of the "County" of Ventimiglia.

Seborga is a very clean village, though so quaint; the air is pure and bracing, and the place should be better known, for most people have never heard of its existence.

Both here and at Baiardo the children were very good in standing out of the way of the photographers, when asked to do so.

The great beauty consists in the drive up to it, which gives extensive views like those up to Castellar near Mentone, but on a finer scale.

Sasso (Val Sasso)

Sasso is on the top of the same ridge of hills as Seborga, so can be approached from Val Borghetto, and is half-way between Borghetto and Vallebona, or in fine weather from a little valley of the same name to the east of the ridge by a path at the back of Bordighera Alta, from which it is only 2½ miles distant.

The walk there is through olive woods of immense age, and tradition asserts that they were planted by St. Paul on his way to Spain. When the path turns to the west, there is a lovely view of Vallebona among the olive trees.

It is the smallest of all these villages, for its origin was a most unusual one, namely, that of a strong castle turned into a village.

It is built of yellow stone on arches on the rock itself, in the form of a square, and the houses front a central court, and form a continuous wall on the outer side. There are several round towers built in the walls, and they look as though the tops had been cut off.

There is a church and there was a public "forno," or baker's oven.

Municipal business is transacted on the Sunday, and the

men have the care of the babies, while the women and girls go to Mass and enjoy a holiday.

This village is most picturesquely situated, and as seen from Seborga is only a mere house, but is well seen from many points of view. The outside is plastered, but coloured in various hues, which give a brightness to the exterior.

Below it to the south is the second watch tower, where the steps covered the entrance, when pulled up like a moat bridge. This can easily be reached from the Sasso road.

Bordighera

Bordighera derives its name from "bordigue," a creek or gulf. This creek has now been filled up with the sand and shingle brought down by the Nervia and other streams when in flood, and by the action of a current sweeping from west to east along the coast. Formerly the sea extended to the foot of the hill on which the old town was built, as is proved by the fact that the old Roman Strade Romana, or Aurelian Way, was carried along the slope of the hill.

This place only came into existence in 1238, when there was a general rising in the coast towns against the exactions of the Count of Ventimiglia their Governor. On the triumph of the latter, the discontented inhabitants who managed to escape from his vengeance, fled to the Capo Sant' Ampeglio, where they built and fortified a strong tower, and this was the beginning of Bordighera. The old town is compact, and brick-paved.

There are quaint town gates, picturesque streets arched over to give additional support against earthquakes, and the campanile to the church is covered with red, green and yellow tiles like a serpent's scales. Inside the church are some fine paintings and carvings. The large flower market held in the open-air is a beautiful sight, and flowers may be bought quite cheaply by those prepared to bargain in the Italian style. Carnations are a speciality here. The old Greeks were good fishermen, and the Moors good gardeners, so it is not surprising to find that their descendants here are the

same, and that words derived from the Arabic and the Greek language are still in use for these two occupations.

The modern town consists of one ugly main street with a tram line on the sea level, and shops which are not first-rate. The Strada Romana is parallel with it on a higher level, and along that are the best hotels, from which sea views can be obtained. There is an interesting washing place above the old town and also, on the east of it, an old church. Many beautiful country walks in the valleys at the back of the town abound. Among its advantages are the trams connecting it with Ventimiglia, whence motors ply up the Roja and Nervia valleys, and to La Mortola and Mentone. The gap in the tram line, between Bordighera and Ospedaletti on the east, is a great drawback to many people.

Bordighera above all things is noted for its palm groves, but the beauty of the trees is hidden, for the crowns are tied up mummy-like to preserve the soft yellowish tint. For the origin of this custom we must go to Rome. In A.D. 1584 Pope Sixtus V wished to have the obelisk brought from Heliopolis removed from the Circus of Nero to the piazza in front of St. Peter's. The architect entrusted with the removal of it, was very anxious and nervous, and afraid that the excitement of the assembled on-lookers might distract the attention of his work-people, so he asked the Pope to forbid anyone to speak on pain of death, during the raising of the obelisk to its prepared position.

The assembled crowd watched the proceedings breathlessly, and all went well until the obelisk had nearly been raised to its new base, when one rope broke with the strain, and it looked as though the others cracked ominously.

A voice from the crowd shouted "Acqua alle funi" ("Wet the ropes"). The advice was acted upon, the ropes began to shrink and the monstrous mass was safely placed upon its new pedestal.

In the meantime the Pope's Guards sought out the owner of the voice, seized the man and brought him before the Pope, who asked him how he had acquired his knowledge. He said his name was Brescia, and he was the captain of a sailing vessel and belonged to Bordighera, a fishing village

OLD TOWN, BORDIGHERA

on the Ligurian coast, and therefore knew all about ropes. The Pope forgave his disobedience in speaking, as by so doing he had saved the obelisk from destruction, and asked him what reward he would choose. He humbly craved the Pope's blessing and asked that his native town of Bordighera should have the sole right to supply all the palm leaves used at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. This reward cost the Pope nothing, so was readily granted, and the privilege still belongs to the descendants of Captain Brescia.

This accounts for the extensive cultivation of the palm tree here, where many varieties have been grown so as to obtain the best results, and the whole of Europe is practically supplied from Bordighera. When the old leaves fall off the palm tree, a ring mark is left behind, the pulp falls away from the sheaths in which the leaf-buds have been enveloped before unfolding, and a fibrous network is left. As weaving was invented in Egypt, the home of the palm, the idea of crossing threads for the texture of a fabric may have been suggested by this peculiarity of the palm frond.

The first inhabitant of this cape was St. Ampelius, the local patron saint, who came originally from Egypt at the beginning of the fifth century, and was supposed to have been a blacksmith there. He lived as a hermit for many years in a cavern, and was noted for his kindness and the miracles which he performed. When he died he was buried in the cavern in which he had lived, and his grave became a shrine of pilgrimage, and the cape was named after him. A small chapel has been built over his grave, and above the altar is a white marble statue of the saint holding his blacksmith's hammer. The chapel was enlarged and restored in 1852. The fête day is May 14th. Bordighera owes much of its popularity to Ruffini's book "Dr. Antonio," in which he so accurately depicts the surrounding beauties of the place.

Bordighera is mainly an English colony, and George Macdonald, the novelist, was one of the first Englishmen to settle there.

History III

The earliest Ligurian inhabitants of this division from

Bordighera to La Spezia were Ambroni, Ingauni, and Apuani, the latter on the Roman frontier, and Genoa was the capital. In the cathedral there is an inscription, saying that it was founded by Janus, King of the Aborigines, so the latter only means "natives."

The first fighting, between the Romans on the one side against the Ligurians and Carthaginians on the other, took place from 238 B.C. to 191, and as the Romans had no trained army till 104 B.C., the Ligurians kept them on the run, for they were athletic warriors.

The Romans wanted to stop the predatory incursions of the Ligurians into Pisa and Bologna and to colonize the land between the Arno and the Magra, so as to enjoy quiet possession of the unrivalled Harbour of Spezia.

This they accomplished in the course of a few years and deported the Apuani.

They then wished to advance on Genoa, but the intervening country consisted of rocky, precipitous cliffs, for the Apennines extend right down to the sea, therefore they made friends with the natives, so that they might pass through it unmolested.

Fighting soon began with the Ingauni on the western side of Savona and continued until the Romans had subdued all the tribes and made their road along the whole coast.

In Genoa no coins of an earlier date than the Roman conquest have been found, so their business must have been carried on by exchange. It is probable that Genoa also was on friendly terms with the Romans, like Massilia, as both wanted to carry on commerce with them.

Most of the villages of Liguria were republics under their own consuls, and when they became wealthy and prosperous, the nobles, if excluded from the government, became jealous of them, and when discord arose, they offered the services of themselves and their followers to the weaker side, and when that had triumphed, they received a palace as a reward. This became the centre for fresh intrigue, and an endeavour to obtain complete control over the affairs of the village. Fresh revolts and fighting would follow and then Genoa would step in, and by promises of protection

to the weaker side, she gradually got nearly the whole seaboard under her sway.

In 641 Liguria was decimated by Lombards, followed by Saracens and other belligerents, and the picturesque castles and defensive towers throughout the country were built as a protection against attack.

All the Genoese States were reconstructed in 1814, and in consequence of the Congress of Vienna the whole of the Ligurian territory was annexed to the crown of Sardinia.

In 1848 Naples obtained parliamentary government and freedom of the Press; Turin and Genoa agitated for the same, so King Carlo Alberto of Piedmont granted a constitution to his subjects, and by this means assured the crown of Italy to his descendants, and the rejoicings over this took place at the same time as the Revolution of Paris, February, 1848, when the Emperor of the French was exiled. The Italians adopted the tricolour flag of red, white, and green, as it symbolized the union of the whole peninsula under the House of Savoie.

Thus many an ardent patriot's dream was realized, and a free and united Italy was ultimately established.

From Bordighera and Capo Sant' Ampeglio a good view is obtained of the bay, in which lies the hamlet of Ruota and Ospedaletti with Capo Nero.

Ruota is half-way to Ospedaletti on the shore, where there is a pretty cove and above it a fine group of palm trees over a well, which is called Jacob's or Rebecah's Well. In the woods of Montenero there are fissures in the rocks from which smoke has issued for the last hundred years, and volcanic scoria has been dug up, showing there must be an extinct volcano here.

The little Church of the Madonna was founded by the Knights of Rhodes, and contains a white Carrara marble group of the Annunciata. This was named after the "Frères Hospitaliers" of St. John of Jerusalem, a society formed to receive pilgrims, and provide for their wants in Jerusalem; but they were driven out of Palestine, after which they devoted themselves to the extermination of the

pirates of the Mediterranean. They settled in various places in turn, at the Isle of Rhodes, Colla (or Col) di Rodi, Ospedaletti, and this little place of Ruota was named after them. Then they moved to Villefranche by permission of Charles the Good, Duke of Savoy, in 1527 to put down piracy in that part, and finally they went to Malta in 1530.

Ospedaletti

Ospedaletti lies on the shore, half-way between Bordighera and San Remo, and was founded by the Knights of Malta, originally called Cavalieri di Rodi. In the fifth century they landed on this spot, having discovered a safe anchorage, and established a hospital (*Ospedale*) for lepers, hence the name.

It is a straggling place of little beauty, with the railway along the shore, but it is protected from the north winds and possesses a high winter temperature, as there are no valleys opening into the bay.

In 1883 an attempt was made to turn Ospedaletti into a good winter resort for foreigners, and a through drainage system was inaugurated under the auspices of an English doctor, and hotels with wholesome water, and a Casino promptly sprang up, but it has not been a great success, and it is only by offering low terms that visitors are secured when San Remo and Bordighera are full. Before Christmas in 1921, you might walk along the Promenade at mid-day, and not meet half a dozen people. The hotels are all built along the main road, mostly on terraces raised above it, and between the road and the sea is a small public garden lined with palm trees, looking very green and pretty, and hiding the railway, which is close to the sea. Here also the post office will be found, and the older part of the village where the natives live.

For visitors who require absolute quiet and rest, with good air and sunshine, Ospedaletti is a perfect winter resort. There are pretty country walks.

It is an important flower market, and the great days of the year are the 19th, 20th, and 21st of December at 2 o'clock

in the morning, when the flowers are sent off to catch the early express trains, which carry the blooms for London, Berlin, Paris, and other continental towns.

Palms, yuccas, prickly pear, agaves, and the larger tropical plants are grown here, as well as the flowers which make a blaze of colour.

Coldirodi (8 km. from San Remo)

From Ospedaletti there is a rough driving road up to *Coldirodi* (1,000 feet), which is spread out on the top of the ridge ending at Capo Nero, catching all the sun, but the east wind too. The natives live by growing flowers for market on the terraces which line the slopes, and as they gather and pack the flowers as soon as it is light, they go to bed in the daytime, so that it appears to be a deserted village. The views from it are magnificent, and there is a steep mule-path down from it into the Bernado valley in the next bay and to San Remo.

It was another of the villages founded by the Knights of Rhodes, and possesses a wonderful library of 6,000 volumes, and a picture gallery of 120 paintings, now housed in the Municipo buildings.

These were bequeathed to his native village by Stefano Paolo Rambaldi, a priest who was appointed to the Chair of Literature and Ecclesiastical History at the Seminary in Florence. He suffered as a patriot in the Italian struggle for independence.

The gem of the collection of pictures is a small one in a case of the Holy Family by Fra Bartolomeo, one by Lorenzo di Credi, another by Guido Reni, and a third by Andrea del Sarto ; also one of St. Mark writing, signed Salvator Rossi, and a portrait of a young man by Velasquez.

San Remo

The Roman town of Matuta, the goddess of the sea, was between the Foce and the San Bernado torrents. It was

destroyed by the Lombards in the seventh century, and rebuilt by the inhabitants, and was then an independent town, with the Bishop of Genoa as overlord, and he sent the apostles San Siro and San Romolo to teach Christianity.

The Saracens destroyed the place again in 972 after holding it for a hundred years, and the then Bishop of Genoa gave half the church lands whereon to build a new city and the name was changed to San Romolo, after a former bishop. He was a very holy man, who became a hermit, and lived in a cave on Monte Bignone, and became a guardian presence to the neighbourhood. Even after his death he appeared in visions to the people when disaster threatened them, and his influence is still felt, for the cave has been made into a chapel, and the Festa is held there yearly on October 13th.

In 1297 Genoa sold its rights over San Remo to the Doria, who owned Dolceaqua, Isolabona, Apricale, and Perinaldo, but the history is one of continual friction, for the Genoese were jealous of the eighty-four ships belonging to San Remo that traded along the coast, and after fifty years, the Count of Dolceaqua sold his rights to the Republic of Genoa.

In 1500 there was an outbreak of plague in San Remo, and then another invasion by the Saracens, who were defeated by the Sindaco (mayor) and inhabitants.

In 1628 the Duke of Savoie quietly took possession of the whole of the Riviera, but Genoa forced him to give it up, and the next upheaval was against Genoa the Greedy, who tried to impose a tax on soap, tobacco, and "acquavite," which the San Remese successfully opposed.

The times were bad in the beginning of 1700; frost killed the lemon and olive trees, heavy snow ruined the fruit and other crops and stopped their exports, and consequently the import of grain in exchange.

The hungry, disheartened people asked the Emperor of Austria to be their overlord, in place of Genoa, who tried again to impose fresh taxes, and to this he consented.

In 1752 Colla (Coldirodi) appealed to Genoa to be

SAN REMO

separated from San Remo, who in fury took up arms, but was soon defeated by its stronger rival, and a Genoese governor took up his residence in the Borea Palace. The city was degraded, the citizens made prisoners, her archives sent to Genoa, her cathedral bell dismounted because it was the innocent means of calling the people together for war purposes, the town cut down to half its size, the docks and harbour completely destroyed, and the fort of Santa Tecla was built, with the guns pointing *towards* the town.

In 1797 there was a revolt of the whole of Liguria, including the inhabitants of Genoa, and Liguria assumed a constitution, and made itself into ten Cantons, with San Remo as head.

In 1805 Napoleon crowned himself King of Italy, and was welcomed by the San Remese, and he hoped to annex the Republic of Liguria to France ; but in 1814 the emperor abdicated, and, at the Congress of Vienna, Liguria was in 1815 given over to Vittorio Emanuele I, Prince of Savoy and King of Sardinia, and thus became the first-fruits of the free Italy, which fifty years later was united under the liberal rule of the House of Savoie.

In 1828 Siro Andrea Carli was made Sindaco (mayor) of San Remo, and he had an aqueduct built to supply the town with pure water, and in 1831 the first public washing-place was built. In the same year an earthquake did some damage to the town, and this was followed by cholera in 1837, and Carli distinguished himself by his philanthropy, and had the cemetery moved away from the town, after which he retired, and the San Remese erected a monument to him in the Piazza del Mercato. In February, 1887, the great earthquake, lasting twenty seconds, shook the whole of the Riviera di Ponente, and did much damage in the neighbourhood.

After this San Remo looked to her social welfare, and began to develop as the most fashionable of all the resorts on the Italian Riviera. The first hotel for English visitors had been built in 1861, and by the combined efforts of the San Remese and Dr. Panizzi, who had started a propaganda in the Anglo-Saxon world in 1857, it had become a popular

resort by 1874, and the streets Trento Trieste and the Corso Imperatrice were completed.

In the streets, to-day, many languages may be heard in the course of a walk, and also in the shops, which are good but dear.

San Remo is called " La Pigna," or the pine cone, from the shape of the old town. It lies in the centre of a bay a little more than 6 km. wide, and is 28 km. from Mentone, 145 from Genoa, and 137 from Corsica.

Viewed from the Mole, the whole stretch of the town can be seen from Capo Nero on the west, with Colla (or Col) di Rodi on its heights to Capo Verde on the east, with the Madonna di Guardia and a group of cypresses on the skyline. In the middle rises the old town, straggling down from the top to the bottom of the slope, crowned by the dome of the sanctuary of the Madonna della Costa.

The old town was enclosed within walls, and the south gate was the Porta San Sebastiano, now lost in the surrounding archways. From the Piazza Cassini, through the archway, the roads divide ; the one to the right, the Via Romolo Moreno, winds up to the top of the hill, and emerges at the Porta Candelieri, which is not far from the *Madonna della Costa* with its fine dome. It was an oratory in the fifteenth century, and was made into a handsome church in 1630, and occupies a magnificent position. The cupola is inlaid with water-worn pebbles, and is a good landmark for mariners. There is a flight of thirty or forty mule-steps, 30 feet wide, leading up to the door, while half-way up are two statues, one bearing the sun and the other the moon. Below it is a small, pretty public garden, which has been well laid out, and from which the fine view can be enjoyed.

To the west of this is the Leper Hospital, once an Augustine convent. It was bought for the purpose in 1848 by the desire of Carlo Alberto. Fortunately now there are few lepers, so one ward suffices for them, and the rest are used for various maladies.

A return through the town can be made by a very steep mule-path, which zigzags down to the gate of San Giuseppe, with openings above it for pouring boiling oil, or lead, on

the heads of any besiegers. There is a fine archway with the old, battered, original wooden doors. Beside this is the parish church of San Giuseppe, which has nothing of interest.

This gate leads down through the narrow, twisting streets to a small piazza in another part of the town, and from this goes the *Revolte San Stefano*, which is a unique covered mule-path, under the houses, with openings here and there giving access to them and letting in a modicum of daylight, and ending at the same Piazza Cassini.

Each of these houses is occupied by several families, and is often like a rabbit warren inside, but after having safely negotiated a break-neck flight of stairs without a handrail, you may find yourself in a fine, large room with vaulted ceiling, but very small windows, through which the sun never passes.

The constant fear of attack from the sea by Algerian and other pirates caused the steepest slopes to be chosen for the towns, as they could be so much better defended; consequently, as ground space was limited, the houses were built very high, with arches across the streets, to give support against earthquakes.

They are most picturesque, but very unhealthy, owing to the want of air and sunshine.

While the Madonna della Costa is at the top of the hill, the Church of *San Siro* is at the bottom, at the Piazza San Siro, where there are four churches close together. From the Via Palma a striking view of the tower of San Siro is seen under the earthquake arches and framed by the narrow street. It stands now where once the old *campo santo* was, and dates from the twelfth century. Its early tower exists as high as the roof of the north aisle, and the round-headed slit windows of the clerestory and lower walls are visible. Only the original east and west doors remain, the former with a carving of the palm, the olive, and the ass on it, representing the chief industries of the town. There is a picture in the church of the Flight into Egypt. No saint seems to have been more esteemed in this part of Liguria than San Siro, for the superstitious mariners attributed to him a wonderful control over the winds and waves. Black-

birds are allowed to build their nests in all the churches, because he is supposed to have restored one to life, when he was a boy, and to have taken them under his special protection.

Near by are San Giovanni, now the baptistery, built on the site of a pagan temple; the oratory of San Germano of the seventeenth century, where the Parliament met in 1753; and the Oratory of the Conception with frescoes by Merano.

On the right of the Municipio is the large Church of Santo Stefano, which belonged to the Benedictines of Genoa in 1125 and was given to the Jesuits in 1613. For centuries it was the meeting-place of the Parliament of San Remo. The monastery to which it was attached is now the Law Courts.

The main interest centres round the Market Place, a large, open space at the east end of the town, with a stream flowing more or less parallel with the sea, and crossed by an old Roman bridge. It is shaded by plane and chestnut trees, and on market days the whole place is covered with booths, where you can buy provisions, household requisites, and clothes of every description, and while away a good deal of time in watching the proceedings of the picturesque sellers.

There is a small, but pretty, public garden with palm trees close to the sea and railway station at the west end of the town, which is the part where the English congregate.

In the small harbour, with its long mole, quite a number of good-sized vessels may often be seen, as well as the torpedo-boats, engaged in patrolling the sea from Genoa to Ventimiglia, keeping an open eye for smugglers. The fishing is very unprofitable, for, as at Mentone, the nets usually contain nothing but fry.

The tram line runs the whole way from Ospedaletti through the town to Taggia. Before the war, the Germans filled all the hotels at the east end, and they are now beginning to return to their old quarters. In this part is the Villa Zirio, at one time occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany, and where he received the news of the death of the old Emperor William, and wrote the proclamation of his own accession to the throne as Frederick III. If only that well-

loved figure had been granted health and strength, to guide the German nation for some years, the great upheaval of all the nations of Europe would in all probability have never come to pass.

The Palazzo Borea, on the tram line, still remains, with its bowed iron rails over the windows, and a fine vaulted roof is seen on looking in at the entrance.

The people possess the good looks of the Italians, but the men are lacking in robustness and development of muscle. The women have an upright, easy carriage, the result of balancing great loads on their heads, for they carry everything in this way from childhood; but as they do all the heavy work as well, their figures become coarse and unshapely, and they lose their complexions and youthful appearance very soon.

A hand-sewing machine of the usual size having been hired for a few weeks, when finished with, the proprietor of the shop was asked to send for it, so his daughter arrived with a child of about ten years, who produced a cloth and rolled it round her hatless head, after which the elder girl placed the machine upon it, and so it was carried back to the shop.

The streets are full of dark-eyed children, black-robed priests, white-capped nuns, and the " contadini " with their mules in gay trappings, loaded with grapes, wood, and country produce.

During the six winter months the weather is dry and fairly warm, with sometimes a slight frost at night. It is not so protected as Mentone, so there is more wind, which makes it fresher, but also more dust. There is a little clay in the soil, the air is sedative, and it is a good place for sleeplessness. The shore is sandy, and there is no annoyance from the noise of the surf. The mosquitoes are very troublesome, as large concrete tanks have been built on the slopes to provide water for the flower culture, and these are not covered in, so the mosquitoes breed in them, and cause great discomfort to visitors. When some of the wounded in the Great War were housed at Bordighera, the authorities there took the matter in hand, and the place was entirely freed from these pests.

Excursions from San Remo. To Ceriana and Baiardo

Passing right through the town of San Remo to the east, a road to the left leads into the last valley with a long hairpin curve, and then begins to climb the terraced slopes below Poggio, with many a zigzag until the village is reached, and the whole town of San Remo is spread out in the valley below in a most picturesque manner, with the long mole protecting the little harbour, and seeming to divide it into two parts, in a similar manner to that of Mentone. From this point the amphitheatre of mountains behind the latter can be seen, as well as Monaco and Monte Carlo, and on clear days the far distant Estérel Mountains.

Poggio is a straggling village on the top of a low ridge of hills at the sea end, between Valle d'Olivi and Valle Arma, and there is nothing of interest in it, except a "vigie" built of yellow stone, which was used as a beacon, and fires were lit by night and smoke showed by day to warn the neighbourhood of the approach of an enemy.

The road, paved with ancient stones, is so narrow that there is only room for one vehicle at a time. It gives the effect of ending on a small open space, with apparently no exit, as there is a curve and sharp fall in the level of the road.

The Madonna della Guardia is on the top of this promontory, and the church is full of tokens given as thank-offerings for escape from some impending disaster. These gifts were called "donaria."

The road turns inland from Poggio up the Arma valley, and there is a good view, from one of the windings of the road, of the mouth of the river and the opposite ridge, on which Bussana Vecchia occupies the north-eastern end, and Bussana Nuova the sea end at a lower level.

When this point is passed, the valley narrows, the slopes rise from the edge of the stream, and have only tufts of brown grass on them and very few trees. The road, always rising, continues to curve in and out, following the shape of the slopes and passing two chapels (overhanging the valley) which have been converted into a house with a separate campanile.

The road has curious sharp turns with steep slopes downwards, and from one of these Ceriana bursts suddenly on the view: in the middle of the valley, high up on a hill, with a semicircle of mountains around it.

Ceriana (14 km.) is a cone-shaped village, and ranks as one of the most picturesque villages on the whole Riviera, rivalling those of Apricale, Perinaldo, and Baiardo. The houses are built up the southern slope to the crown of the hill with the old roofs rising one above the other. The road leads to a small piazza, where one of the churches stands, and in the corner near it is an insignificant-looking archway, which is the main entrance to the old town, with the usual steep street with mule-steps leading upwards.

The main driving road passes through a tunnel cut in the solid rock on the outside of the village, and from the northern side you see that many arcades support the houses, which are built on the edge of a precipice, and the streets consist of galleries cut in the face of the rock. The best view to be obtained of it is from the opposite side of the valley, where the River Arma brawls at the foot of the hill, with an ancient bridge across it, and that for the foreground, with the slender, rectangular tower of San Spirito, and the roofs of the village rising one above the other, make a charming picture in the early morning.

The Church of San Spirito has a triple nave, divided by early pointed arches, and an old baptistery.

Ceriana more or less shared the fortunes of San Remo, and in 1032 was given to the Bishop of San Siro by Corrado, Count of Ventimiglia, then sold to the Dorias and afterwards to the Republic of Genoa. The little piazza on the south side by the parish church has a sheer drop to the valley below, and here the men sit on the stone seat along the parapet wall and smoke in the evenings, with a view of the gorge, and the pine, olive, and chestnut trees, which provide them with a livelihood.

There is also the little old Church of Sant' Andrea, with the brown bell tower and campanile, from which a beautiful view can be obtained. There are carved lintels over some of the doors in the village.

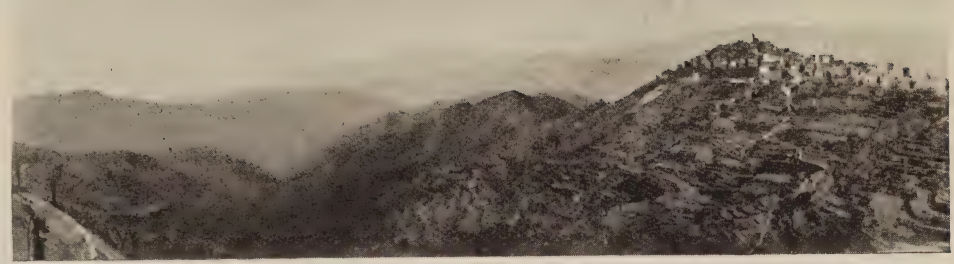
A new road has been completed from Ceriana to Baiardo, with many a hairpin curve and fearsome corners to the zigzags, by means of which the apparently impossible feat of climbing the mountain-side is accomplished. Beyond Ceriana the road ascends past the pilgrimage Church of Santa Maria della Valle, through lovely olive groves. A halt may be made to inspect the little church, which has the floor, columns to the altar, and reredos all of white marble, the latter being smothered with votive offerings.

From here the road is steeper, the bonnet of the motor apparently headed for space at each turn, and some were so sharp that the car only just scraped round, with its mud-guard grazing the wall on the one side, or hanging over the edge on the other, and near the top it was like going round a corkscrew with a 300 feet drop on the outer side. A narrow cutting through the top of the mountain is reached, and Baiardo in its stately surroundings bursts upon the view.

Baiardo (3,000 feet) is not mentioned in the Ligurian wars, owing probably to its inaccessible position, and the ease with which the inhabitants could defend it, and it would not be worth the time required to subdue it. It occupies a unique position, for on looking down upon it, it looks like an island raised high up in the midst of mountains, which are snow-capped after rain in winter. There is a sheer drop on the west and north, while on the south the steep slopes are covered with ugly terraces. It is connected with its surroundings on the east by a rising tongue of land with a ridge at right angles, through which the cut has been made for the new driving road to Ceriana.

It is a very old, tiny, round village, consisting of a cluster of impregnable-looking houses on a rocky pedestal, with a church dominating the whole of the surrounding region. The streets consist of steep, uneven, cobble steps like Pigna, and are very narrow, more like tunnels than open alleys, and seem to be a veritable rabbit warren, with the houses built over them.

But the view from it is marvellous ; to the south-west the French frontier mountains can be seen in the distance, while nearer Perinaldo is stretched out flat on the top of the



BAIARDO

ROOFLESS CHURCH AT BAIARDO, RUINED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1887

ridge, closing in the valley on that side; to the north is a succession of high, snow-capped peaks, with a green, wooded one to the east; while to the south are steep slopes covered with very green pines and growing corn, where the full power of the sun has every opportunity of ripening it. The main crop obtained here is that of chestnuts, which are laid out on cane hurdles called "grai" piled one above another, with sufficient space between for heat and steam to penetrate.

Baiardo now bids fair to become a favourite summer resort for well-to-do Italians from the coast, because of its pure air and healthy position; also there is good shooting and fine excursions for those able to climb.

In spite of being built upon a rock Baiardo suffered in the terrible earthquake of Ash Wednesday, February 23, 1887. The villagers were at early Mass in the Chiesa di San Nicolò da Bari when the first shock was felt and 202 worshippers were killed outright, and 62 injured by the roof of the church falling in on them. The Romanesque porch survived, and its round columns with carved capitals, supporting a vaulted roof, form a picturesque feature of the village to-day. Many of the houses were also shattered, for Baiardo and Bussana were the two villages that suffered most, with Diano Marina and Oneglia. Mentone, Porto Maurizio, Alassio, and Noli felt the shock very much, whilst Diano Castello, Castellaro, Clans, and La Bolline were all more or less shaken.

The Festa of San Nicolò da Bari is kept on Whit Sunday.

The inn at Baiardo is kept by a man named Francesco Chierico, who was formerly a waiter at Glasgow.

The return to San Remo must be by the same route if driving, but there are footpaths to Apricale, a distance of 8 km., thence to Isolabona in the Nervia Valle.

Bussana Vecchia (Valle Arma)

This can be approached by a driving road branching off from the Route National to Genoa as far as Bussana Nuova,

walking thence along the ridge to the old Bussana, or by a mule-path direct from the Arma valley below. The latter is to the visitors to San Remo what Pompeii is to those of Naples; although one is elevated and the other sunken, they have both suffered severely from the convulsions of nature.

Bussana Vecchia was a very old and interesting Ligurian stronghold, but it was built upon Pliocene blue clay, and the deep ridges in the slopes are made by the action of water; it is the same formation as at Poggio and the west side of Castel d'Appio. This part of the country is in the zone periodically upheaved by earthquakes, and the terrified cry of "Terremoto!" is well known.

On Ash Wednesday, February 23, 1887, a great earthquake shock was felt all along the Italian Riviera and over the frontier.

At Bussana the priest had just finished Mass at 6.25 a.m. and entered the pulpit, when a slight breeze turned into a furious wind, carrying all movable things away. Directly afterwards the earth shook and heaved with long undulations, walls cracked with detonations like cannon firing, accompanied by the splintering of wood, and agonized cries of human beings were heard in all directions. Those in bed saw their roofs descending upon their heads, but were pinned down by falling timbers and fright, and were quite unable to free themselves.

The first shock was followed by a second, which occasioned a more terrible crash than before, and the roof of the church fell in bodily, and the terrified worshippers who had fled to the narrow side chapels at the first cry of "Terremoto! Terremoto! Salvatevi!" were enveloped and choked by the cloud of dust which followed. When the *padre* succeeded in lighting a candle, and descended from the pulpit, he found a portion of the façade had fallen, as well as the roof, crushing many of the unfortunate worshippers, to whom he at once devoted himself. The fall of the wall had carried with it an adjoining house, killing at once four of the inhabitants.

The pulpit and altar of inlaid marbles were untouched,

and are standing at the present day, as well as the semi-circular apse with its painted walls.

At Bussana forty-three people were killed and twenty-seven others injured, not so many as at Baiardo.

The whole place was so damaged that the authorities decided to evacuate it entirely, and so many bodies were buried in the debris, that they could not be dug out quickly enough, and it was feared that disease would follow. The earthquake arches across the narrow streets prevented several of the houses from falling, thus saving the lives of many of the inhabitants.

A native of Bussana Vecchia gives the following narrative: She was a child of nine years of age at the time, and she and a younger sister were sleeping in a bed against the wall, and a small brother lay on a couch across the foot of it. Her mother, with a month-old baby, was in the adjoining room, and woke them up crying out, "Terremoto! Terremoto! Get up at once and come out quickly!" The whole roof fell in at the first shock, and the floor to the height of the bed was filled with debris, but the timbers were still hanging to the wall on one side.

The girls were half-choked with the powdered plaster from the ceiling and walls, and the little brother was nearly buried in it, so they had to pull him out before they could obey their mother's call. The chair, on which their clothes had been placed, was wedged in and covered with debris and the door was jammed, but the mother managed to open it sufficiently for them to squeeze through.

They were all saved, and practically uninjured, thanks to being on the top floor, but the cries, of the unhappy families who were buried were awful to hear.

Another inhabitant was awakened by the rumblings and rushed to open the bedroom door before it should get fixed, and as he did so the stairs gave way before his eyes. He turned to go inside the room again hoping to escape by the window, and the floor fell away in front of him. So he stood in the open doorway, with the walls rocking violently around him, and was saved.

As this happened during the night after the Shrove

Tuesday Carnival, most people were tired out with the festivities and slept late, including the bell-ringer, so they did not wake in time to get to the church for the beginning of the Mass, or many more would have been killed when the roof of the church fell in.

At the present day the roofless church has trees and rank weeds and bushes growing out of the floor, while plants and trees sprout out of the crevices in the walls of the houses, and it is a scene of utter desolation.

The unhappy people of Bussana Vecchia who were left homeless, found temporary shelter in the surrounding villages, while the world-wide sympathy evoked by the catastrophy found expression in large contributions of money to rebuild the devastated village. A fresh site was chosen on the same promontory, but near the sea and the main road. The great idea of the people was to appease the wrath of the Madonna, who had allowed this dreadful thing to happen to them, by building a fine church in her honour.

Money had flowed in from all over the world, and to these people it seemed an inexhaustible sum, so the church was built out of all proportion to the needs of the people, being 120 feet long by 67 feet wide and of the same height. The most precious marbles and metals were used for the high altar, mural paintings decorate the walls and ceiling, and statues adorn the apse, but the scarcity of windows renders is almost impossible to see the details. At the east end as you enter is a kind of grotto with an image of the Virgin, the most curious appendage to a church that ever was seen. Then the money gave out, and the exterior at both ends is roughly walled up and has never been finished, and there was no money left with which to rebuild the village. The Italian government was appealed to for a grant, but a very small sum was voted for the purpose; consequently the houses are a blot upon the neighbourhood, for they were of the cheapest type, and so badly built that they are already tumbling to pieces, and the one long street looks as though it consisted of stables only. Poverty and uncleanliness stare you in the face on every side in the village, while the views from it over land and sea are superb.

Arma

The word Arma means a grotto, and one existed on the coast at the sea end of the Argentina valley. It is about 21 feet above sea level, and runs back into the hillock behind, and the Saracens in A.D. 900 used it as a military base, from which to plunder the Ligurian towns of this part.

Taggia suffered from their depredations, and at last managed to defeat them, and turned the grotto into a chapel, which they dedicated to the Madonna Annunziata, as a token of gratitude for their victory.

The Saracens still continued to raid the coast, so the Parliament of Taggia built a fort above the chapel. During these operations the foundations of an older fort were discovered, which had been destroyed by the Genoese in 1270, and a tablet, which was unearthed, bore an inscription in Latin, showing that an encounter had taken place near the spot between the Romans and the Ligurians.

This tablet was built into the new fort, but in after years the Italian Government sold both the hill and the fort, and the tablet was taken out and disappeared.

Taggia (Val Argentina)

The Val Argentina further to the east of San Remo is much finer than the Arma. Taggia lies low down by the side of the river, and is now about two miles from the sea, although as late as 1525 small ships were able to navigate as far as the town. But the rapid river has brought down so much earth and stones that the low-lying ground has been filled up in the course of four hundred years. In the sixteenth century Taggia was burnt down.

It is a place of great antiquity, and has played an important part in Ligurian history, and may date back to the days of the Etruscans. She had her own parliament and claimed independence, but was often a bone of contention between Genoa, Ventimiglia, and San Remo, who all wished to obtain the ascendancy over her.

Taggia was at one time surrounded by walls, and there is a round tower to the south of the town, with the remains of a fourteenth century castle above. The steep streets, with the slope downwards, were planned so, to facilitate shooting down upon besiegers. The main ones are arcaded, and many of the old buildings are covered with fading frescoes, for in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many aristocratic and wealthy families lived there.

The Palazzo Lercari has an arch over the head of the street, and the Spinolas had a very large and fine palace in Taggia.

Jacopo Curlos, who was a naval commander and ambassador under the Republic of Genoa in the fourteenth century, and Roberto Curlos, who was Lord High Chancellor of England in 1335, were both natives of Taggia.

These old houses contain marble staircases and balustrades, spacious entrance halls and carved lintels, some with the date 1498 on them.

A Dominican convent and church, dedicated to Santa Maria della Misericordia, built in 1460, still exist to the south of the town, ten minutes' walk from it, but the former is now used as a barracks by the bersaglieri.

A little colony of distinguished painters lived here, and some of their work may still be seen on the walls of the church, but they are no longer in good condition. There is one by Ludovico Brea, but the finest is attributed to Perugino, and is divided into many panels. Christ is represented in the central one, St. Sebastian, St. Peter, and other saints on the side ones, and the Last Supper on the bottom panel.

The first house on the right as you enter the Via Soleri is a plain and unpretentious building, and was the town residence of Giovanni Ruffini, a Genoese, who was one of a noble family of patriotic brothers.

He was a prominent member of the noble Italian patriots who suffered in the Insurrection of 1833 in the cause of Italian freedom and unity. He managed to escape arrest by means of humble friends, and fled to England, where he gained his knowledge of English as an exile in London in 1836. The romantic adventures of his flight are faithfully

recorded in " Lorenzo Benoni," and the concluding chapters are an accurate account of the dramatic incidents of his flight to France in 1833. Other minor works are " Lavinia," " Vincenzo," " A Quiet Nook in the Jura," and " Carlino." But the book which has made his fame is " Doctor Antonio." This was conceived one summer evening, when he was sitting on the bridge over the rushing Argentina at Taggia, admiring a lovely sunset. This fine work gives an accurate description of the countryside between there and Bordighera, where the accident took place, and the character drawing of Sir John and his daughter Lucy is true to the period in which they lived. These characteristics, together with the facts that it was written by a foreigner in a language not his own, and only acquired when youth was past, make it altogether a unique production.

The bridge of Taggia, on which Ruffini was sitting when he conceived the idea of " Dr. Antonio," is also unique.

The two sides are at an oblique angle to the middle, and the arches are of unequal size, the largest one being at the Taggia end, and on the middle of it is a shrine facing south, erected to commemorate the miraculous escape of two children, who were thrown down by an earthquake when they were on the bridge in 1831 and two of the arches collapsed, while both children escaped uninjured.

The fording of the various streams was so dangerous with snow melting and heavy rains that, when bridges were built, people whose lives had been miraculously saved in crossing, frequently had shrines erected on them as a thank-offering.

One local custom well illustrates the honesty of the people of Taggia and its neighbourhood. The Salito San Domenico leads down into one of the main streets, and here the inhabitants, before they start off in the morning for their daily work, have a custom of putting ripe fruit for sale before their doors and windows. Any passer-by can take a plateful of anything there may be, sometimes a handful of ripe, green figs, most refreshing on a hot, dusty day, and for this great boon the modest sum of one halfpenny should be deposited on or under the empty plate. The money is never stolen, so even the beggars are honest. But do the dogs induce some

admirer of the canine race to produce the money on their behalf, for many of them like ripe fruit ? Now this custom is unfortunately abandoned. The Argentina is a fruit valley, being very warm and sheltered, so that lemons, oranges, almonds, peaches, and figs flourish, and in spring the ground is covered with violets.

Lampedusa (Val Argentina)

After crossing the bridge of Taggia, a path to the right mounts by a steep ascent to Castellaro, built on many arches on the slopes above. The church stands out well against the sky upon the top of the hill, its gaily painted tower blending with the deep blue of the sea in the distant background. It has been mostly rebuilt since the earthquake of 1887.

Following the windings of the hill, a broad, smooth road leads hence to Lampedusa. Of this road the inhabitants of Castellaro are very proud, for every man, woman, child, and mule worked by day or night to carry up the pebbles from the shore with which to build it in 1619, and not for money, but all for love of the Madonna. The account of the miraculous picture and the date are to be seen in the interior of the little chapel of the sanctuary.

Andrea Anfosso, a native of Castellaro, the captain of a privateer, was one day captured by the Turks and carried to the Isle of Lampedusa and left behind there. In course of time he managed to build himself a boat, but could find nothing with which to make a sail. So he took a large picture of the Madonna from a chapel on the island to serve as one, vowing to erect another chapel to her if he reached home safely. So well did it answer his purpose that he made a prosperous voyage back, and presented the picture to his native village.

A place was chosen on the hillside, and a small chapel was built there to enshrine it. But apparently the Madonna did not approve of the spot they had chosen, and every morning they found the picture was in another place close to the

edge of a precipitous slope. Watchers were told off every night to see what happened, but without avail, for no one saw the removal of the picture by earthly means, and yet it returned to the same place during the hours of darkness.

At last the Castellini understood that it was the Madonna's will that the chapel should stand where her picture was found every morning. She had chosen the steepest and most abrupt ledge on the mountain-side, but love overcomes all difficulties, and the Castellini built arch after arch to ensure a safe foundation, and speedily raised a dainty edifice with ivory-like walls, which could be seen from the valley below and the surrounding villages. Here the Madonna rested contentedly, and no further miraculous removals took place.

In the course of time a dwelling-house for the priest in charge was built, and a few rooms added for the use of visitors and pilgrims who needed to stay the night. At the present day anyone can obtain a night's lodging for a consideration if the rooms are free, a great convenience sometimes. The way up is marked by little shrines, and the pictures in them are superior to those usually found in such a position.

Badalucco (Val Argentina)

Beyond Taggia the main road bears off to the right along the river bank, until the rocks begin to close in, and in order to make a road through the ravine, blasting has been resorted to. Here Roman remains were found. Half a dozen miles farther on the ravine widens out again, and in the midst of towering heights stands Badalucco, sloping up from the river bank.

On a hill above the town stands the remains of a monastery and also a mediaeval village.

The bridge over the river consists of one wide arch and one very narrow one, with a tiny chapel and archway over the bridge at the village end. This is crossed by a constant stream of mules and donkeys, whose business seems to carry them up the slopes on the far side.

The town is built of the local grey stone, the streets are

narrow and composed of steps for the use of the domestic animals as usual in the Ligurian towns. On the Piazza stands the double church of Santa Maria and San Giorgio, with a campanile standing between the two buildings dated 1693.

The slopes are covered with olive trees, and the whole position is most picturesque with a grand range of mountains in the distance.

Triora (Val Argentina)

From Badalucco the road turns sharply to the left westwards, and continuing up the valley comes in course of time to Triora, at a height of 2,500 feet. It is one of the most strongly fortified hill towns in Liguria, in the heart of the mountains. It suffered little in the earthquake of 1887 for it is most solidly built and bound together with earthquake arches.

There is a small, clean hotel there, where simple food can be obtained.

The church possesses a picture by Tadeo di Sienna dated 1390, and the ruins of a castle stand above the village, as at Tenda.

It is flanked on two sides by high hills and from it unparalleled views of the surrounding mountains can be obtained, including a bird's-eye view of Molini.

The authorities are trying to bring it to the fore as a cool summer resort. It can also be reached by a military road from Oneglia, so it is easily accessible.

Montalto, near Triora

The interesting lower church down the valley to the south is that of San Giorgio, and it possesses a picture by Ludovico Brea.

One of the supports of the arch of the bridge over the stream at Montalto appeared to be giving way, so a photographer was asked to take a photograph of it at once, and

BADALUCCA BRIDGE WITH CHAPEL

fortunately he did not waste any time in doing so, for the day after the work was accomplished the arch collapsed, so now a record of it exists at Bordighera in the hands of Mr. Berry.

There is a very fine view of Montalto as seen from above, but it is disappointing from the road up to Triora.

Ormeo

There is a conical hillock with the small village of Ormeo near Badalucco, with the cutting for the road behind it, and on the top is a prehistoric castle ruin, and Roman remains below. It formed a good position for the defence of the valley, as it juts out into the stream. It is most picturesque and has lovely woods.

From this valley we return to *Santo Stefano al Mare* on the coast, where a tower juts out and is almost surrounded by the waves. There are the remains of early fortifications, and many arches.

San Remo—Porto Maurizio

After passing the broad Argentina valley leading to Taggia, Badalucco, and Triora, with the little chapel of Arma at the edge of the sea, there is nothing of great interest in the coast line, which is flat, with the hills far back. The villages of Riva Ligure, San Stefano, and San Lozenzo-al-Mare, all close down on the shore, are passed. The church at the latter place is a most prominent object, as it stands by itself on a tongue of land jutting out into the sea and cut off from the village by the railway. When this is left behind the scenery improves, olive trees clad the slopes and *Porto Maurizio* is seen high up on its rocky perch.

Porto Maurizio

This interesting place is 28 km. from San Remo and is

most picturesquely situated on a rocky promontory jutting right out into the sea. It was an ancient port and naval station, as well as a commercial town. Augustus Cæsar erected a tower here with an inscription on it, to commemorate his victory over the Ligurians. Then the Saracens took possession of it for many years, and even after they were driven out, their frequent invasions and attempts to regain it, caused the villages to be built on heights with narrow streets and lofty houses, so that they might better be defended. Under the Counts of Ventimiglia it passed over to Genoa in the twelfth century for a time.

It had a good fleet of galleys, and as late as 1786 the Parliament of Porto Maurizio raised and equipped 500 soldiers at its own expense to help Genoa against the King of Sardinia.

The railway passes immediately under the town, so no view of it can be obtained from there. It is surrounded by high, brownish ridges, and the mountains in the background are covered with snow in winter, for Monte Grande, the highest peak, is 4,000 feet high.

The cold winds sweep down from here, consequently the lemon and orange trees and euphorbia bushes do not flourish, but, strange to say, the southern slopes from the middle are covered with dense olive groves, and the trees obtain their greatest perfection in this part.

Porto Maurizio has a curious curved main street.

Most of the wealth of the place comes from its trade in olive oil, in which it is the commercial rival of Oneglia, on the other side of the bay, of which great jealousy exists, and the two places always look at things from the two opposite points of view.

The modern cathedral, dedicated to San Maurizio, has a beautiful porch, consisting of a double row of marble Corinthian columns, and it is flanked by two square towers, and inside the pillars are in pairs. It was built during the years 1780 to 1889 by the Marchese Brignole, who owned most of the property here. Its great peculiarity consists of its many domes and the whiteness of the interior, for there is no colour anywhere except in the altars, doors, and

curtains, a very great contrast to the ordinary style of churches in Roman Catholic countries.

The Santa Chiara Convent is now a school.

The Via del Monastero is built very high up with open arches, through which most delightful views of the blue sea are obtained in the distance.

The Olive Industry.—All the slopes about Porto Maurizio and Oneglia and the lower part of the Impero valley are covered with olive groves. The tree was introduced into Italy by the Benedictine monks, and has taken centuries to bring to perfection; the ever-vital bark curls about the decayed sections, and the root throws up new shoots, so the life of the tree is indefinitely prolonged.

It requires to be well-manured with woollen rags and the horns and hoofs of animals every two to four years.

The small silver-grey leaf is fascinating when blown about by the wind, showing alternately the upper and under side of the leaves, which form a contrast in themselves, and a still stronger one when the tree is backed by dark pines.

It flowers from April to June, so December to April are the harvest months, according to the altitude and climate. The fruit is of the size of a small damson, and the same shape, but of a very dark green colour; and for the gathering of it, a white cloth is spread on the ground under the tree, the branches of which are beaten with a stick to make the ripe fruit fall of itself, and it takes a long time to fill a basket, containing 3 "misure" or 36 kilos (79 lbs.).

The fruit is then taken to the mills by the side of a stream and crushed between stone rollers, and the best oil is that which comes out first. The pulp is then saturated with hot water, and more pressure is brought to bear, and the coarser liquid extracted, and finally the stones are crushed and used as manure. When the streams from the olive mills enter the sea, they make the water quite dark, and a strong odour is noticed.

In the streets of Porto Maurizio it is possible to look into the warehouses, where there are vats of oil being refined,

and the different brands are put into small bottles, tins, and huge round flagons about two feet in diameter, with broad bases covered with wicker, and narrow necks with rye grass plaited into rope round them. When filled they are at once corked and small pieces of tin soldered down over them. There are also huge casks of it.

The mules are very busy workers in this industry, and seem to know exactly what their share of the work is without being told, and do not allow anyone to stop them in the execution of their duty.

The various processes give much employment to the natives, as they make the casks and the basket work, gather, wet, and plait the rye grass, and make the packing cases for export all on the spot.

It is not to be wondered at that in England the price of olive oil is high, when the small size of the fruit with its stone is considered, and the many trades engaged, who have to make a living out of it before it is shipped to us. One "misure" of fruit yields only 7 kilos or not quite 6 quarts of oil.

It is only 3 km. from Porto Maurizio to Oneglia, and they are both in the same bay, where the River Impero discharges itself into the sea. It is a plain, and there is nothing to show where one place ends and the other begins; but whereas the former is very interesting and picturesque, Oneglia is flat, with many tall chimneys to disfigure the landscape. There are both motor and horse buses plying between the two places every half hour. There is no good modern accommodation for tourists in either place except in the summer bathing season. This is a great drawback, for several days could be spent here with advantage.

The main street of Porto Maurizio presents a most lively appearance on market day, for the whole length is lined with stalls, some full of quaint earthenware pans, casseroles and jars, others of tinware, many with locally-made lace, and small silk shawls, which are sold by weight.

The main street of Oneglia has extraordinary deep arcades over the footpath, so that it is most difficult to see the wares in the shop windows.

From both places there are many good excursions to be made, especially up the Impero valley and to Pieve di Teco.

Oneglia

Oneglia was founded in the tenth century at the mouth of the Impero torrent. There is a small harbour, whence the olive oil, on which the inhabitants mainly depend for their living, is exported.

It is no place for tourists, as the streets are dirty and ill-kept, and the inhabitants are quarrelsome; there are no buildings of interest.

A grand excursion to Turin may be made from here over the Colla di San Bartolomeo, through the wild, rocky ravine of the Tanaro and the splendid gorge guarded by the Torre dei Saraceni. There is also a road to Triora from here, and a circular tour to San Remo may be made.

Edmondo de Amicis, the author of "Cuore," was born in Oneglia in 1846; the son of a custom-house official, he became a banker.

Andrea Doria also first saw light in Oneglia in 1466, and a marble plaque has been placed on the house. He always loved the sea, but first served as a man-at-arms. He left Oneglia for Rome in 1488, and later on in life was given the command of the galleys of Genoa, and was made an admiral. He fought and freed Liguria from the French yoke. He was always victorious, and Genoa offered him the sovereignty of the city, which he wisely refused. He built himself a splendid palace there, where he died in 1560, aged ninety-four.

From Oneglia the road begins to rise, while the railway goes through another tunnel, until the top of Capo Berta is reached, when the olive trees disappear, the mountains recede, the face of the headland is scarred by quarries, and a wide bay is disclosed with a good shore, in the middle of which is *Diano Marina*, to which the road rapidly descends.

This place is beginning to be known to the English tourist who only wishes for a quiet sojourn of four or five months

with beautiful scenery to explore in the valleys behind. There are no shops nor clubs, but a comfortable, warmed, modern hotel is situated in front of the little public garden, and at the neighbouring garage cars can be hired, and a motor-bus runs in the season between Diano Marina and Oneglia and Porto Maurizio. There is also a short summer bathing season, when the "Paradis" again opens.

Diano Marina

This little village on the coast has entirely lost its Ligurian character, for it was in the central part of the earthquake of 1887, and was totally wrecked and two hundred of its inhabitants lost their lives.

It is now a pleasant little modern seaside place, with the railway running at the back of it, so that the sea front is free from noise and smoke, which is such a very great advantage.

A public garden has been laid out and planted with palms and fir trees, and there is a bandstand and good bathing establishment in the front of the well-protected little bay.

The houses are modern, the streets well paved, and shaded with avenues of the pretty feathery pepper trees.

Diano Castello

This little town is half an hour's walk inland, and stands on high ground, enclosed in ancient walls with towers. It was sold to Genoa in 1228 by the Marquis of Clavesana.

There is an old painting on the wall of the Municipio near the Piazza, representing ships and a fortified seaport. There are some old houses with broad staircases and marble columns and traces of sculpture.

On the Piazza is a quaint three-sided shelter with slate seats, from which a good view is obtained of the valley beneath, Diano Marina, and the sea beyond.

Diano Castello is noted for its fine outlook in all directions,

and wherever a view is to be obtained the inhabitants have put a seat, so that it can be enjoyed in comfort.

Further up the valley at a distance of 3 km. is Diano San Pietro, and then follow Diano Borello and Diano Arentino. Diano Calderina is near the entrance to the valley.

The main road from Diano Marina continues round the shore, and a picturesque village is seen high up on the slope of the hill, crowned by the church, and this is Cervo.

Cervo

Cervo stands on a rocky promontory on the coast, and the inhabitants used all to be coral fishers, as they knew of one place on the coast of Africa where they could obtain as much coral as they desired.

A new church was being built, and they vowed to give all their gains from the next expedition to finish it. They set sail gaily, rejoicing in the thought of the good work they would accomplish, but their wives and mothers waited in vain for their return, and nothing more was ever heard of them, so some sudden storm must have arisen and swept them all away.

The church was never finished, and the secret of the place for the coral fishery perished with them.

The Route Nationale climbs up over 200 feet to round the Capo Cervo, and on this headland is the village of San Bartolomeo. The road descends to sea level and joins the one which goes to the railway station of Andora in the Merula valley.

There is now no village of *Andora* on the hill, as in 1493 and 1524 it was decimated by plague, and the second visitation wiped out the inhabitants of this old Ligurian village, so the land went out of cultivation and the houses fell into ruins, but the name of Andora is applied to the whole district.

In the valley below this spot is what is generally termed the *Roman Bridge*, consisting of one large semicircular arch over the present stream, and several smaller ones over what

is now dry ground. This bridge has been rebuilt to such an extent time after time that there is very little Roman work about it, but there are traces of the Aurelian Way on both sides of it.

The return to the coast road is made, and the entrance to the house of the Marchese Maglione, who owns most of the property, here is passed, and behind it is a Roman aqueduct raised high on arches.

The hamlet of *Andora Marina* is close by, with a sandy beach. The road rises to *Capo Mele*, which is considered to be the western limit of the Gulf of Genoa, and Tino Island at the entrance of the Gulf of Spezia the eastern limit. There is a fine view of the Bay of Alassio from the top of Capo Mele, from which a rough mule-path descends to Laiguelia through the olive groves, and also from the tall lighthouse, a little below the summit.

From the driving road there is a good view of the arches on which the road to Alassio has been built up.

Laiguelia is built along the shore, and its brightly coloured houses tone well with the brilliancy of the sea and sky. It is an interesting old village, with its one long, curved street with arches across, through which pretty peeps are obtained of the scenery beyond. The old town is thoroughly Italian in character, with more worth seeing than in the old part of Alassio. The white church, with twin towers showing above the roofs, was neither injured by the earthquake of 1887, nor hurt by the British cannon balls in 1812.

Alassio

Alassio is 2½ km. from Laiguelia, and these two places are the only ones between Capo Mele and Capo San Croce on the east.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Alassio consisted of a group of small houses, owned by fisher-folk, the only house of note being the Palazzo Ferraris in the Via Umberto, built about the fourteenth century. One room in this is hung with Gobelin tapestry and was used by

Napoleon, probably in 1794. A ruined circular fort at the end of the bay on the sea-line once formed part of the defences, for the old town was built along the shore and enclosed within a wall in 1546.

The Saracens had been most troublesome, and the people of Alassio had the good fortune to fight an African corsair galley and capture it with eighteen Turks and many of their prisoners, who were being carried off as slaves. The Turks were put to build the wall against their own countrymen, and thus add to the defences of the Christian town.

These walls have unfortunately been pulled down, in the mistaken idea that it would please the English, and give a more hospitable aspect to the place. For the modern town with its broad, sandy shore and gaily painted boats is more frequented by our countrymen than others, especially by those who wish to lead a quiet life away from the distractions of the more noted resorts on the Riviera.

The ground-floor rooms in the old town have arcaded roofs, and on the sea side they open on to the shore. The road is paved down the middle with long slabs of stone, arranged like parquet flooring. There is a plentiful supply of housekeeping shops.

It is to be hoped that the beautiful slopes behind, covered with olive trees, will escape from the hands of the modern vandals, thanks to the excessive steepness of them, but a few villas are appearing on the more accessible positions. One of the old streets leading to the sea has very high earthquake arches over it, for nearly the whole length.

The Church of San Ambrogio still retains its fine Romanesque tower; the doorways are dated 1311, and must have belonged to an older structure, as they are carved on the blue-black slate, much used at an earlier period. All the many altars are of different coloured marbles with twisted columns, and there is also a carved and inlaid marble altar-front.

On Christmas Eve a midnight service is held in the church, and in course of it an old shepherd enters carrying in his arms a snow-white lamb, ornamented with a blue ribbon round its neck. This he takes up to the altar and presents

to the officiating priest, in order that he may bestow a blessing on it, and through that one wee lamb upon all the flocks through the coming year. Having obtained what he came for, he returns silently to the mountains whence he came.

Alassio has no shelter from the cold winds that blow down from the north and east. Orange trees grow, but not the lemon, and even the olives are not so good as at Oneglia. The carouba trees are in greater abundance here than at any other place except Villefranche in France.

Anchovies and sardines are one of the chief catches and industries.

When Garibaldi was a small boy, he and his father were caught in a severe storm in their sailing boat, and four fishermen from Laiguelia put off and rescued them from great peril. In 1880 Garibaldi, aged seventy-three, spent a winter at Alassio and visited one of these men.

The best view of Alassio is from the stone doorway of the ruined Chapel of Santa Croce, which stands on the headland to the west, on the old Roman road.

There is a walk to the ridge of Monte Tirasso (1,953 feet) with the Church of the Madonna della Guardia founded on the ruins of the castle erected by the Romans, and also to the Coletto di Moglio and village, and to the places along the coast.

There are tennis and football clubs, and an English church, library, club, and tea rooms at Alassio. There are some moderate and comfortable hotels, and the shops are useful from a housekeeping point of view.

From Alassio the road keeps near to the shore until the point of *Santa Croce* is rounded. The chapel here belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Albenga, and the ruins of it stand on the headland, by the side of the old Roman road. From this point a magnificent view is to be obtained in both directions; through the old stone doorway of the chapel, the bay of Alassio, is framed with its gleaming white sand, and the Isle of Gallinaria shows up well between Alassio and Albenga.

It was on this *Isle of Gallinaria* in A.D. 350 that St. Martin,

Bishop of Tours, found a place of refuge from his religious persecutors, in a cave less than 20 feet long, which still bears his name. He lived here for more than a year, and performed many miracles. When the Benedictines established themselves in this part, they built a church and monastery (A.D. 1004) on the highest point of the island, in memory of St. Martin, and Pope Alexander III, who was storm-bound here in 1162, took it under his special protection.

There is a strange coincidence about this island. Two sets of English people, unknown to each other, set their hearts on the acquisition of it, and thought it would be a healthy, peaceful spot on which to live, far from the madding crowd, as it lies 1,666 yards from the shore. They each approached the owner with the view of buying it, but as the price asked was £16,000 for a small deserted island the idea was abandoned.

From this point the hill recedes and the road makes a big bend inland to gain the bridge across the River Centa, which bounds *Albenga* to the west. From the river, or the heights above, a good view of the town and its many towers may be obtained near sunset.

Albenga (Val Arroscia)

Albenga has more glorious traditions than any other Ligurian town! It is situated at the sea end of the Arroscia valley, but the three converging rivers, the Lerone, Arroscia, and the Neva, have brought down so much alluvial deposit that the town is now a mile from the sea, and the land gained by this means is now the vegetable garden of the Riviera.

It is quite possible that in early days the Neva had a separate course to the sea, and that the town was encircled by two rivers. No water now flows under the Ponte Lungo, a Roman bridge 147 metres long, consisting of ten arches, but it probably crossed the River Centa, which has altered its course. The bridge is now outside the city walls, and

it may have been only a causeway over wet, marshy ground. The earth nearly comes up to the tops of the arches now, and they were probably filled up between the fifth and tenth centuries.

Albenga was the capital of the chief Ligurian tribe, the Ingauni, and was a great naval station and a town of the utmost importance. The streets are arranged in the Roman fashion, at right angles with one another, thus forming symmetrical squares, and the town is still entirely surrounded by its ancient walls, and dominated by eleven towers.

The first great struggle between the Ligurians of the Centa and the Romans, as recorded in the pages of Roman history, took place in 201 B.C.

The Ligurians had helped the Carthaginians to destroy Genoa, which was friendly to Rome, and therefore, when the opportunity arrived for retaliation, Appius Claudius was sent to subdue the Ingauni, and this he proceeded to do in a ruthless manner.

Later the Ligurians tried to throw off the Roman yoke, but were not successful; and it was not until after a third failure that the whole territory came under Roman sway.

Under Roman sway, Albenga became a city of fine houses, well-made streets, luxurious places of amusement and magnificent churches dedicated to pagan deities.

In 409 the city was destroyed by Alaric, King of the Visigoths, but it was rebuilt by Flavius Constanzius, the general of the Emperor Honorius.

It was by this general that the beautiful baptistery of octagonal shape was built in A.D. 450. It is surrounded by a little moat, now dry, and an iron door gives access to a flight of thirteen or fourteen steps to the floor of the baptistery, these steps showing the amount of the rise in the level of the surrounding district, which has been at the rate of about one step in each century. It has all the characteristics of the early Christian buildings, but part of the materials used in its construction probably belonged to some earlier pagan temple. There are granite columns with carved

capitals, and the semicircular arched recesses are filled with pierced stonework instead of windows. The recess opposite the entrance has a mosaic formed of small pieces of coloured glass, the same as at Ravenna, and no doubt the ancient altar was here. In the floor was the sunk circular font for total immersion. The original baptistery has been removed, and the present one dates from 1588, and a little judicious restoration has been accomplished. On the circular font is a battered painting in red and yellow of Christ coming out of the Jordan, with St. John the Baptist on one side of Him.

There are two stone coffins at the entrance, in which two of the most noted Bishops of Albenga are supposed to have been buried.

The Cathedral of San Michele dell' Arca, with its square brick tower surmounted by a pointed spire covered with coloured tiles, belongs to the Middle Ages. It has elegant windows with Gothic arches, supported in the middle by slender marble columns. This is joined to a similar Venetian Gothic campanile by a short bridge, half-way up its height, belonging to the "Sotto Prefettura." The cathedral was first built as a Parliament House and church combined, but more room was required as the place grew and became of more importance, so it was converted into a cathedral in 1419, and the second tower was built in 1453, and restored in 1585 by the then bishop, who raised the floor to the level of the street, then nearly three metres higher. Most of the interior is modern, but there is some interesting carving on the exterior facing the baptistery, and on the façade opposite the Piazza San Michele, from which a good view of it is obtained. Two of the Bishops of Albenga became popes and three of them cardinals.

There is a magnificent cathedral library; many books are bound in vellum, and most beautifully illuminated, rivalling the best work of the monks at any period, with colours as fresh as on the day they were first painted in the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

The Bishop's Palace is in the quarter of San Giovanni Battista, near the cathedral, and has some old tapestry.

There are four brick towers near the cathedral, the two pointed ones already mentioned, another very tall square one with overhanging machicolated top, and a fourth which is much lower than the others, at another angle of the Piazza San Michele.

The ancient collegiate Church of Santa Maria in Fontibus is to the right of the cathedral. It was built in the tenth century, and the words "in Fontibus" were added to the Virgin's name, because a miraculous spring one day bubbled up beneath the choir and was said to be a cure for leprosy. But one day it as silently disappeared, because a woman had polluted the water by bathing her leprous dog in it, so it was said. Inside are some good pictures, one of them representing the Raising of Lazarus, and there is a white, carved, marble holy water basin, dated 1628.

Behind the cathedral is the little Piazza dei Leoni, with three old lions in greenish-black stone, and the ground is paved with black and white bands of cobblestones.

Before the earthquake of 1887, Albenga possessed thirteen towers, five of which are tall, red brick structures near the centre of the town, and two shorter ones, as well as that of the cathedral and Parliament House, which was the residence of the Podesta in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. The little square tower in the Piazza dei Leoni was probably the work of Flavius Constanzius when he rebuilt the city and the Roman bridge or causeway. The Torre dei Griffi, near the cathedral *leans* to the north.

Albenga was originally divided into four districts, and each was enclosed by its own gates, which disappeared when the town walls were rebuilt in 1553.

In former times Albenga was a flourishing town of silversmiths, weavers, tanners, and mercers, shown by the stateliness of many of the buildings remaining, with slate bas-reliefs over the doors of the houses, and marble staircases and colour everywhere. There are paintings of every description, religious and secular, and also merely decorative designs on the outsides of both public and private edifices.

The marshy ground at the mouth of the river is a happy hunting ground for botanists, for many flowers exclusive to

Liguria are to be found here. A good photograph can also be obtained from this point.

The main driving road does not go through the town, but crosses the Piazza XX Settembre, from which a road leads into it, and bits of the city walls are passed on the outside, and it then goes the whole length of the old Roman Ponte Lungo, and at the far end a good view is obtained of the half-filled up arches, showing how much the ground has been raised in the course of centuries, by all the alluvial deposit brought down by the three rivers, the Centa, Neva, and Lerone, which flow together and form one stream.

The view of the surrounding mountains from this point is very good, but the bitter winds blowing here are to be avoided if possible.

A plain extending for about 3 km. in both directions has to be crossed, and here are grown the acres of vegetables, especially the Roman artichoke, required for feeding the visitors to the Riviera. There are many deep wells for irrigation purposes, and horses and donkeys, blindfolded, are used for drawing up the buckets of water. Another less costly method of doing the same thing is by a pole balanced in the middle and weighted with stones like a see-saw.

Excursions from Albenga. Villanova (7 km.)

You drive or walk up the most westerly of the three valleys leading northwards from Albenga. At the entrance it is broad and flat, showing on what a big plain Albenga is situated. The road is under the shelter of the mountains to the west the whole way, but there always seems to be a whirling wind accompanied by clouds of dust, except after rain, when the mud is deep and sticky.

This plain being a vegetable garden, the natives are all employed on the land, which in spring looks green and smiling, with the young leaves just bursting open on the trees, which grow down to the rivers' bank, and peas, beans, and green blades of the coming corn showing everywhere.

As you go up the valley the mountains rise ever higher,

and become bare and bleak, with a few old, grey, hoary villages on the lower slopes.

At *Villanova* the Arroscia and Lerone torrents unite and encompass the little town on three sides, for it is in the middle of the valley on the level of the rivers, a most unusual position in Liguria. It is entirely surrounded by high walls and fortified by six towers, all of which are in good preservation.

The first sight of it in the distance is quite unexpected, owing to the contour of the road, but it makes a most charming picture in the evening, with the purple mountains behind suffused with golden light, which is also reflected in the encircling river.

The bridge is crossed and the village itself is entered by an archway with houses built over it. The main street is about 8 feet wide, and paved with cobbles, and full of the mules and cows who live on the lowest floors of the houses, and who have a very keen sense of what is expected of them in the way of duty. There are several narrow alleys at right angles to the main street, which goes in a straight line from end to end within the walls.

At the junction of two of these is the old *Roman well*, with very heavy iron chains, which draw up and let down alternately two copper *boat-shaped* buckets, out of which the inhabitants still *ladle* out the fresh, sparkling water as was done in days of yore. There are also two burnished copper pails into which the water can be ladled, but as they are very heavy to carry, the girls prefer to bring their own receptacles.

These old boat-shaped buckets are the same as were used by the Romans, and are probably more than 2,000 years old.

Outside the city walls is a round Roman church with low circular cupola and a tower by the side of it, but it is not now used, and the modern church is a little further out.

This road passes Bastia, with its fortified house, and continues by the direct route to Pieve di Teco.

Excursion from Albenga to Zuccarello and Garessio

Starting from Albenga the broad plain up the right side

ALBENGA WITH CEUTA RIVER

VILLANOVA

is followed along the banks of the Riva Neva, the alluvial plain on which vegetables seem to thrive, and especially the Roman artichoke, of which there seemed to be acres, raising its dark head above the green leaves, and corn, flax, olives, peaches, and trailing vines give a wonderful colour and contrast.

At the first village passed, *Leca*, the roads divide, and the one to the left goes direct to Pieve di Teco by Ranzo, while the one to the right is followed to Garessio (36.3 km.). *Leca* consists of one small, very old and narrow street, with stabling for the animals on the ground floor as usual. The people seemed to be busily engaged in agricultural pursuits. From here the road draws nearer to the mountains on the eastern side, which are bare and bleak, while the low hills on the west which separate the two valleys are green and fertile at first, but get higher and higher further along, and there are only a few scattered trees. All these three valleys leading from Albenga are very much exposed to the cold winds, which blow off the snow peaks of the Ligurian Alps to the north.

The next village reached is Cisano-sul-Neva, of the same type as the last, but rather longer and looking of more importance, with some arches, and at the end of it a picturesque bridge over the Neva, with a vigie on the heights above, commanding the valley, which winds about.

The mountains grow higher, grey, and bare on the east, with a few fir trees on the west, and the first noticeable thing on the latter is a fort and the barracks of the bersaglieri, who are quartered in this valley of the Neva. Across the main road below this is another fort with loopholes.

This curious building stretches right over the narrow valley and into the mountain sides across the main road. Over this are two arches with a space of about 25 feet between them, and each is shut up by a drawbridge, so that the whole valley and road can be easily defended against an enemy approaching from either end.

Soon after passing this fortified spot, the village of *Cosciente* (7½ km.) is seen on the west side of the river, with a fine, square castle overlooking it. This property all belongs to

the Marchesa of Balestrina, who also has a palace at Albenga. From this village a road winds up the mountain-side into another valley. Down by the river are the ruins of a bridge, which evidently at one time formed the entrance to the village, as there are the remains of the old walls and castle keep.

Zuccarello (11 km.) is a most curious old town, very long and narrow, and with arcades the whole length of the main street, which is not straight, but has two angles in it, thereby providing a much more extensive view of it. At either end there are entrance archways and there are some earthquake arches joining the two sides, and at the sea end is a small square piazza with some picturesque steps. The road is not more than 8 feet wide, except where it forms a small piazza by the Municipal Buildings, where there is a raised " coat of arms " on the side of the wall. The fountain which supplies the village with water is also in the middle of this piazza. At the far end from the sea there is an old square tower, looking as though it might once have formed part of the defences of the little town. The people looked pleasant and courteous; the animals were numerous and lived in the lowest floors.

There are many alleys leading from this main street to houses backing down to it; some of them are mule-paths with steps, others only cobble stones, and the houses are connected and bolstered up with arches.

Beyond the village there was a bridge over the river, beside which were some ruins, which seemed to be those of two towers with a stone pergola uniting them. In the distance was a vigie on the heights, and the ruins of a castle on the east, above the village, with double arcades!

From Zuccarello the road begins to rise and the mountains also and draw together, until *Castelvecchio* (14 km.) is seen high up on the eastern slope, with its peculiar stairway, and from here with many a zigzag another road branches off to Calizzana, so it is possible to make a circular tour from Albenga to Final Marina.

The main road makes a big hairpin curve from below Castelvecchio, while on the west there is a continuous,

unbroken chain of mountains with crags, and lying in a cup is the village of *Erli* (16 km.) with an isolated hill and watch tower closing it in on the south. A little further on are some magnificent peaks with the stream and bridge in the foreground on looking back, making a fine picture, while opposite, on terraces, are chestnut trees, which abound here, apples and olives, heather, violets, and white heath. On the slopes the charcoal burners were very busy.

At Gazzo was another long hairpin curve rising ever higher to the *Colle di San Bernardo* (29 km.), 3,165 feet high, and when the last bend is rounded the deserted hotel on the top is seen, the snow-tipped mountains recede, and after many zigzags the top is reached, from which there is a magnificent view over the mountains and down the road just traversed in the Valle of the Neva, and in the opposite direction over that which is still to come in the Tanaro Valle.

The Colle is green and under cultivation, and as the road zigzags down, turning eleven corners as it does so, the slopes and terraces are covered with spring flowers (early April), cowslips, violets, primroses, deciduous trees, and herbs.

Garessio (35 km. ; 1,970 feet) is on the plain of the River Tanaro and is a summer resort and quite a large town. The old walls with towers near the bridge are in good preservation and one old building in the town has curved iron grilles over the windows with "I.H.S." on them. Formerly there were lead mines, but they are no longer worked ; there are quarries of white marble, and window glass and dyes are made. In the neighbourhood are chestnut trees, junipers, and rhododendrons.

From Garessio the road turns south-west, and the wild, rocky Tanaro valley is entered, where the grey, stony crags jut out to the bank of the river, and the passage is so narrow that there is only room for the single railway line, running by the side of the road, and in one place a long gallery has been built over the railway line, as a protection from avalanches either of stone or snow.

The next town reached is *Ormea* (2,398 feet), a summer resort surrounded by mountains, where there are marble

quarries. Many pleasant excursions can be made in the neighbourhood. There are the ruins of a tower and walls on the hill behind the little town, and on the way down from it a most curious view of its flat, grey roofs.

The road from here ascends to the *Colle di Nava* (3,074 feet), and this is the military road built by Napoleon. There is a fine stalactite cavern in the mountain near by. On the skyline are massive fortifications in charge of the bersaglieri, who seem always to be quartered on the tops of the mountains, which gives them their wonderful proficiency in scaling heights, so well illustrated during the Great War.

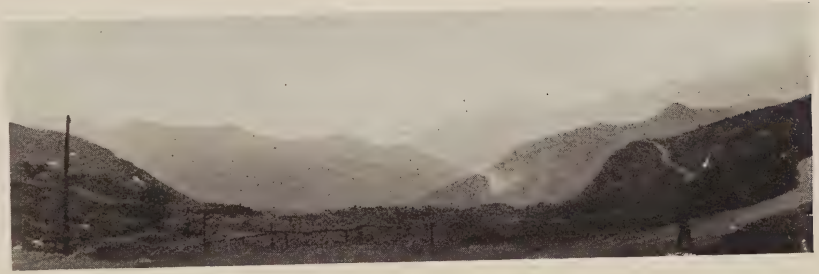
From here the road is 6½ km. to *Pieve di Teco*, which is only 800 feet above sea level, and is distant 30 km. from the coast. It lies in a lonely part of the Arroscia Valley, surrounded by bold mountains, and is 28 km. from Albenga by the direct route. The name is derived from Teutates, or Mercury, to whom human sacrifices were offered by the ancient Gauls, and the Castle of Teico was in existence in the thirteenth century. The town belonged to the Genoese from 1203 to 1672, when the Duke of Savoy drove them out and blew up the houses.

The parish church, designed by Cantoni, has a fine dome, and frescoes inside by Cambiasco and other good painters. There is a notable convalescent hospital, and some old monasteries, and a little Capuchin chapel on the slope of the hill, with good paintings.

The main interest lies in the central street, which has a very narrow, paved driving road, with very deep arcades the whole length of it, and under the shade of these sit some 260 shoemakers, making military boots and knapsacks for the army. All trades are carried on here in the open air, and many picturesque groups are seen. The Via Madonna della Ripa is one of the old, narrow streets which are interesting, and painted houses, carved doorways, and shrines are fairly numerous.

The return from Pieve di Teco to Albenga (28 km.) may be made by the left bank of the Arroscia stream through beautiful country and various villages of note, instead of the route to Oneglia.

COL SAN BERNADO TO THE SOUTH



COL SAN BERNADO TO THE NORTH

At *Muzio* (3 km. away) the fight took place in 1672 between the troops of the Republic of Genoa and those of the Duke of Savoja (Savoy), who triumphed, and drove the Genoese out of the district.

Between *Borghetto d'Arroscia* (21 km.) and Borghetto di Ranzo stands the little oratory of San Pantaleo with frescoes of 1491 by Saiada, and sculptured slate doorways and columns, from which there is a fine view of the winding torrent.

At *Borghetto di Ranzo* (18 km.) is a little chapel with a good picture in several divisions. Casks are made there and oak wood for shipbuilding is exported. A second old church shaded by two enormous cypresses stands below the village of Bacelega, with an ancient fresco and a noteworthy picture of the Madonna del Rosario over the entrance.

Further down the valley, at the junction of the streams, 4 km. from Albenga, is *Bastia*, with its fortified house.

To return to the route from Pieve di Teco to Oneglia, after this digression. The village of Calderara is passed on the east slope, and is worth photographing if time permits. The lonely road ascends and there seems to be no outlet from the bare, bleak mountains and the chocolate-coloured soil, but by the aid of zigzags the road climbs up the mountain to the *Colle di San Bartolomeo* (6½ km.; 2,070 feet) which separates the Arroscia and Impero torrents, and along the left bank of the latter is a good driving road to Oneglia.

The Impero has been called the "Golden Valley," for the waters of the stream supply the power required by the olive mills on its banks, and the refuse from the grinding discolours the water and renders it rather odorous. This was a sterile part of the country until the olive tree was introduced by the Benedictines, who settled here after the Saracens were driven out.

The view from the Colle over the mountains and down into the valleys is very fine, and the scenery changes as soon as the Impero valley is sighted, into which the road zigzags down. Here the slopes are green and the terraces planted with olive trees, which flourish better in this valley than in any other part of the Italian Riviera.

Three quaint villages are passed at intervals—Chiusa-

vecchia, Pontedassio, and Castelvecchio S. Maria Maggiore —and these were kept in touch with each other by means of "Vigie." The valley widens out, the sea is seen in the distance, and the tall chimneys which testify to the commercial prosperity of Oneglia are sighted. From Albenga, the coast road is uninteresting, for there are many factories with tall chimneys for making jams, and preserves of all kinds, as well as tanneries; so it is a great relief when another small headland is rounded and a different vista disclosed, with the village of *Ceriale* in the first curve of the shore.

Here the first of the crumbling round towers on the shore is seen, and the village looks a very peaceful one, wholly engrossed with its fishing and boat-repairing. But in 1637 a band of Algerian and Tunisian pirates landed here and besieged it and carried off 300 inhabitants, and held them until a ransom of 16,000 lire was paid.

There are some old streets and a church worth inspecting. On the red rocks above the village is a red tower on a little headland. As soon as this corner is turned, a bigger bay is disclosed, in which there are the three villages of Borghetto San Spirito, Loano, and Pietra Ligure on the shore, with a fine background of broken mountains.

From the first-named the valley leads to *Toirano*, which was founded by the Romans, and was an "oppidum," or walled town, and many coins have been discovered there with the effigies of Nero, Domitian, and Marcus Aurelius on them. The parish church of San Martino has a fine, inlaid marble pulpit and some good modern paintings. It is a clean, picturesque little village, and good food can be obtained.

On the rocky hill above Toirano is the Sanctuary and Grotto of Santa Lucia. There is a tiring zigzag path bordered with olive trees up to the little Piazza planted with cypresses at the entrance to the sanctuary. The legend says that the saint spent many days in the grotto to prepare herself by fasting and prayer to enter Heaven, so it became a place for pilgrimages. The cavern is a large one, over 1,000 feet in length, and has been formed by the erosive action of

water, and some of the rocks are pointed out as the Virgin's arm-chair, her washing tub, and her bedchamber.

Many stalactites and stalagmites beautify the grotto.

Beyond Toirano is Balestrina, where there is a fine feudal castle belonging to the Marchesa of that name, and still occupied by her during part of the year. It is well worth visiting if an opportunity occurs, but it is not open to the public. It can just be seen between two hills when passing along the main road.

To anyone at all interested in ancient history and old villages and buildings, this is a most fascinating piece of road.

Borghetto, Toirano, and Final Marina were, in the eighteenth century, the battle-ground of the French Republic on the one side, and Austrians and Sardinians on the other, and all suffered severely. The French made a strong line of fortifications, which they called San Spirito, of the mountain chain above Borghetto and Toirano, and held them against the Austrians for two years, and in 1795 a battle was fought at Toirano, in which the Austrians and Sardinians were defeated.

Loano, the next village on the coast, requires some time to see the delightful old streets with many earthquake arches, for it is quite a large place, with many side alleys branching off from the main one. In the town is an interesting archway with clock, the same both sides, with paintings on it, close to the Doria Palace, where Rosa Raimondi, the mother of Giuseppe Garibaldi, was born, on January 22, 1776.

The fine parish church is at the east end of the village at the back of it, near the old wall and one of the towers. It is a very large, lofty building, and instead of being octagonal, it has twelve equal sides, all arched over.

Outside the walls, in the open country on one hillock, is the Monastery of Monte Carmelo and on another the Madonna della Misericordia.

From Loano a magnificent view of the whole range of the Apennines from Genoa to Siena can be seen, when the weather permits.

At *Borgio* the scenery is broken, and the mountains fine,

with villages on the eastern slopes, the one just above Borgio being Verezzi. These lie about 1 km. behind the railway and the road, which here run close together across the valley. There are good sands, and a large hospital for poor children nearer the end of the bluff.

Pietra Ligure takes its name from the castle which was built of the stone on the spot. The ruins of it are still to be seen. It is a very large fishing village on the bay and, together with Loano and Borghetto San Spirito, is shut into one bay by the headland of Capo di Caprazoppa on the east. There is a fine, broad arcaded piazza, and many of the houses have earthquake arches over the streets which are here paved with stones in herring-bone design. The church is also very large, with a dome instead of a spire to it, and the whole of the interior is painted. There is a small museum with prehistoric remains; and quarries of stone and of red marble. It is a summer sea-bathing resort and wooden shipbuilding is carried on. The bridge over the stream, with one large and two small arches, is old and has a shrine on it. In the fields outside the village is a raised causeway round some monastic buildings. The driving road up the valley forks, one going to Valetta, and the other to Maremola (9 km.).

Arene Candide

The country between Toirano and Final Marina might well be called the *Cavern Country*, as so many grottoes exist, and there are two more in the same rock as Santa Lucia, which would all prove of great interest to archæologists.

The Caverna delle Arene Candide is the most celebrated of the nine caverns in this part, and is a type of the burial-places of the ancient Ligurians, and this was one of their places of habitation as well.

It lies between Borgio and Final Marina in the high, rocky promontory of Caprazoppa, on the western side of the bay of Final Marina about 280 feet above the sea, and the place is called the "White Arenas." The Corniche road also passes through this rock by means of a tunnel.

FORTIFIED CASTLE AT FINAL MARINA

SAVONA HARBOUR

The steep slope is covered with fine, white sand, blown by the south wind from the beach, and has formed a huge amphitheatre. The Ligurians from 1 B.C. until comparatively recent times both lived and slept in these caverns, as affording more protection against both weather and enemies. Here human skeletons have been found; bones of bears, wild boars, and wolves, flint and bronze implements; fragments of pottery; pierced shells, and other ornaments and articles used by prehistoric man.

The human skeletons found here prove that the Ingauni were a race a little below the average in height, but well-proportioned and extremely muscular and accustomed to much walking and climbing. The forehead was low, the jaw-bones long, the chin prominent, and the eyes deep-sunk. Skins probably formed their clothing.

Finalmarina, in the middle of the next bay, is a beautifully situated little town. There is a headland at both ends of the bay with a vigie on the top. The road first goes through a tunnel under the vigie, and a fine view is disclosed. The country round is so charming that it should be more developed, and for that purpose a good hotel, open in winter and spring, is required. It is a summer bathing place, so it is well known to the Italians.

It was the capital of a marquisate, belonging to the family of Del Caretto, and at one time was strongly fortified. Finalborgo and Finalpia both belonged to it.

Facing the beach is a fine, Spanish triumphal arch close to the Piazza, and to the east, commanding the road, is the fort of Castelfranco, built by Genoa in 1365, and now used as a prison.

The Church of San Giovanni Battista was built by Bernini and has a fine painted dome, while the interior has massive square marble columns, inlaid with reddish marble, and its round pillars are arranged in pairs. The pulpit is of inlaid marble also, with delicately carved figures. The altar is very fine.

There is a small, pretty public garden close to the sands, and the sea affords excellent bathing. Fishing is also carried on.

From the east end is a picturesque archway giving access to the old streets.

During the Great War the Italians made it a centre for seaplanes, and there was a large factory for building them on the shore.

Just outside the town the Carmelite church has a good mediaeval bell tower, with tiers of round-headed arches.

Finalborgo is about 2 km. up the valley at the back of Final Marina, and is a mediaeval village with some of its old walls standing on the river-side, and also two of its gates, dated 1452. It is quite picturesque.

Castello Gavone

Above Finalborgo, on a hill commanding the town, is Castello Gavone, a fine ruin of the twelfth century with a tower of faceted stone. A broad zigzag mule-path leads to the castle, past the seventeenth century fort of San Giovanni, and through an arched gateway dated 1666.

Every one who visits this district should read a historical romance by Anton Giulio Barrili, entitled " Castel Gavone."

Up to the year 1100 the Finaro district belonged to Savona, and then passed into the hands of the Del Carretto II, who became Marquis of Finaro and built Castel Gavone as a fortress and residence about 1181. It was surrounded by two deep moats, one of which had a drawbridge, and at each corner was an embattled tower. Along the walls were broad windows, divided by small columns, and above these a stone cornice with a long balcony with embrasures, from which stones could be hurled upon the heads of an enemy.

In 1448 Genoa tried to take it by assault, and failed to do so, but in the following year a traitor was found inside the castle, through whom possession was gained, the castle dismantled, and the town consigned to the flames.

Fortunately the beautiful tower of San Biagio, and the Church of Santa Caterina with the Dominican convent are still standing. They were founded in 1330. In San

Biagio is a fine pulpit of carved and inlaid marble, and also altar rails of the same.

The district of Finaro changed hands many times, and for 150 years, from 1571, it passed into the power of Spain, who was in need of such a port as Final Marina. During this period commerce and industry flourished, and it was the most prosperous part of Liguria. In 1713 Genoa bought it, in order to destroy it, as she was always jealous of prosperity on the part of any but herself, and wished to absorb all its commerce.

Of the seven castles of Finaro, only that of Castelfranco at Final Marina and the fort of San Giovanni above Finalborgo are left intact.

Calizzano

To the north of Finalborgo there is very fine scenery over the Colle di Melogno going to Calizzano. From the former it is 17 km. to the Colle up a rising road, and when Castel Gavone is lost to sight the road winds along the western slope of the mountain-side, which is covered with chestnut and hazel trees. Northwards the scenery is wild and mountainous, and the long, rocky back of Monte Settepani (4,630 feet) comes in sight; while southwards the valleys running down to the coast are seen with little hamlets nestling among the trees and the sea in the far distance.

There are military fortifications called Forte Centrale at the Colle di Melogno, and the fort, a strong, square stone building, is built over the road, and has a drawbridge at both ends, and is surrounded by a dry moat.

From here the descent is rapid to Calizzano, 8 km. away, on the left bank of the Bormida, standing at a height of 2,122 feet above the sea. The valley is now narrow and precipitous, and covered with beech, oak, and chestnut trees; the road twists and turns, showing purple hills and colours of every hue.

Calizzano is a very old town, but its walls and towers were destroyed by the French in 1500, when it was owned by

the Del Carrettos of Finaro, and in 1613 it came into the possession of greedy, grasping Genoa, *La Superba*.

Excellent wines are made in this district, the white Orio, the red Gattinara, and Barolo.

There are now motor-buses plying between the various villages.

Finalpia

This is the smallest of the three districts of the Marquisate of Finaro, and lies to the east of Finalmarina on the main road. There is an ancient church named Santa Maria, with a few modern paintings and a Romanesque tower with six floors, each with a double opening with a column in the middle. Into this church the wild Marquis of Finaro rode with some of his followers.

Beyond this point the main road goes through a tunnel to Capo di San Donato as three mighty crags of yellowish and reddish rocks jut out to the sea, winds round this rocky headland, and then along the shore to Varigotti and Capo Noli to the village.

The scenery between Final Marina and Noli is the finest of any along the Ponente coast, and in fact compares favourably with any to be found between Marseilles and Genoa. The Ligurian Alps all send out spurs to the coast, and in many places the crags rise sheer out of the water, almost overhanging it, so tunnels have been cut through them for the passage of the road, and frame fine peeps of both sea and mountain.

The road is cut through the hill on which the ruins of *Varigotti* or the "Pirate's Nest" stands, for it was shaken to pieces by the earthquake of 1887, which was perhaps a blessing in disguise, for it was a beloved haunt of evil-doers, and it looks now as though a curse had settled upon its deserted, roofless houses.

The new hamlet of *Malpasso* has been built at the foot, of the little peninsula, where there is only space enough for a few fishermen's cottages, between the rocks and the sea.

The train in this part of the Riviera is very seldom seen,

for it is nearly always underground, and the unfortunate passengers have no idea of the beauty of the scenery through which they are passing; but by the road route the view is only lost to sight for a few minutes, and even then a point of light at the end of the tunnel is always within view.

When the curves round the *Capo di Noli* have been safely negotiated, it is observed that the scenery has changed abruptly, the rocky spurs have disappeared, the mountains are lower and greener, for trees and shrubs again cover the lower slopes, and in the distance the picturesque small town of Noli is seen.

Noli

Noli claims to be one of the oldest towns in the world, and to date back to the days of Moses or Samson, "more than 700 years before the foundation of Rome." Some writers say it was founded by the nephews of Noah, about 300 years after the Flood, and that they emigrated westward, and settled in Liguria. Anyway, traces of three distinct periods are to be found; on the south of Monte Orsini, there are remains of buildings like small fortalices, which were before the Roman epoch; of the second period there are remains near the ancient church of San Paragorio; and of the third there are Roman remains.

Noli is thought to have been destroyed by the Carthaginians in 317 B.C., and rebuilt by the Romans of Genoa, who surrounded it with a strong wall and built a castle on the top of Monte Orsini. They founded a colony here and raised it to the position of a municipality.

Owing to its sheltered position within an amphitheatre of hills, its harbour and arsenal became famous, and on the maps of the Roman Empire it is found under the name of Ad Navalia.

At the beginning of the Christian Era it sent brave warriors to help fight for Rome, and among these were the four soldier-saints Paragorio, Parteo, Partenopio, and Severino. These four were born in Noli about A.D. 278,

and went to Rome as soldiers, and were drafted into the Tebana Legion, then in Africa.

Dissension broke out over the question of religion, and the Tebana Legion had both Christian and pagan followers, and was one of the first to suffer persecution. The Christians who refused to worship pagan gods were massacred, and the army was divided into two sharply defined parties, and the Tebana Legion became mostly Christian by the withdrawal of the pagans.

The Legion was ordered into Gaul, under the command of Maximinius, who, enraged by their conspicuous bravery, ordered them to recant, and on their refusal, commanded that one in every ten should be shot before their comrades' eyes. This only confirmed the others in their faith, so honours were offered to Paragorio and his three fellow-citizens if they would abjure their Christian faith. Nothing would shake their faith, so sentence of death was passed on the whole Legion, and this suffered in A.D. 303 or 310.

San Paragorio

The citizens of Noli were very proud of their four soldier-saints, and built a most beautiful church to their memory, which was begun in A.D. 760 and finished in 820.

It is on the south side of the town, near the beach, and was built over an ancient subterranean church and has the characteristics of a Latin basilica. It was noted for its size and grandeur, and still retains its primitive shape, but in the fifteenth century a beautiful porch was built on the eastern side. It has two octagonal pillars of black, chiselled stone, with carved marble corbels; the arches are of black stone and white marble. The façade is of brickwork with a fine cornice, and there are three thirteenth century tombs.

Inside is a wooden crucifix called "Volto Santo," which is believed to be of miraculous origin, but was probably brought from the East in the eighth or ninth century. Christ is wearing a long tunic. There is an interesting pontifical chair, as Noli had its own bishop from 1239 till

NOLI ARCADES

PIGNA MARKET

1819, when it was absorbed by Savona, and a carefully executed copy of the ancient "Cathedra" of the Bishops of Noli.

The crypt, which is about 7 feet below the present level of the ground, contains some details of sculpture and remains of mural paintings. In 1887 the church was much damaged by the earthquake, but it has been carefully restored, and is now a splendid example of early ecclesiastical architecture.

From A.D. 335 to 641 Noli was a small republic, until it was destroyed by the King of the Lombards. It was quickly reconstructed, and the castle on Monte Orsini was strengthened by the addition of seventy-two towers, from the summit of which a sharp look-out was kept for the approach of the Saracens or other enemies.

Noli was then called the "città delle settantadue torre," but unfortunately only five of them still rise above the walls of Noli, but even they contrive to give a mediaeval appearance to the town.

A fine view of the towers of Noli can be obtained from an old winding mule-track leading up to the castle.

Dante spent some time in Noli after his banishment from Florence in 1302, and this mule-path may have inspired some of his grand descriptions, as well as the wild and precipitous character of much of the surrounding country.

Antonio da Noli, the daring navigator, who was a native of this place, offered his services to Portugal, and was entrusted with an expedition with the object of discovering a way to the Indies. In this he failed, but while *en route* he came across the Cape Verde Islands, and they were added to the possessions of the above-named country.

This fascinating town of Noli is typically Italian, and the men of a fine, tall brigand type, looking ready to seize any opportunities that might offer.

The coast line onwards is of a green, smiling character, slightly marred by the bare escarpments where the rocks have been quarried near *Sportorno*. Here there are green trees and flowering shrubs and land under cultivation, and close to the road a large building with deep balconies, filled with bare, nut-brown children, sent from Genoa and the

neighbourhood for a sun cure. These smiling urchins cheered and shouted at the sight of a motor car to break the monotony of the road, for there is very little traffic in these parts. The fine sands below form a splendid playground for the children, and there a dip in the sparkling blue waters can be enjoyed, under the superintendence of the attendant nurses. This place is just opposite the Island of *Bergeggi*, on which are the ruins of an old Roman lighthouse and the once-celebrated monastery of Sant' Eugenia, who was buried on the island in A.D. 505, but now it is uninhabited.

The small village of *Bergeggi*, a summer resort with pretty villas, is only 4 km. from Spotorno, round the next bluff, and under the road is the Grotta di Bergeggi, nearly 100 feet long and 75 feet wide, which can be approached from the sea.

When the *Capo di Vado* is reached 3 km. farther on, a view of Vado and Savona comes into sight, but, alas! the beauty of the scenery becomes a thing of the past, for the mountains seem to have retired miles away, and a broad road, with an approaching tram, announces that the country is left behind.

Vado is really only a suburb of Savona now, but it was the Vada Sabatia of the Romans, some ruins of which have been discovered. The distance between them is 5 km. and the only sign that it is not all one town is when the "octroi" official challenges the passer-by, to make sure that no food is being carried in or out of the town without paying duty on it. The port here is full of disabled warships and craft of all kinds, looking quite past work. As evidence of the storms which sweep this coast, there was a big submerged war-vessel with only its conning-tower above the waves in the harbour, which had been sunk only a few weeks back during a gale.

An old bridge with a shrine on it near to the main road is observed, and the Letimbro is crossed, and the town of Savona entered. The old prison on the heights draws the attention at once, as it looks very formidable, but it cannot be approached from the sea front, and a detour must be made to visit the docks.

Savona

The old town of Savona is being enveloped and hidden by the new one, with its broad streets and stately arches, which are as fine as those of Paris. But there are portions of old Savona to be found by those who know where to look for them.

The Brandale tower, built in 1178 as part of the old defences, still exists; also the Torre Pancaldo, which was the nocturnal guard of the wet dock, and the one built by the Genoese on the western side of the town in the sixteenth century; there is an old fort, now used as a prison, in which Giuseppi Mazzini was imprisoned, and the cathedral.

Naval skill and bravery were the birthright of the Ligurians, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they were without an equal in the management of ships and knowledge of the sea. Savona claims Columbus as its son, as well as Antonio and Leone Pancaldo.

The latter was a great pilot of exceptional bravery and skill, and was in charge of the Portuguese ships that discovered the Straits under the leadership of Ferdinando Magellan, the admiral of Charles V, and shortly after the Philippine Islands in 1521, and there Magellan was killed.

The Port of Savona is a very busy one, a Genoa on a small scale, where English ships may be seen and wrongly spelled English advertisements.

Savona was the home of a poor fisher family, who called themselves Della Rovere, and from them sprang two popes, Sixtus IV and Julius II. The former was perhaps the second wickedest one there ever has been, and he elevated all his relations to high posts in the Vatican. He died of rage.

Julius II was devoted to his native town, and built the Palazzo Della Rovere, opposite the cathedral, which he intended should be used as the seat of a university.

The Duomo was begun in 1589 and completed in 1602. The magnificently carved choir-stalls are arranged in two semicircular rows with thirty-two seats in the upper one, and twenty-four in the lower. The pictures in the backs of the upper ones are worked out in various coloured woods. There is a fifteenth century marble pulpit and a baptismal

font ; a carved crucifix of 1530 stands at the bottom of the church, and there are pictures, one by Ludovico Brea, jewelled crosses, and the cardinal's crozier which belonged to Giuliano Della Rovere.

In the Municipal Art Gallery there are many fine pictures, particularly an Annunziazione, a Crucifixion, and a San Sebastian. There are also three fine eighteenth century vases of Savona ware decorated with blue, green, and yellow paintings by Guidobono.

The Santuario, Savona (San Bernado Valle)

The Santuario is an hour's drive inland from Savona, through a winding valley by the side of the Letimbro torrent, and ends in a piazza shaded by fine elm trees. In 1536 the legend says the Virgin appeared on this spot and showed herself to a peasant, whom she told to go to Savona and relate what he had seen. The authorities did not believe him and put him in prison, but its doors were mysteriously opened by an unknown lady, and he returned home.

Not long after the same figure appeared to him again, and for the second time commanded him to go to Savona and relate what he had seen, so he remonstrated with her, but obeyed on her assuring him that he would not suffer in consequence of so doing. But it was of no avail, and he was mocked for his credulity, and sorrowfully returned towards home once more. On his way he met a crowd of people making for Savona, because their granaries were empty and they had no food.

He spoke to them words which were put into his mouth by miraculous influence, and bade them return to their homes and their granaries would be filled.

When they arrived, behold ! they found the words had been truly spoken, and the doors were overflowing with grain.

The people of Savona were then convinced of the truth of the peasant's story of the appearance of the Virgin to him, and they built the church and hospital in her honour in the valley of San Bernado.

The church is magnificent, with coloured marbles and gold and silver encrustations.

In the under church is a famous image of the Virgin, wearing the jewelled crown of Pope Pius VII, and the diamond collar of King Charles Albert.

Beside her kneels a little marble figure of the peasant through whom she made known her wishes to the people of Savona, who finally responded so bountifully to her commands.

Beneath her feet issues a stream of "holy water," supposed to cure all manner of diseases, but likely to do the reverse from its icy quality, after a hot and tiring walk to the Santuario.

A litany is sung daily by the inmates of the poorhouse and orphanage, the girls in white veils (*pezzottos*) and the women in gaily coloured scarves (*mezzaras*) over their heads.

The Santuario is renowned throughout Liguria as a place of pilgrimage, and nine chapels, containing religious paintings, have been built along the route to it.

Behind Savona far back the mountains form a rough semicircle, but they are not high enough to give much shelter from the cold winds blowing down from the snow-capped Apennines.

Albissola Marina

Savona still retains its old reputation for the production of artistic pottery, and the most important place for its manufacture is Albissola Marina, on the east side, to which the coast road rapidly descends, after having steeply ascended, inland, from Savona.

At Savona it may be said that the Ligurian Alps end and the Apennines begin.

Varazze

This little place lies in a very sheltered bay, where the lemon tree again flourishes. It has an extensive shipbuilding establishment.

It was the birthplace of Jacopo di Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, the author of the "Golden Legend," one of the first *printed* books, and perhaps the most popular religious work of the Middle Ages.

Cogoleto

The road between Varazze and Cogoleto is about the best part of that which lies between Savona and Genoa. Cogoleto lies in a beautiful little bay with sandy beach, and a background of olive and fir-clad hills.

Arenzano

Between Cogoleto and Arenzano is a lovely bit of scenery, formed by the valley of the Fiume di Latte, with woods covering the low ground, and a grand mass of mountains towering behind. It is 12 miles from Genoa, and lies on the shore, with its new villas embosomed in cypresses, oleanders, and aloes, and it commands a lovely view of the coast as far as Genoa, and of the Riviera di Levante as far as the Gulf of Spezia.

Boat-building is carried on here, consisting of those small, wooden vessels for the Mediterranean coasting trade.

Voltri

The next town of Voltri is a big commercial one, and in olden days it supplied the greater part of Europe with paper.

Here the Gulf of Genoa reaches its most northern point.

Torriglia (Val Bisagno)

Visitors to Liguria should make a point of seeing Torriglia, which is 2,000 feet above sea level, and 23 miles inland from

Genoa, in the Bisagno valley, and it is to this place the Genoese flee in summer to escape the intolerable heat. The first part of the road to it from Genoa is very depressing, until the Colle della Scoffera is reached between the valley of the Bisagno and that of the Scrivia.

Here, in March, there are millions of primroses to be found. Torriglia lies in a natural amphitheatre of mountains, in the midst of the greenest of meadows with many rivulets to make music. On the east and south the mountains are clothed with woods, while on the west bare crags frown.

The ruined feudal castle of the Fiechis and Dorias stands out proudly on the hill above the little town, with its strongly cemented Roman brick tower, faced with laboriously cut square stones; it is still intact. The best view of it is obtained from below near a small cluster of houses, Torriglia Vecchia, in the evening when the sun is low.

The earliest record of Torriglia is to be found in a document dated A.D. 972. The chief families of Genoa were always fighting for its possession, Fieschis and Dorias, Guelphs and Ghibellines.

It must have been a very lawless place before the road was made from Genoa to Piacenza, for the neighbouring mountains were infested by bands of robbers, who relieved the peasants of their money on their return home from the weekly market, where they had disposed of their produce.

But since 1834 Torriglia has begun to understand the benefits conferred by civilization, and has become one of the pleasantest little mountain resorts for a summer holiday, and she gives a hearty welcome to those in search of cooler air, surrounded by beautiful scenery.

Genova (Genoa)

The name may be derived from "genu," because it is in the bend or knee of the coast line; or from Janua, a gate, being that of Northern Italy, while some say it is so named from Janus, the two-headed god of peace and war.

Genoa existed long before the time of the Romans and was the capital and chief maritime city of Liguria.

The people still retain the mental vigour and physical sturdiness of the old Ligurians, but they were a greedy, grabbing race, engaged in mercantile pursuits, which blunted their finer instincts, and allowed them to enrich themselves at the expense of others in an underhand way, and they cultivated none of the nobler qualities of life.

Genoa was an independent republic, always at war with its neighbours, and with one another. The senate was composed of nobles and the parliament of the people. In consequence of the constant strife between them, and the endeavour of the nobles, represented by Guelphs and Ghibellines, always to be at the head of the republic, a governor was at last elected for life from among the ranks of the people, the title changed to doge (duke), and the nobles were excluded from the government in 1339.

In 1507 it surrendered to Louis XII, King of France, from 1514 to 1562 it belonged to the famous Banca di San Giorgio, who maintained both an army and naval forces of its own, and subsequently it went over to the Duke of Milan with the doge as his lieutenant.

At the Congress of Vienna it became the property of the House of Savoy, along with the whole of Liguria. It thus became a member of a nation and a maritime power of importance, much to its profit, as trade was opened up with the northern provinces of Italy, Germany, and Switzerland.

Genoa (" La Superba ") is most picturesquely situated on the south-eastern slopes of the mountains in a deep bay of the same name. The innermost semicircle of fortifications, built in A.D. 935, is said to be on the remains of the Roman walls, and some of the arches still exist ; a second circuit was put up in 1155, when enemy attacks were feared ; while the outermost semicircle is bristling with formidable forts, consisting of small, circular, low towers with a massive citadel, the whole backed by the snowy summits of the Apennines, a stern barrier of mountain grandeur.

In the midst of these fortifications rise the white houses of the suburbs set in fir, olive, and orange trees ; while the

old houses were built in the typical Ligurian manner, very tall and dark, in such narrow roads that, with both arms outstretched, it is almost possible to touch the two walls.

The water supply is excellent, and comes from the Bisagno and the Scrivia. The prevailing winds in winter are north and north-east, of a very piercing quality, and an average temperature of 46½°, so that winter visitors to the Riviera do not linger here, although there is much to interest them. There is an abundance of rain, and a good deal of snow and frost. The harbour is very good and deep. The air is fresh and free from smells. The inhabitants speak a peculiar dialect, a genuine branch of the Italian stock.

The women used to wear a becoming head-dress of white muslin or calico, like a graceful Spanish mantilla, but the custom is unfortunately dying out.

The manufactures consist of silks, velvets, damasks, paper, soap, etc., also of beautiful embroideries on cambric and muslin, and particularly of gold and silver filigree ornaments, and also those of coral.

Genoa is noted architecturally for its mediaeval churches, with elevations of black and white marble, for Carrara is not far distant, and its magnificent sixteenth-century palaces.

The Cathedral of San Lorenzo was begun in the eleventh century, restored in the fourteenth, and completed in 1567. The whole of the western façade is occupied by three doors, enriched with Gothic mouldings. Above the doors the walls are built with striped marble to the top of the one completed tower. There is a wheel window in the centre, also grotesque carvings of birds, men, and animals. The interior has also black and white marble arches, and dark pinkish-grey columns.

The Church of San Matteo is a beautiful Gothic building of the thirteenth century, commemorating the various members of the Doria family, the most illustrious in Genoa. Andrea Doria's sword is suspended above the altar. The little piazza in which the church stands is surrounded by the palaces belonging to different members of the family.

In the Jesuit Church of Sant' Ambrogio there are four

black columns brought from Portovenere, and also Renaissance carving of the sixteenth century.

The ducal palace of the doges is a stately, classic building, with one plain tower of the thirteenth century left, called the Torre del Popolo, and in that Jacopo Ruffini died a martyr in the cause of Italian liberty.

This Torre del Popolo, the Torre Embriaci of the twelfth century, the towers of the Gothic gateway of Sant' Andrea, the Torre del Piccamigli, the Romanesque campanile of the cathedral, and some of the older churches are all that are now in existence.

The first Doge of Genoa was elected in the Church of San Siro in 1339.

In the Palazzo Biancho are paintings by great masters, including one of the walls of Genoa in 1159, of the harbour in 1319, and of the city in 1410.

At the end of the Campetto, near the harbour, is the picturesque little Piazza Banchi with the Borsa, and in the Via Orefici the goldsmiths are still to be found.

The black walls and rugged arches of the old Dogana enclose the Banco di San Giorgio, which was founded to provide the necessary money for resisting the Grimaldi of Monaco, and has now been in existence for five centuries. The administrators have never derived profit from it—only honour. The upper hall is surrounded by two rows of life-size statues of Genoese heroes. Here criminal cases used to be tried. In the archives are found historical documents.

"For St. George" was the Genoese war-cry, and was adopted by Richard Cœur de Lion in compliment to the Port of Genoa, which fitted out the galleys which bore him to the Crusades.

Christopher Columbus was born in the Vico Dritto di Pontecello, before the family went to live at Savona.

In the treasury of the cathedral the "Sacro Catino," or Holy Grail, was kept. It was a beautiful glass, according to the legend, cut from a single emerald, and said to have been used by our Saviour at the Last Supper. It was held in the greatest veneration, and twelve knights were appointed to guard it in its sanctuary, each being responsible for one

month in the year. It was carried to Paris in 1809, and when sent back in 1815 it was broken, between Turin and Genoa.

One of the noted sights of Genoa is the *campo santo* in the richly wooded Bisagno valley, which contains the tomb of Mazzini, and many works of the best modern Italian sculptors.

A grand view of Genoa is obtained from the bridge over the valley between the hills of Sarzano and Carignano, from which the inhabitants look like ants crawling about the busy streets, and from which the snow-covered mountains behind Nice can be seen. Another is from the grounds of the Villa Negro, which form part of the public promenade.

Riviera di Levante. Nervi

From Genoa onwards to Pisa there are more than eighty tunnels.

As soon as Genoa is lost sight of it is seen that the scenery of the Levante is much more striking than that of the Ponente, although the vegetation is not so luxuriant. The mountains come down in some cases to the coast, and are clothed with trees, bushes, and ferns to the water's edge. When Quinto al Mare is left behind, Nervi is soon reached, with its beautiful orange and lemon groves, for it is so sheltered by the mountains that the lemons will ripen here. There are luxurious hotels and gardens and pensions replete with every comfort to meet the requirements of the Germans, who prefer warmth to fresh air. The latter had taken complete possession of the place before the Great War, and though they were excluded from it for a few years, the Italians welcomed them back again as soon as it was over; consequently the English are conspicuous by their absence. It is fully exposed to south-east winds, with a good deal of rain. There is an old watch tower on the coast promenade.

So, leaving Nervi behind, you continue your way to Monte Portofino, whose mighty, wooded mass projects far into the sea; consequently the road winds high above the

rocky coast, giving exquisite views of the Mediterranean in both directions.

Camogli

The country between Genoa and La Spezia is formed by bulwarks of crags, with their feet in the sea, so that it is impossible to walk along the shore except at intervals, and the railway is carried through interminable tunnels, so that only hasty glimpses can be obtained of the beauties of the coast. There is a good carriage road the whole length of the Levante, but in many places it is very steep, and the small villages below it must be reached on foot. There are three such villages before Camogli is reached, those of Bogliasco, Sori, and Recco.

Camogli should be approached by the light of the setting sun, when the sky, sea, and coast line are bathed in molten gold. Dickens says it is " the saltest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen," and although it has no doubt changed since those words were written, it remains a most picturesque village.

The little harbour is formed on one side by a tongue of land, which projects into the sea, on the rocky extremity of which the church is built, and on the other by the " Molo," which runs at right angles to it. From here there is a delightful view of the " Porto," crowded with boats and old-fashioned fishing smacks, with a background of very tall houses, sometimes of seven or eight stories as there is so little land to build upon, in consequence of the nearness and steepness of the hills behind. These houses show the Italian love of bright colours, for they are painted every shade of pink, green, and orange outside, added to which are the many garments hung out to dry of every imaginable hue.

The dwellings above the harbour are approached by low archways and crooked steps.

Camogli used to possess nearly 350 sailing vessels before the arrival of steamships, but the little place still seems to be full of sea captains.

The church on the point of the mole has a great deal of marble and gilding about it, and votive offerings are abundant as thanksgivings from the dangers of the briny deep. The Castello Dragone is still in a good state of preservation in spite of the attacks of corsairs, owing no doubt to its position on steep-sided, spray-drenched rocks. The stratification of the rock on which it is built is perpendicular, so the sea has worn it into narrow clefts where prickly pears grow.

San Fruttoso

From the summit of Monte Portofino, which is 1,830 feet high, a most extensive and beautiful view may be obtained, ranging from Capo Berta, near Diano Marina to the Gulf of Spezia.

From here the path goes down a deep cleft in the peninsula, and crosses and recrosses the bed of the torrent, amidst the pines and arbutus bushes, until the olive trees are reached, and then the remote fishing village of San Fruttoso lies at the foot of the cleft. Fishing and the making of ropes is the main occupation.

The Monastery. In A.D. 259 the disciples of the martyr Fruttoso brought his body and those of two other martyrs from Tarragona in Spain, by sea. The legend says that this bay was infested by a great and terrible dragon who devoured all who attempted to land in it. An angel appeared to the devout disciples and told them to land their burdens in this tiny bay, and the dragon would be destroyed. This they accordingly did, and three lions sprang to meet them and indicated the spot that was to be used.

The Church and Monastery of Capo di Monte was built in the following spring, and they are both mentioned in a document dated A.D. 409, for these men led saintly lives, so land was granted and money given to them to build to the memory of the saint.

In 1125 Martino Doria was made abbot, and from that

time the monastery became famous, and all the small villages round came under its rule and had to pay a form of tithe both in money and food, mostly fish, and permission from the abbot had to be obtained before anyone could build a house.

The octagonal tower of the monastery with a dome-shaped roof was built to the order of Andrea Doria in 1550, as a look-out place, from which the Barbary pirates, who infested the Mediterranean, could be seen. It was strongly defended with loopholes, and shut off from the mountain behind by a drawbridge, and at the entrance to the bay there was a watch tower also, the ruins of which can be seen.

The crypt is built of black and white stone, with a triple row of little columns in pairs, supporting its Gothic arches; there are many inscriptions to the memory of the many Dorias buried here, amongst them five admirals.

San Fruttoso can be approached by boat from Camogli Harbour, passing round the lofty cliffs of the Punta della Chiappa and round to the small bay where the monastery rests on wide, roughly shaped arches at the water's edge, and a good view of it can be obtained. There is also a steep mule-path which goes up to some exposed rocks known as Pietra Strette, whence there are tracks to Portofino and Santa Margherita.

The troopship "Crœsus," with English soldiers for the Crimea, caught fire within sight of San Fruttoso, and the fisher-folk went to their rescue, including two sisters Maria and Caterina Avegno, and saved many lives. The former sacrificed her own life by her act of heroism. The bones of the English victims are still preserved in the abbey, and the keel of the sunken vessel can be seen deep down in the clear water.

Portofino

The grand headland of Portofino rises in three distinct peaks, the highest about 2,000 feet, and it can be seen all the way from Genoa, with its succession of little coves,

PORTO FINO

separated by steep, rocky points, with a background of olive trees. This is the region of stone pines, which can grow on a narrow ledge of rock, from which it seems impossible that nourishment can be obtained. In the crannies of the lofty rocks maidenhair and hart's tongue ferns abound. The headland forms the western boundary of the Bay of Tigulio, Levante, and the view from here forms one of the finest in Europe.

Portofino is so called from the many dolphins (*delfino*) which sport near the shore and dive on the approach of a boat.

The village lies back in a narrow, curved, elongated creek, protected by conglomerate cliffs at the back and by the thickly wooded ridge of the peninsula, on which is the village of Ruta, and on the other side by high, olive-clad hills. Arriving by sea, you have no idea that a village or harbour exists until you find yourself inside, for it is so shut off on both sides. The houses are arranged in curves along the quay, tall and narrow, painted with all the colours of the rainbow, and further decorated (?) with the many-hued garments of the weekly wash. A row of multicoloured boats is drawn up on the beach at the head of the curve, in front of a little piazza, planted with acacias. On one side of this piazza are the arcades, where the lace-makers sit plying their bobbins, and the old boatmen seek shade and repose. From the open space in front of the Church of San Giorgio, which stands on the high ground, an incomparable picture can be obtained of the open sea, the harbour with the vivid reflection and gorgeous colours of the houses depicted in the still water.

It was to Portofino, the legend says, that part of the body of St. George was brought, which had been obtained direct from Palestine, as he is supposed to have helped the Soldiers of the Cross in the stormy Mediterranean in the days of the Crusades. On April 23, San Giorgio's day, a service is held in the Church of San Martino; the Bianchi brethren, dressed in white, emerge from their oratory preceded by a brass band, and the procession with the relics of the saint is headed by white-robed girls, each carrying a bunch of

flowers, and two or three nuns holding tapers. This takes place after dark, and the harbour is all illuminated.

While the men are engaged in fishing, the women and girls are making lace.

There are three principal kinds now made at Portofino: *Antique*, the original Portofino point, something like Torchon, which is very effective when used for large pieces of work, such as scarves, blouses, coats, and table covers; *Byzantine*, which is rather closer in design, and has a characteristic raised knot, which distinguishes it from any other lace of the neighbourhood; *Venetian* is a charming pattern of complicated scrolls united by fine bars; it takes much longer to work and is only made by experienced workers. The children make narrow edging and insertion resembling Torchon, and *Guipure* is produced by young girls.

From Portofino there is a very good road which winds along the coast not much raised above the sea, and it passes many points of great beauty and of some historic interest. There is the little bay and castle of Paraggi, and the road is here cut through the rock and passes beneath the wooded height on which the Convent of Cervara was built in 1324 by the Archbishop of Genoa, and was the temporary resting-place of Pope Gregory XI in 1376 whilst on his way from Avignon to Rome, and of Francis I who was imprisoned there in 1525 after the battle of Pavia.

Santa Margherita

The Monastery of San Gerolamo della Cervara stands high up above Santa Margherita. It was founded in 1361, but has been modernized; the church was rebuilt in 1436, and a square tower raised in 1556 as a refuge from the Turkish corsairs.

Santa Margherita has the best port between Genoa and La Spezia, and the harbour is always full of craft of all descriptions. From above on a clear day the white peaks of the Ligurian Apennines are seen, while the Bay of Tigulio,

LACE MAKING

WOMEN WASHING, RAPALLO

with its cliffs of orange-coloured rocks, and deep blue sea, makes a fine contrast with the grey-green of the olive trees and the dark green firs.

There is nothing of antiquity left at Santa Margherita owing to its destruction by the Venetian fleet, and a visitation of plague in 1548, when everything fell into ruins.

It was the birthplace of the celebrated wood carver, Maragliano, and in the Church of San Giacomo di Corte, on the hillside, is an exquisite example of his work—a statue of the Madonna with six cupids at her feet. She is represented on a throne, her arms outspread, and her face and eyes full of tenderness raised to heaven. It is stored away in a glazed recess high up in a side chapel, but on Good Friday it is taken out and carried through the town.

There is also a stone representation of the Madonna of the Byzantine period, primitive, but wonderfully lifelike. It stands at an angle of a wall near a chapel, above the ruins of an ancient fort, and is enclosed in wire netting.

Coral fishing is carried on by the men of Santa Margherita, and they sail away at the end of May to the Island of Tabarca, off the coast of Africa and to Sardinia, and they return in October laden with "coralline." The work is very heavy, as it is carried on day and night with only short intervals for rest and sleep.

The dredging apparatus used is a heavy wooden cross, to which very stout nets are fastened and this is sunk to the bottom of the sea by a heavy stone, sometimes to a depth of 600 to 700 feet. The vessel is then propelled forward by means of oars or sails, so that the coral gets entangled in the meshes of the net and large pieces are broken off and remain in the net. When the master of the ship thinks the net is heavy enough, the boat is stopped, and by means of a windlass at the stern of it, the nets are drawn in. The progress made by the boat is very slow and the weight attached makes it rock from side to side and in many instances produces a feeling of nausea. The coral is roughly cleansed, packed in boxes, and sent to Genoa, where it is polished and mounted.

The women are engaged in lace making.

Rapallo

The road that winds along the two miles of shore from Santa Margherita to Rapallo has steep banks on one side, and views of the bay through olives, figs, ilexes, and pines on the other, and the lemon-scented air is wafted upwards. In a little bay before reaching Rapallo is the hamlet of San Michele di Pagana, where there is an old defensive tower, quaint houses with archways, and on the road above a row of cypresses, and an archway with a beautiful white statue of the Virgin, by the roadside. When the next corner is turned, Rapallo appears through an avenue of ilexes.

At Pagana, a little below the road, stands the Church of San Michele, with a picture by Vandyke representing the Crucifixion. From the church a little path leads down to the hidden Bay of Prelo, where pirates are said to have repaired to divide their booty. The towers on each side of the bay were erected as a defence against such incursions.

The Tigulli who inhabited this district were one of the many tribes of the Ligurians who were probably originally an Iberian people. They were a small, thin race, with thick beards, and long, wavy hair. They wore skins, used bows and arrows, iron swords and hatchets, and were famous as slingers of stones, and the Rapallo boys are the same to-day.

The contadini still follow Ligurian traditions, and are handsome with a well-poised carriage ; they live very simply and rarely eat meat, their principal food being " pasta " in some form and " focaccio " and " lasagna " made from Indian corn and chestnut flour.

The Castrum de Venaggi, on the shore at the south end facing the Langan or little port, was built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and originally had a drawbridge, and was used as a means of defence against the Saracens, who were very troublesome here, as late as the sixteenth century. On the night of July 16, 1549, Dragutte and his fierce followers landed on the beach, took the castle by storm, sacked the houses of the entire district, and carried off a large number of prisoners. The tower is now used as a prison.

RAPALLO FAIR

The town was formerly surrounded by walls and had five gates, but now only one remains, the gateway of the Saline, Via Cairoli, leading from the Piazza Cavour. This archway has a rounded, apse-like top, coloured dark blue with golden stars on it, and a painting of the Virgin. A fine old carouba tree grows from the brickwork on the outer side.

The bridge at the end of the avenue, near the mouth of the Boato torrent, is another monument of the past, having been built by the Romans, and is called Ponte Annibale, or Hannibal's bridge, as he is supposed to have marched over it, before the course of the river was altered, so that now it only spans dry ground.

Rapallo has a sandy beach with good sea bathing and boating. There is one long principal street with others leading off it on the north side, and there is a market place.

Many of the houses have arcades, and are very interesting, and the churches have tall, slender campaniles of several open stories.

The old palaces, painted in black and white, have always belonged to some noble Genoese family, such as the Dorias, Fieschi, and the Spinolas.

Some of the shops show strips of what appears to be yellow ribbon in the distance, but on close inspection it resolves itself into "pasta," macaroni, spaghetti, etc.

The women are also engaged in lace making, which is here called "merletti a tombolo." In the thirteenth century gold, silver, and silk lace was made, and it came to the height of its fame in the sixteenth century, and it is now exported in large quantities. The women and children sit on the sea shore making it, and in the open front doors to their houses.

In the centre of the town is the Church of San Stefano, now an oratory. The parish church is dedicated to Saints Gervasio and Protasio.

The "bianchi" (washerwomen), standing in tubs in the water washing, is one of the picturesque features of Rapallo, and the clothes beaten on the stones suffer considerably.

A romantic festival is held during the first three days of

July in honour of the Madonna, and the shore is illuminated at night.

The men are engaged in local fishing and also in the coral fishery. The large boats with lateen sails form another picturesque feature. Cord and cables are made from the grass called "lisca," and the leaves of the Indian corn are stripped off and put into mattresses after being dried.

The orange and lemon trees grow, but the fruit does not ripen, although it makes a pretty show. The production of olive oil is an important industry.

The town has shared the fortunes of Genoa mainly. In 1079 the Pisans landed in the Bay of Tigulio and burnt the town and carried off many of the inhabitants captive. The same thing happened on other occasions till 1284, when Genoa put out her whole strength to deal a blow at Pisa's sea power and put an end to the long-drawn-out struggle for supremacy. At the battle of Meloria, in which fifty men from Rapallo joined, the fleet of Pisa was shattered.

Rapallo is mainly famed for its natural beauties and many delightful walks and excursions can be made inland.

Half an hour's walk takes one to the ruins of the Gothic monastery of the Val di Cristo, built in 1204 near the village of Sant' Anna. There is a picturesque ivy-covered tower.

A longer excursion of more than two hours' duration is to the sanctuary church of Montallegro, 1,800 feet above sea level, to the north-east of Rapallo. It was founded in 1557 and is a place of pilgrimage, as the Virgin made a miraculous appearance with her picture in her hand, which she gave to a sleeping peasant, on the spot where the peasants built the sanctuary, *con amore* afterwards to enshrine it. A spring of water at once began to flow there, which was supposed to possess curative qualities.

On the way up the road passes the beautiful little chapel of San Bartolomeo, in the midst of olive trees and cypresses, and higher up there are ancient oak groves.

At the top a fine view over the Tigulian Bay is obtained as far as the Peninsula of Porto Fino.

From Rapallo the road to Chiavari rises rapidly, and then

PORTE SALINE, RAPALLO

follows the coast line giving a succession of the loveliest views, which have been claimed to be the best of the whole Riviera.

Zoagli

Zoagli lies in a deep ravine on the way to Chiavari, and the carriage road winds round it high up above the sea. The railway crosses the mouth of the ravine on a lofty bridge of three arches. The cemetery occupies the centre of the ravine with a beautiful white marble chapel. Zoagli produces velvet from the looms of the women.

Chiavari

Chiavari stands on level ground at the mouth of the Entella River and fairly wide valley, and consequently is not so picturesque-looking. Chiavari and Lavagna are both built on the site of a Roman city, which was peopled by Tigullians, who came down from places around to settle along the new Roman road. It is believed that the sea came up as far as the bridge of the Maddalena till 1210, and that there was a port there then, replacing a still older Roman one. Ptolemy speaks of that ancient city at "the mouth of the Entella" A.D. 150. Nothing remains of that city, which was destroyed by Lombards, Saracens, and Normans in turn.

The streets with antique arcading, and the pillars and capitals of black stone, give the town a most interesting appearance.

The Palazzo di Giustizia is a beautiful building, lately rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, which dates from 1404. It has a fine double staircase.

Chiavari is noted for the beautiful velvet made there and also for its silk, linen, and soap. It is from here so many boys go out in search of wealth and turn into organ-grinders in our large towns. Quarrying is an important industry here and also the manufacture of white chairs, made of olive wood, called "campanino."

The River Entella forms the boundary between Chiavari and Lavagna. They can have changed little since the days of Dante, and are much the same as in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Lavagna is so named from the slate quarries of San Giacomo, where about 700 men and women are employed, working in groups of four to six, and both sexes carrying the heavy blocks of stone on their heads. They are called "chiappe," a word which Dante uses in the "Divine Comedy."

The little village of San Salvatore on the slope of the hill, a short distance inland, is the Gothic basilica of the same name on the site of the ancient Tigullia. It has a magnificent rose window, and a tower with carved windows and a façade of striped white marble and Lavagna stone. It was founded in 1244 by Pope Innocent IV, who was a Fieschi.

The Counts of Lavagna ruled over all these places in the Middle Ages from Sestri to Rapallo, and above San Salvatore stood their Castle of Caloso.

One of the Fieschi became Pope Adrian V in 1276, after having been Arciprete of Rapallo, Archdeacon of Canterbury, Reims, and Parma, and Papal Legate in England, Spain and Germany, and it was he who finished and consecrated the basilica in 1252.

In Chiavari a monument has been erected to Giuseppe Garibaldi, whose family originated in these parts, although he was born at Nice.

Sestri Levante

Sestri is situated on the plain of orange groves and vineyards at the mouth of the Gromolo torrent, which is joined by a narrow strip of land to the rocky, mountainous promontory known as the Isola. It is beautified by the pink, white, and lemon-coloured houses on the curve of the sandy bay, and the many-hued boats drawn up on the shore. Its beautiful public gardens contain palms, yuccas, magnolias, oleanders, and pepper trees. The coast scenery is like that of Rapallo and Portofino, and Dante's "Divine Comedy" is a good descriptive guide to all this part of the coast, with

its rocky cliffs, dangerous winding paths contrasting with the placid, smiling little valleys.

There are two beautiful walks to be taken here: one to the grounds of the Villa Piuma, on the highest part of the Isola, around the ruins of the castle built by the Genoese in 1134. The other starts from the main street of the town by a mule-path, which goes along the coast to the east to a high point covered with pines, from which there is a fine view of the Isola, and the coast, as far as the promontory of Portofino.

Varese Ligure

There is a carriage road along the coast from Sestri Levante to Spezia, and although more direct, the scenery is rather desolate, so an alternative and more interesting route is to turn inland over the Colle di Velva, 1,635 feet above sea level, and go through the wild Pass of Bracco, a distance of twenty-five miles to Spezia. The railway goes through three miles of tunnel out of every four miles, so the country cannot be seen by that means of travelling. The rocks passed are of serpentine formation, and this district contains the copper mines of the Eastern Riviera. From the Colle di Velva the road descends into the Vara valley and three picturesque mountain villages, on the slope of the hill, are passed, and Varese Ligure is reached.

It is a summer resort at an elevation of 1,000 feet, and is 33 km. inland from Sestri, and is a very ancient town on the banks of the River Vara. It was a stronghold of the Fieschi, and consequently well fortified with circular walls and moat. The castle, which was built in 1440, has two ruined towers still standing and there are some gateways.

There is also a very old and picturesque bridge over the Vara, and at one end of it let into the wall is a curious bas-relief representing five human figures, the centre ones being intended for the Virgin and Christ.

Opposite the castle ruins is a church with two very fine bell towers and a very high cupola, belonging to the Augustinian nuns of San Filippo Neri, who make large sums,

which they use for charitable purposes, by drying mushrooms and making confectionery. They are always invisible when once they have taken their final vows, and the only human being to cross their threshold is a priest to hear confessions and a doctor to give medical advice. You may go to the entrance, and try the confectionery in a waiting-room, and if you buy some it is passed out through a revolving shutter, so that it is impossible to see who is on the other side of it, but you receive a packet containing sweets in the shapes of fruit, flowers, and fish in their proper colourings.

From Varese you cross the Colle di Centocroci, or Hill of the Hundred Crosses, 3,000 feet high, to *Borgotaro*. This is between the valleys of the Varo and the Taro, and was the Pass through the Apennines from Parma to the sea, through which merchandise used to be carried on the backs of the mules into Liguria.

Bogotaro is an ancient, fortified town on the left bank of the Taro, and was once in the possession of the Fieschi family. The castle is now the town hall, standing in the little piazza, and there is a fine old mansion in the main street. From here the valley of the Magra is followed down to the sea at Spezia. The River Magra forms the eastern boundary of Liguria and rises in Monte Orsaro and discharges itself into the sea at Capo Corvo, a distance of forty-seven miles.

There are many villages, and castles and ancient buildings are numerous in this valley.

Levanto

We will take a glance at the coast, which we left at Sestri Levante. There are several small primitive villages, and at Levanto, Deiva, and La Baracca there are quarries producing a reddish marble.

Levanto is on the lower slope of the mountains, which shut it in behind, and is the chief seaside place of this portion of the coast for summer bathing. The town walls, and the castle of the Marchese Da Passano with machicolated battle-

ments still remain and the "Municipio" of the fifteenth century.

Levanto has quite good hotels.

Deiva

Deiva is at the entrance to a side valley, and has good sands and is a little sea-bathing place.

Monterosso al Mare

At Monterosso al Mare there is a beautiful Romanesque church and the ruins of a castle. It is one of the "Cinque Terre," together with Vernazza, Corniglia, Manarola, and Riomaggiore, five ancient villages on a rocky ledge by the sea, with castles, steep crooked streets, and terraces covered with vines. They are all famed for their wines, especially Riomaggiore, which makes a "vino bianco" and *Corniglia* with its "vino vernaccia."

Vernazze

Vernazze has steep streets and an interesting church.

Manarola

Manarola is only approached by a dangerous path. It has a church and a Castle of Carpena, where the noble owners of the place lived.

From Riomaggiore to Portovenere the lofty coast is completely inaccessible except by rough tracks or by boat.

Portovenere

Portovenere is the Portus Veneris of the Romans, and is a village in a magnificent position on the western point of the

Gulf of Spezia ; it can be reached either by road or steamer. Tall, irregular, weather-beaten houses rise high above the sea, with the ruins of a twelfth century castle above. In Portovenere is a street closed at one end by a gateway, and opening at the other on to the flat surface of a rocky promontory, whose extremity is crowned by the ruined Church of San Pietro. Splendid views are obtained from the Church of San Pietro, built in 1118, rising high above the sea and supposed to occupy the site of a former temple of Venus, B.C. 150, built by the Roman Consul, Lucius Porcius. There is a grotto between two rocks, below the church, and there Byron is supposed to have written some of his " Corsair."

Both Portovenere, and the fortified island of Palmaria immediately opposite, are famed for a beautiful black marble veined with yellow and known as Portoro. These are the only marble quarries of importance in the whole of Liguria. Those at Palmaria can be seen when making an excursion by boat to the Caverna dei Colombi, where human bones and stone weapons have been found.

The narrowest part of the Gulf of Spezia is between Santa Teresa Point near Lerici and Santa Maria Point near Portovenere, and a breakwater has been constructed between these points with one deep channel protected by a fort. A hoary Pisan tower also adds to the beauty fo the spot.

La Spezia

The road from Portovenere to La Spezia follows the indentations of the coast below olive-clad slopes, and beneath are lovely inlets framed by pines.

La Spezia is the great naval base of Northern Italy, and has a grim circle of forts round it, constructed in 1888 on the high hills above, and nearly every creek is provided with bastions and cannon.

On Thursday, September 28, 1922, a terrible explosion blew up the fort of Santa Teresa on Mont Falconara, where 1,500 tons of explosives were stored. The shock was felt for twenty miles.

The Falconara fort was situated in an amphitheatre, formed by the high hill slopes overlooking the Gulf of Spezia, between the latter town and Lerici.

On the plain of Percussola were lead factories, and close to the fort a big establishment of the " Fiat " motor works, so the villages of Lerici, Muggiano, Terenzo, and Pilelli were mostly occupied by their work-people, who were buried in the ruins of their houses. One officer, his wife and six children were all killed. Some fifteen villages were shaken or destroyed, the roofs were blown off two-thirds of the houses, in others the walls fell down, while the few remaining show wide fissures.

It took place during a terrible storm, and the lightning may have caused a short circuit in the electricity current. There were 144 killed, and about 400 other casualties.

La Spezia lies at the foot of beautiful hills with picturesque villages all round them. It has a very mild climate, and is a winter resort of the English, while in summer the Italians used it as a sea-bathing place.

It is a very pleasant, brisk, although busy town, and is a good centre for making excursions both by land and sea.

In the Golfo della Spezia there is a spring of fresh water rising out of the sea, called " La Polla," and the Italian Government have arranged it now, so that their ships can obtain drinking water from there, instead of sending to the town for it, which is a great saving of time and trouble.

A stalactite cavern was discovered on the south slope of Monte Parodi in 1896.

The fortified Monte di Castellana (1,670 feet), gives splendid views of the sea, the Apennines, and the Riviera, ascending from Le Grazie, but Sotto prefettura (police) permission is necessary to visit it. To the east of San Terenzo on the road to Lerici is the Casa Maccarani, formerly the Casa Magni, where Shelley, the poet, lived in 1822.

The commercial harbour is used for the export of Carrara marble. The Golfo della Spezia is the largest,

safest, and most convenient harbour in Europe (Lunae Portus).

Lerici

The imposing castle crowning the headland where Lerici stands was founded by the Genoese between 1174 and 1241, and took the place of a still older one, for Lerici was the capital of the Golfo della Spezia in the Middle Ages. It occupied a grand military position, and the Pisans coveted it and wrested it from Genoa in 1241 and held it for about fifteen years, and then from 1477 to 1562 it passed into the hands of the Banco di San Giorgio of Genoa.

San Terenzo and Shelley

The Casa Magni at San Terenzo is one of the first houses you come to when walking along the coast from Lerici. It is much the same to-day as on May 1, 1822, when the English poet Shelley and his wife took possession of it as a summer residence. The broad terrace runs the whole length of the front, but it was a desolate place with the perpetual roar of the sea dashing up and almost encircling it at times.

But Shelley's enthusiasm for the divine Gulf of Spezia blinded him to all such mundane considerations, although his wife and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, did not find home comforts there and were always oppressed by a sense of coming calamity. On July 8, 1822, Shelley was wrecked and drowned while sailing with Mr. Williams in his own frail craft from Leghorn home to Spezia, and when washed up, his remains were cremated on the shore at Viareggio.

A marble tablet with inscription has been placed above the entrance to the Casa Magni, and nothing has been altered in the aspect of the house.

THE ROMAN ROAD, LIGURIA

Section	Original Name	Author	Starting Point	Finishing Point	Date B.C.
1	Aurelia	C. Aurelius Cotta	Rome	Vada Volaterrana	2421
2	Æmilia Scauri	R. Æmilius Scaurus	Vada Volaterrana	Vada Sabata	109
3	Julia Augusta	Augustus	Vada Sabata	Var	12
4	Massiliensis	Unknown	Var	Forum Julii	154
5	Domitia	Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus	Forum Julii	Arelate	121

Until the Romans had conquered Liguria, there were no roads at all, only mule-paths connecting one village with another, through dense forests, and communication was kept up by sea alone.

The Romans were most anxious to build a road from Genoa to Massilia, so as to keep up communication by land with Spain.

Fighting was begun about 238 B.C., but the Ligurians fought so stubbornly that it was not until 181 B.C. that they submitted to their conquerors; in 40 B.C. the whole of Liguria was incorporated with the Roman Empire from the Gulf of Lyons to the Adriatic. After this long struggle the Ligurians settled down as peaceful Roman citizens.

The long-coveted road was begun. A strip of land varying from a Roman mile to 1½ miles in width, had been handed over to the Massiliots, subject to the condition of providing the Romans with a right of way over the road to be constructed by them from Forum Julii (Fréjus) to Narbonne. The Roman mile was 100 yards shorter than the English, and measured only 1,666 yards. It consisted of 1,000 paces, the Roman "passus" being 5 feet, the space from the raising up to the setting down of the right foot.

There was already in existence the road made by the Greeks along the coast from Massilia to the River Var, but to follow this all the way would have been to lengthen the distance to Spain considerably, so they only kept to it as far as Fréjus, where they turned inland.

The Via Aurelia recognizes no frontiers and connects the French and Italian Rivieras by an indissoluble bond, and can be traced at intervals from Rome to Arles, a distance of 400 miles. The name was probably derived from Aurelius Cotta, who was Censor 241 B.C., and was subsequently applied to the whole of the coast road in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian A.D. 270–275 as a compliment to him.

Section 1 passed out of Rome through the Porta Aurelia, as far as Vada Volaterrana on the Etrurian coast, the port of the famous fortress Volaterræ, which itself crowns a lofty ridge, at least 20 miles inland.

Section 2 the Via Æmilia Scauri, was about 165 Roman miles in length, its important stations being Pisa, Luna, and Genoa. To avoid the precipitous coast between Spezia and Moneglia, it turned up the valley of the Magra at Luna, and later returned to the shore, and passed through Sestri Levante to Genoa. Traces are to be found of it at Riva. Between Rapallo and Ruta the Strada Romana, as it is known to the natives, may be followed for 3 to 4 miles. It is impracticable for wheeled traffic, being steep and slippery and 8 feet wide, the regulation width for Roman roads. In the Communes of Quinto and Quarto, 5 and 4 miles distant from Genoa, it can be picked up again for half an hour's walk, and in the latter it is carried over the River Stura by a bridge mainly of Roman construction, the pebbled road being 10 feet wide in the centre.

Section 3, the Via Julia Augusta, was constructed by Augustus 12 B.C. to fill up the gap between Vada Sabata, now Vado, a suburb of Savona, and the River Var, with its broad, fertile valley, as it was still unprovided with a regular Roman road with post stations. This was a distance of 93 miles.

The thread of it may be picked up on the marshy ground to the east of Albenga, partly on a raised causeway, and partly on arches, which for a length of nearly 200 yards are still extant, forming a striking monument of Roman solidity, now known by the name of Ponte Lungo.

Between Albenga and Alassio, the Roman Road forms one of the most charming walks on the whole Riviera, being

carried under olive groves round the shoulder of the mountains for about 4 miles at a considerable height above the sea, of which it commands glorious views.

It is found again at Andora, on both sides of the picturesque bridge, and between Diano Marina and Oneglia there is a steep, winding track overhanging the sea, forming a picturesque short-cut, which was probably the Roman road.

From Bordighera to Ventimiglia it runs parallel with the sea about 1,000 yards inland, past the Chapel of St. Roche. In the disused Church of San Michele on the extreme northern edge of the precipitous promontory of Ventimiglia, three milestones are preserved. Between Ventimiglia and Mentone it is carried over the rocks along the coast, and is seen in the gardens founded by the late Sir Thomas Hanbury at La Mortola. At the Balzi Rossi (Rochers Rouges), at the present Italian frontier, its narrow proportions are proved by the 7 to 8 feet wide ledge "chiselled" out of the rock for its passage.

It may be found in the back garden of the Grand Hotel, Garavan, close to the railway station, whence it passes through the old town of Mentone. Thence it passes through low-lying orchards at the western end of Mentone to the high ground overlooking Cap Martin, sweeps round the foot of the village of Roquebrune, whence it mounts to Turbia.

Section 4. In its descent from Turbia towards the Var, the Via Julia Augusta, as it was here called, entirely avoided the difficulties and dangers encountered in the carrying of the Corniche road along the face of the precipices behind Eza. The road turned off the main road, about half a mile from the monument of Augustus to the right down the valley of Laghetto, and through Trinité-Victor, which offered an easy and inviting short-cut to Cimiez, thus avoiding the Greek town of Nice, which remained dependent upon Marseilles after the establishment of the Roman Empire. The valley of Laghetto served from the earliest times as the main thoroughfare between Italy and Provence, and a Roman station existed at Trinité-Victor, and a Roman milestone was still *in situ* in 1898.

The distance from Turbia to Cemenelo (Cimiez) is only

9 miles by this valley, while it is nearly 20 miles by the circuitous route of the Corniche road, where a road never existed before the time of Napoleon.

There is a rough track from Riquier to Villefranche which is the probable remains of the old Greek road, which was bound to keep near the shore, and the Greek road between the Var and Marseilles was in existence, but this would only have been useful to the Romans as far as Fréjus.

From the Var to Cannes the modern high road is constructed on the top of the Roman road.

At Antibes (the Via Vintiana) it branched off to Vence (Vintium), whence it was carried further inland to Ad Salinas (Castellane), thence back through the centre of Cannes above the railway, past La Chapelle St. Nicholas, over the bed of the Riou by the Pont Romain, at the foot of La Croix de Garde. From there it crossed the plain of Laval, past the hillock of St. Cassien (Arluc ; Ara-luci) on the raised causeway of the modern high road.

The Greek traders of Marseilles must have encountered great difficulties in carrying their road over the jagged porphyry promontories between Napoule and Agay.

The Romans avoided these, and crossed the Estérel by what is now known as the old road to Cannes, on the north side of the range.

Entering Forum Julii by the Porta Romana of which the stately double archway was still standing at the beginning of the last century, the Roman road formed the main thoroughfare and passed out at the Porta Gallica. Forum Voconii is 24 miles from Forum Julii and Camp-Dumy is about 9 miles from Forum Voconii, and the track of the road can be followed at Camp-Dumy for more than a mile from the picturesque mediaeval bridge over the Issole, which replaces the Roman structure, the Bridge of the Argens, 43 B.C.

Section 5. In the town of Brignolles, 10 miles farther west, is a square-shaped milestone, 6 feet high, similar to the one at Fréjus, and there is another at the Château of Tourves (Ad Turrem) between Carnoulles and Gardanne. Between Ad Turrem and Tegulata the Roman road can be

walked on for a distance of 4 miles, to where it crosses the high road about 1 mile south of St. Maximin. Here it insinuates itself among the mountains, and then crosses the watershed dividing the basin of the Argens from that of the Armands, onwards to Aquæ Sextiæ across the battlefield of Marius, then between the elongated ridge of the Mont Sainte Victoire and the river Arc for several miles.

From Aquæ Sextiæ to Arelate (Arles) it forms a loop, one branch leading by Massilia (Marseilles) and the Fossæ Marianæ, while the other and more direct branch passes by Pisavis (near Salon) and across the plain of La Crau. Aquæ Sextiæ to Arles is 114 miles by Massilia and only 58 miles by Pisavis.

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